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AROUND THE WORLD
and
SOUTH AMERICA

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LETTERS WRITTEN ON THE WAY
FOR A HOME PAPER

while

TRAVELING FROM NEW YORK TO INDIA, CHINA AND JAPAN IN 1907,

and during

A SOJOURN IN SOUTH AMERICA IN 1910.

By

JOHNSON SHERRICK

Author of "Letters of Travel," published in 1905

LOCAL AUTHOR COLLECTION

ILLUSTRATED

CANTON, OHIO:
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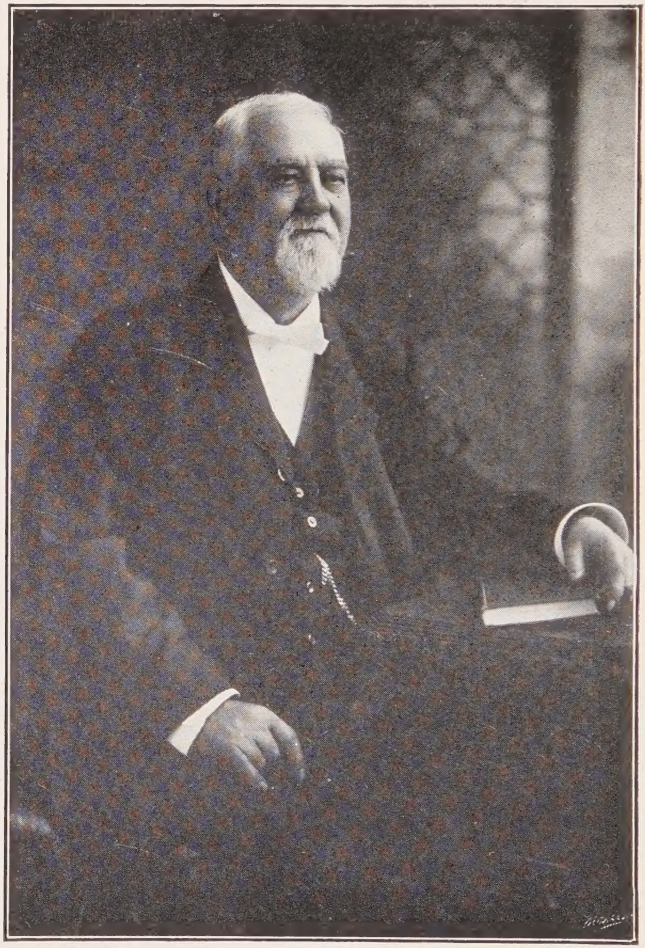

Truly Yours,
Johnson Sherrick

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INTRODUCTORY.

Letters contained in this volume were written since the publication of my "LETTERS OF TRAVEL" in 1905.

The way those letters were received, and the interest our friends have taken in that volume, has induced me to publish another volume, containing the letters written for "The Sunday Repository," while Mrs. Sherrick and I, in company with four Canton friends, were journeying around the world, in 1907.

I have included in this volume the letters written for the same paper, while Mrs. Sherrick and I were traveling in South America, in 1910.

All the letters were written at the time, and posted at the places where they are dated, but it took a month, and more, ere they reached Canton and were published in our home paper. They were hastily written with a lead pencil, and, no doubt, difficult for the printer to decipher.

I prepared a type-written copy for the publisher of this volume, correcting and re-writing every letter on the type-machine myself; and I will not consider myself blameless for the errors herein contained.

The letters written from those distant lands were not a task but a pleasure rather. After being

at home, I found it pleasant work to prepare them for this book.

This volume will not be offered for sale, as I do not care for any financial remuneration; but if my friends, who may read this book, shall be interested and pleased with what it contains, I will be more than compensated for its production.

THE AUTHOR.

Canton, Ohio, 1912.

LETTER I.

ON THE ATLANTIC.

THE START.—OUR SEVENTH CROSSING.—"A FLOATING PALACE."—GIBRALTAR.—A GLIMPSE OF SPAIN.—A DEATH ABOARD.

Naples, Italy, January 16th, 1907.

AGAIN on a journey eastward, and if all goes well we expect to reach the Far East in due time, and, later, make our homeward way on the other side of the globe. Our constant course—except a little deviation to the north or south—will be eastward. Every morning the rising sun meets us on our way; at midday passes by, and in the evening fades out of sight in the west—gone to give light to the other hemisphere, leaving us in darkness and to sleep.

We left New York January 5th—a clear and beautiful winter morning. A large, fine English ship carried us away over a delightful bay to a calm sea, which made us all feel that our prospective journey around the world was commencing under the most favorable conditions.

This is the seventh time that Mrs. Sherrick and I have crossed the Atlantic ocean. We have been over the North sea and sailed on the Arctic ocean—on the Baltic and the Adriatic, and entirely around and across the Mediterranean. We have embarked on many steam ships sailing from the various ports

of almost every civilized nation in the world, but never have I seen or sailed on a larger or finer boat than the "Coronia," the beautiful Cunard liner, which is equipped with every comfort human skill can devise. It is so large and so heavy that the ordinary waves of the high sea do not even make it tremble. The "Coronia" is truly a floating palace—a traveling village, with a newspaper published on board, having telegraphic communications with the world, both on land and water. It is on the seas that Marconi's invention is such a great blessing. It will enable a ship in distress to communicate with a fellow craft, which not only may be able to render assistance but may be the means of saving it from destruction and preventing the loss of lives. For those who may be sick on board, a good doctor is provided; a barber for those who can not shave themselves; a stenographer for such as wish the use of a type-writer; a post boy to sell stamps and mail your letters; a fine writing room furnished complete; two drawing rooms whither some repair to while away a few hours at cards or chess; or, may be, to engage in a delightful conversation with strangers, whom—after landing—we may never see again. The great ship has two immense dining rooms, beautifully decorated, and displaying the highest skill of the architect, where 500 people may sit, eat and enjoy the choice viands from the best markets of the world. I must except those, however, who remain in their cabins afflicted with mal-de-mer, (the distressing sickness of the sea). But on this "great

ocean liner," I am glad to say, there are very few who are not on deck every day.

In the rear of the ship, just off the upper promenade deck, is an inviting room with an open fire where the lovers of tobacco may sit, lounge, chat and smoke; and for such as may be overtaken with thirst, a bar near by will supply an antidote. These modern passenger ships are not only complete as to furnishings, but are also fire proof. They are substantially built of steel. The floors are wood laid on a base of thick steel, through which fire can not penetrate. All the first-class boats are now arranged with water-tight compartments, so that a ship might be rammed and torn for 50 feet, and one compartment, perhaps two, would fill with water, with no danger to the boat. I feel that on a ship like this, one can go round the world and not encounter as much danger as in going from Canton to New York in a Pullman car on the Pennsylvania railroad.

After sailing eight days, our boat cast anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar. Many went ashore and spent their first day on European soil. Small tugboats from the docks—which are about two miles from where the steam ship lay—conveyed the passengers to and from the shore. It was Sunday, January 13th, and, as Gibraltar is an English port, all the shops (stores) were closed, consequently, most of the passengers returned to the ship with more coin in their pockets than they would have had if the English did not govern there.

Just a mile or two beyond is a small city in

Spain where every shop and saloon was wide open, and because it was Sunday a horse race and bull fight were on. A part of the dilapidated army of Spain is quartered there. Men and women in fantastic attire were crowding the streets, and on their way to see the bull fight—their usual Sunday amusement. Beggars and filth were in evidence everywhere. The tattered army; the poorly dressed soldiers; the half-fed cavalry horses; and all the surroundings in and about the place, represent the fact that Spain, once the richest and most powerful nation on this earth has lost her prestige, and is rapidly approaching the time when new social and political methods must obtain or that country meet its final ending.

A few evenings ago, while our boat was sailing on the Mediterranean sea, we noticed the ship's flag come down to half-mast—a moment later the flag of Italy was displayed, indicating that an Italian had died on board and was about to be buried at sea. The engine was stopped. The body —nailed in a strong box and heavily weighted— was quietly dropped into the sea. In a few minutes the ship moved on, and all was over.

LETTER II.

ITALY AND EGYPT.

LOVELY NAPLES, HEARTLESS NEAPOLITANS.—SNOW CLAD, SMOKING MT. ETNA.—BOISTEROUS WELCOME BY EGYPTIANS.—WONDERFUL CAIRO, THE GATEWAY OF THE ORIENT.

Cairo, Egypt, January 21st, 1907.

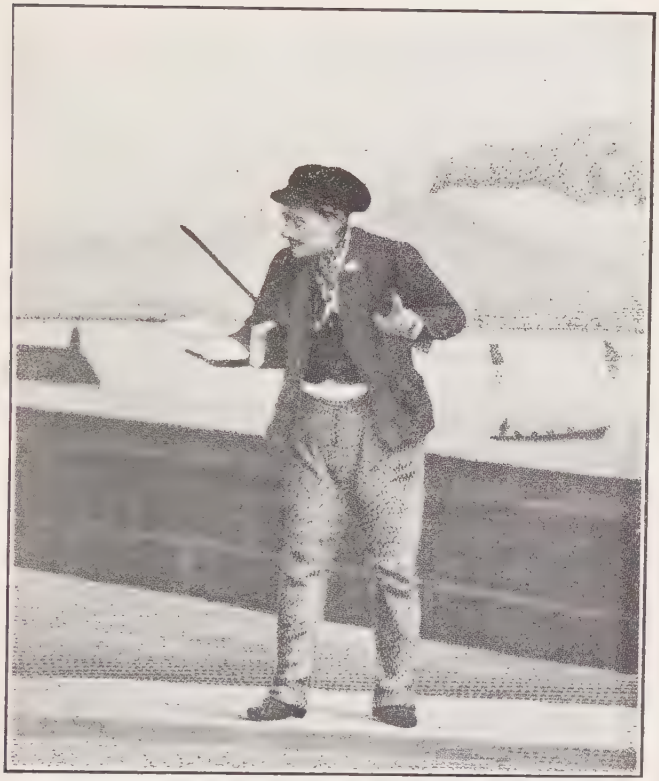
OWING to the fact that one of our passengers was buried at sea a few days before reaching the port of Naples, the medical officials there made a most rigid inspection before any one on board the ship could land in Italy. In 1903, the captain of an American ship from Boston carefully concealed the fact that smallpox had broken out on board his ship. Some of the passengers were debarked at Naples, which caused the disease to break out in that city and in Rome. Hence, more careful inspection and more annoyances for the traveler.

We all love the land at Naples, where nature has provided a most charming place. Everything that is natural, in and around the great old city, is beautiful and grand. "Only man is vile" there. There are numerous mansions on the hills, and also many hovels by the wayside. I noticed, in many respects, a marked improvement in that far-famed old city, yet I see amid the throng upon the streets, the same degenerate little horse and the same half-

starved and faithful donkeys—striving and groaning under their great loads—while the cruel drivers apply their ruthless whips, apparently unconscious of the inhuman treatment these useful animals are constantly receiving from the men they are serving so well.

But this is Naples—a large Latin city, and it is well known the world over, that a Latin has not much feeling for an animal that has no soul. The time will come when there shall be humane societies in these Latin countries and the animals will suffer less then. These inhuman masters have little more brain—and much less sympathy—than these beasts of burden that serve their owners so very faithfully.

When we left home it was not our intention to visit Egypt, but at Naples we changed our plans; re-embarked on the same ship and sailed for old Alexandria on the coast of Africa. The first morning out, we had a delightful voyage between Sicily and the main land of Italy, through the Straits of Messina. The steamer did not stop at the city of Messina (of earthquake notoriety) and where we had visited on a former occasion; but the views from the water were a great treat to all on board. Little villages stand along the water's edge and on both sides of this beautiful passageway; the clean, light-colored stone houses were glimmering in the rays of the rising sun. Back of the foot hills and higher up, looms old Mt. Etna with its smoking top—nearly 11,000 feet above the sea over which our grand ocean steamer was so quietly glid-



ITALIAN POET—NAPLES.

ing. Its sides were covered with brilliant snow that glistened in the bright sunshine. It seemed quite near, although many miles distant. From the top, perhaps a thousand feet down, the flames of the burning mountain had melted the snow away.

Standing on the deck, in the warm Italian sunshine looking at the white, cold snow on the mountain—which was burning at the top, and belching forth great volumes of smoke that we could see mixing with the clouds—made for us that morning a grand picture. I will not attempt to describe it. I hope you can imagine a grander and truer picture than my poor words can portray. I can never forget this great volcanic mountain in Sicily, standing alone and so high, overlooking one of the most fertile islands in the world.

On Saturday afternoon, we neared the shores of Africa and the "big boat" slowly felt its way into the harbor of Alexandria, piloted by a native with bare feet and a red fez on the top of his head. As the anchor was lowered the jabbering commenced. The great English ship was at once surrounded by a score or more of rowboats, brought from the shore by the native Egyptians and the usual Oriental racket was on. They jammed their boats, yelling, scolding and quarreling, in their strife for first place at the foot of the ship's stairway. Of course the fees for landing passengers was the cause of all this tumult. Failure to secure any of the passengers meant less money and perhaps less bread for himself or family when the

day was done. At the docks and at the custom house were hundreds of these people—Egyptians, Arabs and Turks—all eager for a job to carry baggage, or be a guide.

They look upon Americans as being possessed of more money than they need and as "Babes in the woods." They constitute themselves a bureau of information and the like, principally for the purpose of relieving us of some coin. Some of them can be of service, but many are of no use to a traveler. I said to one large bare-footed man in a white skirt and a turban around his head, who was persistent in his wish to serve us: "Can you speak English?" He answered, "No, I speak American." And that was about all that he could say that I could understand. These poor people are to be pitied. England has done much for them, but it will be many years before they can be sufficiently educated to give up their superstitions—a disease which, I am sorry to admit, afflicts all the nations of the world to a more or less degree.

We found Alexandria has greatly improved her harbors; that many large, fine blocks are being built in the city, and that the streets and drives are being made wider, cleaner and better. Ere long Alexandria bids fair to become a modern and great city. Even old Cairo is being encroached upon by the advanced civilization of the West, but outside of the European quarters, which are magnificent, the Egyptian, the Arab, the Turk, and their kind, consisting of various sects and many shades of color, are plodding along in the same primitive

A SCENE AT THE PYRAMIDS IN EGYPT.

way. They are making no more progress than is made on the sandy desert that lies above and beyond the cooling waters of the grand old Nile. Mohammed said more than a thousand years ago that the river Nile would never fail to rise up once a year, fertilize and irrigate the lands of their valley. That river had never failed before Mohammed was born, and it has never failed since. Therefore Mohammed was a prophet. If it ever should fail, the people of Egypt, as a nation, would be blotted off the earth.

It is now nearly seven years since we last visited Egypt, and we can see some changes here in Cairo. In the native quarters there is absolutely no progress, but in the European districts much improvement has been made. A city like Paris is part of Cairo now. One may see miles of asphalt thoroughfares, wide and beautiful avenues, over which the automobile spins at the rate of 20 miles an hour. The grand business blocks and many fine residences all neat, new and clean, make it a most magnificent section of the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Just over the way—a well defined line—is the Arab quarters. Here are seen narrow, dirty streets; tumbled-down houses, poorly dressed people, and all living in such filth that stench emanates from every nook and corner.

Here in this varied and wonderful city, one may see people on the streets from every nation and from almost every tribe on earth. All shades of color known to man are represented here. Costumes varying from the gaudy and unique to rags

that scarcely hang upon the body are in evidence on every street; horses, camels, donkeys and even elephants, serve the people as beasts of burden. And this is Egypt; and this is Cairo. There is only one Cairo, and that is the gateway to the Orient.

A MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN LOOKING OUT OF A WINDOW, CAIRO, EGYPT.

LETTER III.

THROUGH SUEZ CANAL.

LAND OF GOSHEN.—RECALLS BIBLICAL HISTORY.—ASIA AND AFRICA DIVORCED BY SUEZ CANAL.—BOUNDED BY SAND AS FAR AS EYE CAN SEE.—GREAT, BUT INFERIOR TO OUR OWN PANAMA.—THE RED SEA.

Aden, Arabia, January 27th, 1907.

LAST week, after leaving Cairo and on our way to Port Said, we passed through the land of Goshen; as we passed over those historic grounds, I thought of the Children of Israel, who, over two thousand years ago, were slaves on these fertile plains of Egypt.

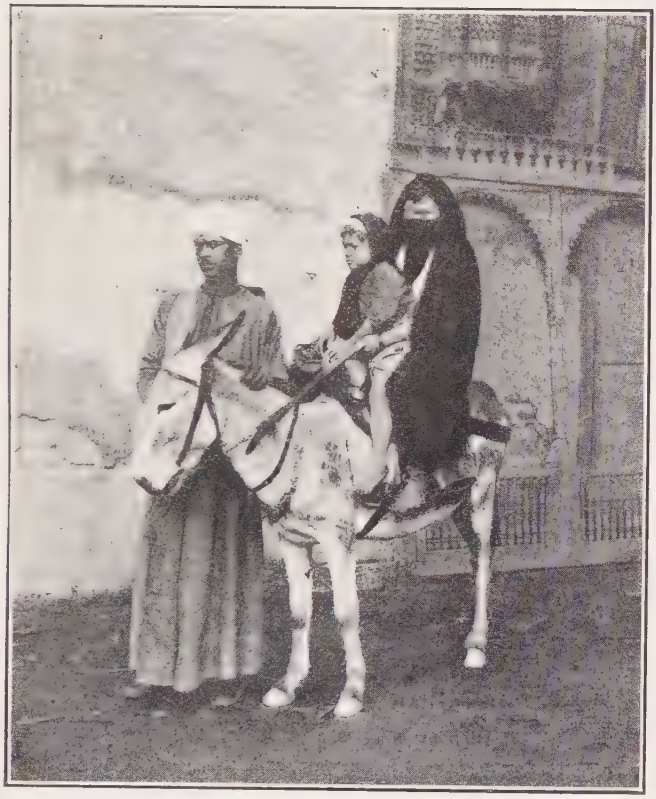
I recall the story of Joseph as related in the old Jewish Bible—the cruelty of his brethren for selling him as a slave and their deception with that coat of many colors. I wondered if this, traditional no doubt, but beautiful legend in Israel was ever confirmed by the hieroglyphic records of the then advanced people of Egypt. But not being a student of ancient history, I concluded to "let the dead past bury its dead," and look to the living present for Knowledge and Truth that is not dimmed with age or befogged in superstition.

On arriving at Port Said, we found the steamship on which we were to proceed lying at anchor

in the great harbor, at the gateway of the Orient. The harbor and city have both been built since the great Suez canal was finished. Over 50,000 people live in Port Said, which is now one of the principal ports of Egypt. The harbor was filled with many ships, and while we were there we could see them come and go. Some from the far-famed old East, ladened with the products of cheap labor, seeking a market in the new West. At this interchanging place, the commerce on the seas change and exchange the products of their respective countries for such other products as may be offered and can be sold in their markets at home.

Our passage over this ship canal was indeed very interesting; especially to us Americans, whose people at home have a similar project on hand, only far more difficult. Instead of a level plain of sand, through which this Suez canal is built, the United States has mountains of rock to penetrate and remove before the Atlantic and Pacific oceans can be joined together by the Panama Canal.

The Suez canal is about a half century old and was made by digging a huge channel through the plains of Arabia, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea—entirely cutting the land that united Asia and Africa, and in all probability divorcing these two great continents forever. This artificial waterway is 100 miles long, about 150 feet wide at the top and 75 feet at the bottom, and is now 28 feet deep. All modern ocean-going steamers, sailing under the flag of any civilized nation that borders on the seas, may pass through this canal, except a



ARABS OF EGYPT.

few of the large ocean liners on the Atlantic that require more than 28 feet of water.

It took our ship—the "Macedonia"—eighteen hours to pass through the canal and reach the Red Sea. We met many boats, large and small, slowly and carefully pushing on for the Mediterranean sea, and farther west. For many miles along the canal and as far away as one could see, not one green tree or spot of grass can be seen. I did notice at one place a few birds and at another a lonely dog, but nothing else in sight, but sand, water, clouds and sky. The sun lowered below the sandy desert, dropped his rays in a beautiful yellow haze and for a moment the western horizon was all a golden glow. In a little while the moon came forth and the stars shone brightly as they twinkled in the sky. But nature fails here to gather the clouds and have them, on these parched fields, rain and assist the sun. The sunshine and the rain together would make these fertile plains yield to the wants of man, second to none, for no other place in the world would the soil produce better than on these now desert plains of Arabia, if only the rain would come. The bountiful harvests that we may enjoy in Ohio are unknown here.

I can well remember the time, back in 1859, when I was yet a school boy, of the great event of letting the waters of the seas pass into the Suez Canal, which opened to commerce a new waterway, and the people a much shorter route to the Orient.

Egypt, with the assistance of France, had successfully accomplished the greatest engineering

problem of the age. Ferdinand DeLesseps, a French engineer, was the hero of the hour. There is now standing at the head of the canal a large monument erected to his memory, whereon he stands unfolding a scroll upon which is inscribed in Latin the words: "We open these lands to all the people of the world." I fear he has never been rewarded sufficiently, for the benefit he has been to the commerce on the sea. I am told that he died in Paris in want—that an ungrateful people allowed him to pass his last days in poverty.

Poor Egypt—that furnished much of the means and most of the labor to build the canal—afterwards frittered away her rights and her vast investments there to the English for a small sum of money. The English now substantially control the canal and enjoy a lucrative income from its vast earnings. If the rulers of Egypt had been honest and capable of managing the enterprise, their government today would have a large revenue from that source.

The history of France records that, Lepere—Napoleon's chief road engineer—surveyed the ground at the time of his expedition to Egypt, but owing to a miscalculation in his estimates showed the Red Sea to be nearly 33 feet higher than the Mediterranean, when in reality it is about the same, and for that reason the project of building the canal was not considered feasible.

It is not like our Panama canal, which is mostly mountains and rock. This is a sandy plain. Here the excavated sand was deposited by the wayside,

but in Panama the ground must be carried a long distance to find a dumping place. If it were not for the advanced methods and labor saving machinery that have obtained since this canal was built, it would be impossible to cross the isthmus of Panama with an artificial waterway. But we will complete that canal, and in due time, and when finished it will stand a monument representing the skill and energy of the American people. We will have the credit of successfully accomplishing the most stupendous undertaking the world has ever known.

I overheard an Englishman ask an American, while our ship was in the canal, a few days ago, "How long, sir, will the Panama canal be, which you Americans are attempting to construct?" "About fifty miles," answered the American. "Ah," said he, "It will not be as great an enterprise as this one!" Our fellow countryman replied that the channel will have to be blasted through rocks, at one place mountain high and very difficult and expensive. The Englishman retorted: "You will not have the sand to contend with." "No," said the American, "It may not cost as much to keep in repair as this one, but it is a much more difficult problem to accomplish." "May I ask you, sir, has work been commenced on the excavation?" He had not read or even dreamed of the vast amount of work that has already been done.

The next day, we entered on the waters of the Red sea, which is fourteen hundred miles long and about two hundred miles across at the widest place.

The water is blue, not at all red, as one might infer from the name. We did not see the place, where —it is said—the Lord caused the water of the sea to separate, that Moses might pass through when leading the Children of Israel out of Egypt, where they were in bondage, to the promised land of Judea; or the place where Pharaoh with his pursuing hosts met their fate, by the sea closing the dry walk over which the Jews had just fled, and drowning all of the Egyptians. This story is related in the Jewish Bible, but I do not know that the history of Egypt makes mention of the event. It may be more likely that Moses crossed on the sandy desert of the Isthmus close by the sea, and that these unreliable Orientals got their traditions a little mixed. We are now on new territory, in regions where we have never been before. We had fine, warm weather and a delightful cruise, the entire length of the Red sea.

We are now in Arabia, but in the next few days we expect to sail over the Arabian sea and land at Bombay in India. Then on, and around, and through the oldest countries of this earth, where we expect to see old things, old customs, old ways, old costumes, and old temples, which may and will be all new to us.

LETTER IV.

BOMBAY.

INDIA, THE COUNTRY OF CASTES AND CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—BOMBAY UNLIKE OTHER CITIES.—NABOBS AND NATIVES.—PARSEES, THE JEWS OF INDIA.—THE "TOWER OF SILENCE," WHERE THE DEAD ARE FED TO BUZZARDS.—THE JAINS, WHO "WOULDN'T HARM A FLY."

Bombay, India, February 3rd, 1907.

A FEW evenings ago, as we were sailing on the Arabian sea, about an hour after sundown, the moon appeared in the east. "How is that?" exclaimed an observer. "Last evening the moon was full, and now we have a new moon." Another remarked, "It is not so;" and still another, who had been venting some knowledge on astronomy, said, "It is unnatural; it is impossible." So we all thought, but nevertheless, there was the moon with its narrow crescent staring us in the face, and plainly indicating that the new moon had begun.

We gazed and discussed in our effort to account for the very strange phenomenon. After a while, the crescent slowly grew larger and larger until the full moon appeared. The problem was solved. It was an eclipse. The sea was running high and the boat pitching. As the bow went up and down, it seemed that the great ship was making its obeisance to that lesser sun that shines in the

night. The people who were cooped up on board the ship for nearly a month enjoyed that little diversion.

In the morning of the first day of February—the bright, warm sun shining and the cool winds gently blowing—our English steamer quietly entered the harbor of Bombay. Nearly every one on board the ship—passengers and crew—were up on deck that morning. The early sun was just commencing to cast his rays over the quiet water. At the dawn of day, the domes and spires of the large city of Bombay appeared in the distance. A new pilot came on board, one that knew the harbor well and able to steer the ship safely to its anchoring place, where we arrived at 9 a. m.

Everything that morning was charming, novel and full of interest to us. We were far from home and about to enter one of the oldest countries of the world, and for a while sojourn in a land we had never seen before.

The waters of the bay and farther out at sea were dotted with fishing craft—little birds afloat they seemed—watching for their prey. We were pleased that the prospect for fresh fish in the city was good, as those on board were getting quite stale. It took three hours to land, pass the custom house and get to the Taj-Mahal hotel; a fine, large, modern hotel; somewhat Oriental and in keeping with its namesake at Agra, the most expensive and beautiful building in the world.

This city in some respects is like Cairo. It has European as well as native quarters, but is larger,

with nearly a million people living here. Over half are Hindus. It is indeed a queer city, much unlike any I have ever seen. On the water it is about the same everywhere—the same sun, the same moon, the same clouds and the same sound of the waves are alike on every sea on the face of the globe. But on land it is not so; every animal, including man, is different.

An American may observe, and while here learn to know the reason why caste is so marked and classes so indispensable. While present conditions prevail, the people of India are getting farther away instead of nearer to a social level. Unless the coolie class is compelled to attend free and open schools provided for them at public expense—and it will take more than one generation—they of that class will never rise above their present condition of abject slavery, solely on account of ignorance and want of at least a little learning. In this respect, things are different in the new West from what they are in the drowsy old East.

The farther I get away from my native land, the more rejoiced am I that I have a home in the United States—the alluring land of the "New World."

The proud nabob, who is occasionally driven through the streets of Bombay, creates quite a sensation by reason of contrast. As he approaches, the cry is made by the dense crowd on the street, "Make way for the grandee!" With two gaudily uniformed drivers and with an innumerable lot of footmen, he passes along with his bobtail English

horses and fine large carriage, in which he sits alone; displaying the glamour of his lordship.

The little crude industrial places that line the narrow old streets are tumbling down and filthy. The congested humanity that swarm there are clothed with almost nothing. Most of the natives have a small piece of muslin wrapped around their hips. Their heads, breasts, feet and legs are bare and many of the children are entirely nude. Many look half starved, and I fear that their food is in proportion with their scanty clothing. They do not scold and quarrel with one another as the Italians and Egyptians do, but I never see them smile. Their countenances are constantly proclaiming the general distress existing here.

The Europeans living in Bombay use horses and carriages, but the natives use bullocks and two-wheeled carts. Thousands of them fill the streets, some of them are carrying passengers but most of them are hauling cotton and other freight to and from the docks and railroad depots. It is a unique sight to see the streets when filled with these carts. In the scorching sun, the drivers nearly nude, sit like monkeys perching on the pole of the carts, to manage the little bullocks. Not a mule, camel or donkey can be seen here. The greased, brown, sun-burnt skin of these drivers as they appear amid the throng of oxen, carts and dust, present a sight almost as interesting as one can see on the streets of Cairo.

The natives who dwell on the south shores of

HACK LINE IN BOMBAY, INDIA.

the Mediterranean are not like those who live farther east.

The most progressive people in Bombay are known as the Parsees. Commercially and financially they do the business in a large part of India, and especially here in this city where they have become wealthy. It is said their investments in banks and real estate are enormous. They were originally Persians who were driven into this country over 1200 years ago, on account of Persian reverses in war. Their manners are marked, and one can easily distinguish them from all the other people you meet here.

They dress in European style, save for the hat, which is usually a shiny black structure of a curious conical shape. The women are clothed in flowing draperies of bright colors. They have no caste, so to speak, and mix with the Europeans socially to a great extent. Many of the finest buildings of Bombay are owned by these people. They very much remind me of the Jewish people, who for more than a thousand years lived, mingled and did business, within the gates of other races; and yet, after being so long away from their native land, have preserved the characteristics of their ancestral country so completely.

The Parsees have a very peculiar religion, quite liberal and tolerant, as I learned from one of them who spoke English quite well. The way in which they dispose of their dead is very curious. They will not cremate the dead, as they have a religious aversion to use fire in that way; neither will they

bury in the ground, as they do not wish to pollute the soil on which the living subsist; hence the people of the western world are shocked to see a Parsee funeral. The dead are placed in an open tower, erected on the highest hill available for the purpose. The one we visited is known as the Tower of Silence and is located in a wooded park at the top of Malabar Hill. This large round tower is open at the top, exposing the whole inside to the rain and hot sun. Open also for the vultures to enter and devour the dead bodies, that are placed there for the purpose of being disposed of in that way. We saw many of those ugly birds sitting on the rim of the tower and perched on the trees that stand covering the hill, gorged with human flesh and half asleep. While we were talking with one of the attendants, we heard a flutter and saw a commotion among those sharp-billed buzzards that attracted our attention. "They have just spied a funeral procession," said the man in charge. "They are awakening for the approaching feast." "Shall prepare now," said he, "to place a body in the tower." We did not stay to witness any religious services or to see the body carried up into the tower. It can not be a pleasant sight, to see the vultures swoop into such a tower and fly out with their beaks full of human flesh, occasionally dropping a morsel to the ground, as they fly about contending and robbing each other. In a short time nothing but the bones remain. This hot, tropical sun soon reduces them to dust, and the rains wash it down to its mother earth, or into the sea perhaps.

PARSEE TOWER OF SILENCE—BOMBAY, INDIA.

This may seem horrible to us, but to them it seems better than burning the body. I think, and I have for a long time thought, that the best way to dispose of a corpse is to burn it; it certainly is the quickest way for our bodies to be returned to their original elements.

All races, nations and communities are wedded to their own customs and religious beliefs, and no doubt the ways and beliefs of other people are very strange to them. So it is, so it has been, and I presume it always will be so.

There is a queer religious sect in this country known as the Jains. Their repugnance to taking life is so great that they cover their mouths with cloth lest flies should get in and be killed, and do not use a light when dark for fear it would attract insects to their death. There are about one million and a half of these people in India, who believe that every living thing has a soul.

There is so much here that I think would interest friends at home to write about that I hardly know how to quit, and close this hastily written letter. We will start in a few hours by rail for Delhi, which is about one thousand miles north of here. For our party of six, we take with us two native servants and our own bedding.

LETTER V.

DELHI AND AGRA.

LONG STRETCHES OF DISMANTLED COUNTRY.—A PATHETIC AIR PERVADES.—CITIES OF THE GREAT MOGULS.—NEW LIFE INFUSED BY ENGLISH.—"THE GREAT TAJ MAHAL," THE WORLD-FAMED MAUSOLEUM.—CLIMAX OF ARCHITECTURE.

Agra, India, February 10th, 1907.

WE left Bombay last Sunday night. At the depot there, we met a howling mob, and no order or discipline. The crush was terrible; the mob was excited; the natives were desperate in their rush for a place on the train. Our party had arranged the day before for transportation, and a reserved compartment for six. We had our tickets all right for that train, but the officers had neglected to provide for us; so we were also stranded in the jam. After a while, however, accommodations were provided for all, but our party was in separate compartments when the train pulled out, just before midnight. All the next day, in the hot sun, our train of little cars made good time over the treeless lands and fenceless farms of India. Not farms, so to speak, but worn out plains, that are now untilled, unimproved and almost deserted. A pathetic air seems to pervade all along this way. The long stretches of dismantled country look not unlike what might have

been a rich and fertile soil, way back in the days of the Aryans. We may imagine the charm of mystery that ever encompasses India, cradle of the human race.

A continuous journey of one thousand miles brought us to Delhi, once the capital of the famous old Mogul Empire. An old fort with strong walls surrounding a large part of the town is said to mark the site of an ancient Aryan city.

All about the present city lie innumerable ruins. The hall of private audience is a beautiful little building of white marble, where the greatest of Mogul rulers held his private audiences with his subjects, settled their controversies, and is supposed to have dealt justly with all of them.

In those days a ruler in this part of the world played the part of king, parliament and court. The architectural beauty of this marvelous gem, standing prominently near the banks of the Jumna river, apparently as perfect as when built two hundred and fifty years ago, is very marked.

About this time the Persians swept down and carried away all the treasures they were able to find, including the famous Peacock throne. The Afghans took a hand in preying upon and robbing this declining empire, until a century ago it fortunately fell into the hands of the British, where it has remained ever since, except the time when the native soldiers killed their English officers and captured the forts and the city in the year 1857. The British had much trouble at Delhi, Agra and Lucknow and

lost many of their officers and soldiers before subduing the mutiny and restoring peace.

We have seen but few Americans in this eastern section of the world. More English travel here, owing to the fact that many of their countrymen are scattered among the people, holding government positions and looking after and managing the many investments that are made here by the English people. The constant overflowing of the population on the British Isles makes it necessary and profitable for them to invest money here and provide and secure places for their surplus population.

England is a great and powerful nation. But having only a small, detached territory off of the Continent of Europe; too small for these people to subsist upon, they colonize and do their greatest business on the seas. This requires many ships and a vast navy, to protect their many interests, which are scattered over the whole world. Hence they go forth on the seas; seeking the weak-governed nations; teaching them a newer civilization and better ways to live. Of course their object is good. They wish to be a benefit (and they are) and carry the blessings of progress to many of the inhabitants on earth who are in need of them. We know this is a difficult work, as the prejudice of ignorance is against all change of old customs. England has been a great success in planting her colonies in almost every corner of the world, especially so since her experience with her American Colonies; which was a valuable lesson to that great country.

There is little or no inducement for our people

A Beggar Woman Cammattee Caste

BOMBAY, INDIA.

to colonize, as the conditions of our country are so vastly different. As a nation we are new and young with wonderful national resources, comparatively undeveloped.

The hotels in this country are provided with a number of carriages for the use of the European traveler. Our native attendant secured two for our party while yet in Delhi, for a drive through the old city. Imagine our surprise when the grand start was made from the hotel. Our guide, Carloo, took his seat by the native coachman on the first carriage, apparently with great satisfaction as master of the turnout; and his assistant by the driver of the second carriage, and for each carriage, a footman dressed in white muslin with yellow turbans around their heads, sprang aboard and away we went.

The drive around and through this ancient and historic place was indeed very interesting. The old city lies on a plain, strewn with the ruins of many centuries, and the narrow streets are filled with open air bazaars where the restless crowds congregate and do business. That city of about 200,000 people is a typical Oriental place, with all the characteristics of the people who lived and ruled thousands of years before Christ appeared among the Hebrews.

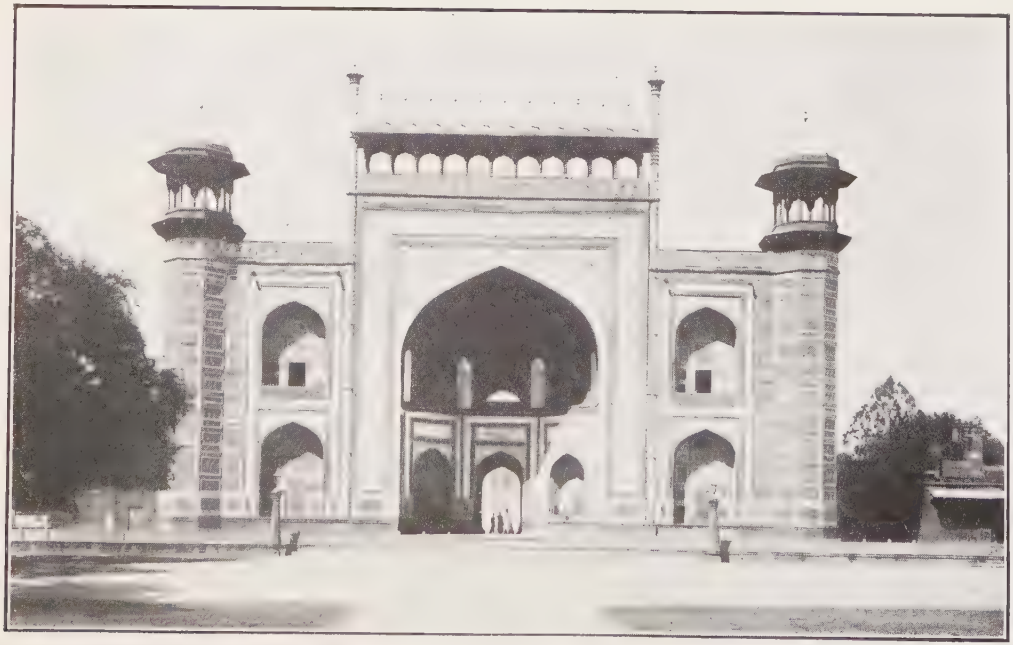
The scars of the mutiny are seen all through the city. The battered walls of the great fort, and the shattered fences still proclaim the terrible conflict that raged a half century ago.

But I shall not say more of Delhi now; I wish to include in this letter, some of the things we are

seeing here in Agra, another of the famous old Mogul cities.

The last day we spent in Delhi was gloomy; the rain came down in torrents; the usual bright sun had disappeared and the shadowy sky brought darkness early in the day. The next morning the clouds had cleared away and the morning sun shone as brightly as ever. The beautiful sunshine, just after the refreshing rain, made a glorious day for our journey. The fertile fields, green trees and growing crops, were so much more in evidence than they were on our journey from Bombay, that we all rejoiced.

All along the way, we passed old and older ruins that gave evidence of the ravishes of long past time. For six hours we rode over level plains intensely interesting. Although it is early in February, the wheat is about ready to head. New potatoes, early cabbage, and other vegetables, unlike those we see at home, are in the market here now. The days are so delightful here now, that I am forcibly reminded of June time at home and can scarcely realize that sleet, slush or snow, are masters of ceremony in Ohio at this time. It was noonday when we arrived here; and as soon after refreshments as possible, we made haste to see "The Great Taj Mahal." This world-famed mausoleum stands close by the shore of the Jumna river. It was built by Shah Jahan, one of the last great Moguls, who ruled over so much of India, more than three centuries ago. Ostensibly it was built as a tomb for his favorite wife who had preceded him



THE GREAT GATEWAY LEADING TO THE TAJ-MAHAL.

in death, but it was also intended, I presume, as a final resting place for his own body when that time should come.

We approached the place, driving over a winding road through a beautiful park, entering a large arched gate, built of red stone, which is itself an imposing structure, and I beheld for the first time, the main object that attracted us here.

Beyond the gateway and fronting the Taj, about six hundred feet away, intervening and covering the space is a most beautiful garden park; down the center and towards the gate, flows a stream of clear water amid cypress trees and marble walks, that line its way. The playing fountains; the green trees and bright flowers entangled with vines, make a picture that words can not describe. Many beautiful singing birds were adding music to the scene. As we stood viewing the climax of architectural skill, standing in the bright sunshine with a blue sky for a background and framed in harmonious beauty all around; and seeing it over that beautiful court from the grand entrance, where we were standing, was overwhelming.

I had read the glowing descriptions of Andrew Carnegie and others, but the word pictures they drew did not half convey to my mind what my eyes feasted upon as I walked within the gates. I truly realized at once that I saw more than I can tell.

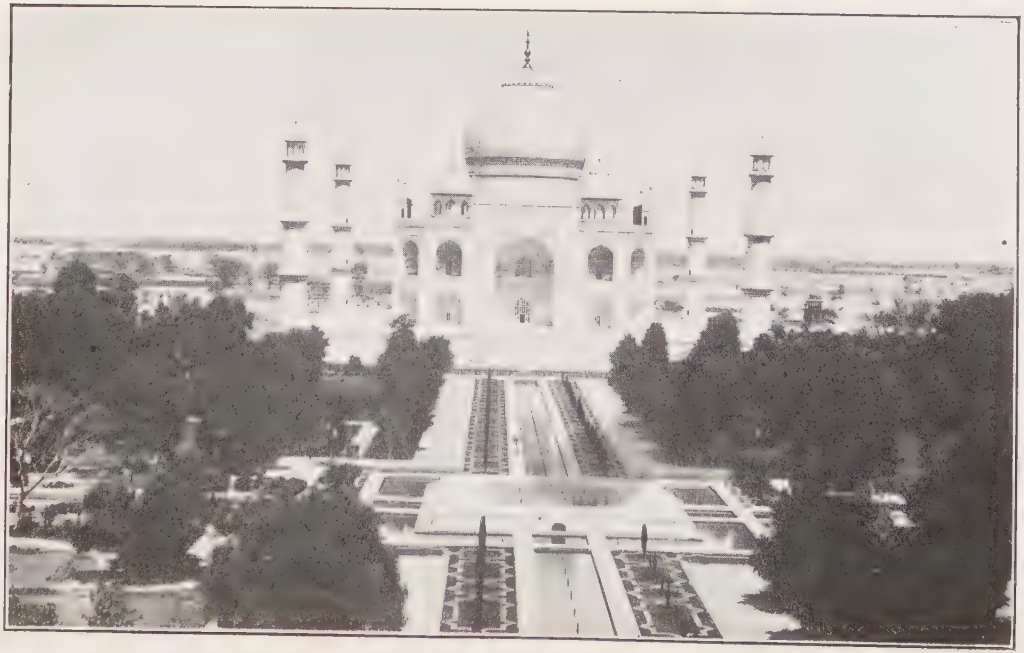
I will not attempt to adequately describe it, but will only say that about eighty feet above the river Jumna, on a level white platform 300 feet square, stands the Taj nearly 100 feet high. On each cor-

ner of the platform stands a white polished column nearly as high as the monument itself, crowned by Mohammedan minarets, in which winding stairways lead to the top on the inside.

There they have been for nearly three centuries, and are not black with age as one would expect, but apparently new, white and clean and arrayed in all their original beauty. They stand like sentinels at the outer walls guarding the sacred place within. The rotunda of the monument is crowned with an immense dome and all the surrounding walls are built in and out, forming the most magnificent corridor, with large niches inside and out to harmonize its beauty. As one walks through its many halls, lingers within its portals and listens to the music of the echo as it descends from the dome mixing with the sound of voices and the clatter of footsteps below, he is charmed.

At a quiet moment one of our party voiced to the dome a few high-keyed notes which were echoed back in charming music that slowly became more faint as it died away through the marble halls. Everywhere, inside and outside, you can see the white, polished walls so artistically carved and colored that you stand and wonder. The coloring is not of the brush, but of many precious stones whose various hues cut to shape and inlaid, bespangle the panels at every place the eye can see.

A large part of the Mohammedan Bible is imprinted on the white walls with inlaid letters of rare black marble, arranged in such a manner as to harmonize and add beauty to the whole. In the rear



TAJ MAHAL—AGRA, INDIA.

flows the waters of the Jumna river, three hundred feet to the left stands a fine large Mosque, just outside the court and the same distance to the right another is built to correspond and complete the surroundings blending into one harmonious whole, without a jar to mar its perfect beauty. It is a dazzling structure by day and a mellow picture in the rays of the moon at night.

The next day, we saw it again and admired still more. As I turned to take a last look, (for I never expect to see it again) it was standing in the sunshine with its walls mellowed just a little by the creamy tint of the marble, it appeared more grand than ever. It seemed to me that the whole scene is not only the most beautiful in the world, but that it is glorious. It is said the French architect had an uncontrollable desire to duplicate it in Europe, and because he could not find any power there that would undertake to build such a structure, he committed suicide, and his skill as a builder was lost to the world.

But after all, when we reflect and think of the selfish motive that prompted the Tyrant, we must conclude that it is the most glorious fruit of vanity the world has ever seen.

The great Mogul exacted the labor from the slaves he ruled and his whole empire had to contribute the means, so vast that no one can estimate its cost, but nevertheless, through and by reason of the selfishness of this ambitious ruler the world has been furnished with a monument representing an age that we can hardly comprehend.

The great fort here (representing the strongest fortified place I ever saw) also constructed by the Mogul Dynasty, the pearl Mosque and the palace within, I have never seen equalled. They all stand illustrating an age that we of modern times fail to realize. Why was it built here on these comparatively barren plains and by a people who are very superstitious, ignorant, half-clad, and in keeping with desolation and distress. If these great and beautiful structures were now standing in some prominent place in Europe or in America, untold thousands would visit them, but in this out-of-the-way place comparatively few of those who would most appreciate their beauty, will ever see them.

Strange as it may seem, Shah Jahan, the greatest builder of the Moguls, was the means of having his two brothers put to death that he might hold sway undisturbed. But also strange—and maybe in accordance with the spirit of that age—his own son by some undue means managed to grasp his father's power and put him in prison. For the last eight years of his life, he was kept by his son within the walls of the pearl mosque which he himself had built within the fort and close by his palace for his private worshipping place. He now rests by the side of his favorite wife, and beneath the dome of his mausoleum, the greatest that architectural skill has ever conceived or human hands constructed.

LETTER VI.

BENARES AND CALCUTTA.

BENARES, ON THE GANGES, HOLY CITY OF THE BRAHMINS.—FANATICAL SACRIFICES.—BURN THE DEAD.—SCENES OF HORROR.—SUPERSTITION THE BANE OF INDIA.—NATIVES HAVE LITTLE USE FOR LUXURIES OF CIVILIZATION.—FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

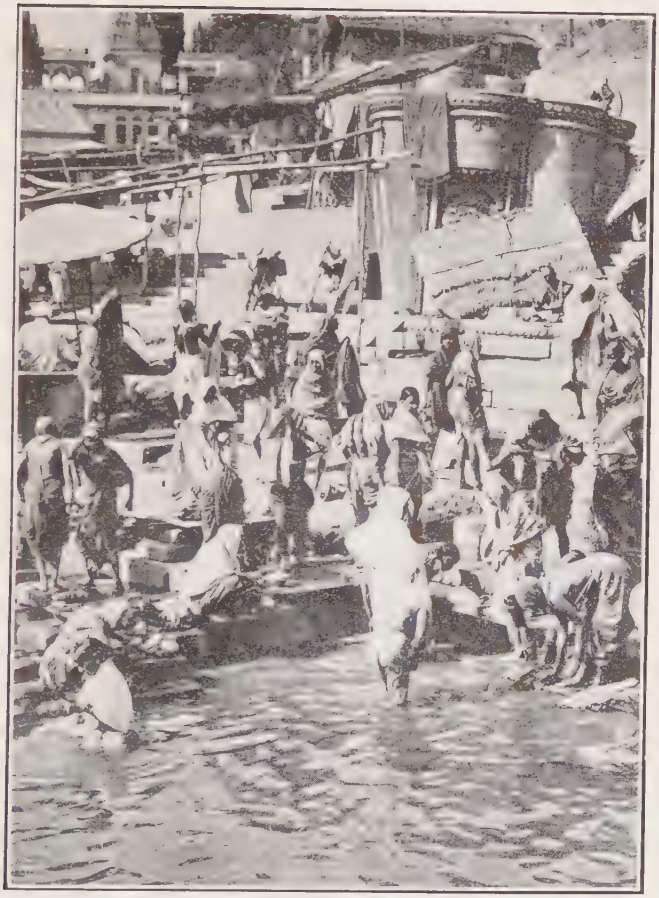
Calcutta, India, February 17th, 1907.

THIS is the largest city in India, and the capital of all the British possessions in this part of the world. On the way here, we stopped for two days at Benares which is the most Holy Shrine of the Brahmans, a very large sect of the Hindu religion. The blessed water of the Ganges flows through the old city. And on its shores, are constantly being enacted scenes that awe the stranger and make the traveler wonder. How long this has been going on I am not able to tell, or how long it shall continue no one can even surmise, but I presume until the clouds of ignorance and superstition shall be cleared away.

The undoubted faith these poor creatures have in the teaching of Brahma leads them to make any sacrifice, however trying or difficult it may be, if ordered by their priest. I saw one poor fellow standing on a little wooden pier near the shore casting bread on the water; and every few minutes he sprang into the river, bowed his head beneath

the wave and filled his mouth with the polluted water. I was told that he would continue this performance, two hours each day, for forty days on account of some violation of his religious creed. By command of the priest, he was required to atone for his sin in this manner. There are many degrees of caste, and numerous sects of religion in this old land. Every shade of color, and every sect worship at this shrine. From all parts of India these people come as pilgrims to that Holy city that they may bathe in the Ganges river. Many come, not that they may live again after death, but that by these means the power of the evil spirit may be overcome, and they be permitted to die in peace. Some pray not to God, as Christians do, for the forgiveness of their sins and eternal life; but they pray to the evil spirit, beseeching that power not to punish but permit them to die in peace, "that everlasting death that knows no awakening!" They do not wish to live again, only to die in peace and be dead forever. They are constantly in fear of the one great power, and their greatest desire is to live up to their religious faith that they may properly be relieved of the trials and burdens of life, and be permitted to rest in oblivion for ever thereafter.

As we were being quietly rowed along the shore, close by the shrines, the temples, and the burning places for the dead, I had a feeling that our world was large, varied and strange; that we were far from home, and among a people far more queer and superstitious than I ever imagined. I could only wonder, that here where humanity had



BATHING IN THE HOLY GANGES RIVER, NEAR WHERE THE DEAD ARE BURNED — BENARES, INDIA.

its beginning; where age and experience has obtained, that so little progress has been made in developing the secrets of nature, and that nothing has been accomplished to open the windows of reason and let the light shine in.

I think well of disposing of dead bodies with fire, but as these poor people do it on the banks of the Ganges it is very crude and revolting. Wood is scarce and high in price. We saw half a dozen dead bodies in piles of wood burning at the same time. It was evident the quantity of wood was not sufficient to consume the body completely. It is a sad sight to see a man stirring the almost flameless fire, and laying on the half-burned pieces of wood in the effort to reduce the body to ashes.

We were told that about thirty bodies each day are burned on the banks of that river in the thickly settled part of the city, in which 200,000 people live. It is considered fortunate if a family is able to take its dead to Benares and have them dipped in the water of that holy river and burn them to ashes there. Many who live a considerable distance away will spend all the means they have to take their dead to that place where they are assured if disposed of there, that the final end is attained and all is well with the departed one.

We were near and could see them place their dead ones on the little piles of wood. One young husband came with fire, and after running around the funeral pile several times, applied the torch and stood by while the dead body of his wife was slowly consumed. The friends and mourners sat on the

ground near by, witnessing the fire, and seeing the remains of a dear one ascend in smoke to the sky. For miles along the river the shores present a scene so horrible that such as we were loth to tarry there. At many places along the shore are stone steps, irregular and black with age, leading from the water up to temples, older than the Christian era. The Cow Temple is noted for its filth, and the Monkey Temple stands as an ancient monument, representing the worst kind of superstition, and promulgating the most revolting obscenity. Their implicit faith in this "Holy water" seems idolatrous to us. The sacrifices they make to an imaginative, unfriendly God, or a devil perhaps, (they seem to know not which), and so unappealing to reason, makes one look on them with great pity. If they derive comfort in this way, some good perhaps is done for them. It may not be so much unlike the belief of some of our more intelligent Christian people, who think that the filthy water that flows in the River Jordan is better than the clear, pure water they are blessed with nearer home. Alas, for poor, old India. May the day hasten when she can throw off the shackles of caste, and rise from the thraldom of her enslaving superstitions.

We arrived in Calcutta in the morning. The bright sun was shinging and the evidence of a tropical country could be seen everywhere. The streets of this great city are filled with curious vehicles, mostly drawn by bullocks and driven by natives who perch like monkeys on the poles of the carts. The throng on the streets is a motley crowd of

many shades of color, and dressed in every style from the European fashion down to that which nature gave. Of course, not much covering of the body is required in this heated country. I notice that the houses, large and small, are built with thick stone walls for the purpose of keeping the heat out, instead of the cold, as we do. The people of this part of India know nothing of cold, as it is always summer here. However, India is a very large country supporting more than two hundred millions of people (very poorly), and extending from the equator to the wonderful Himalayan mountains in the north—the highest in the world—and from where the hot rays of the sun scorch the landscape every day in the year, to the eternal ice-clad mountains that are always covered with snow. And it is so old that recorded history knows nothing of its beginning. Its tribal wars, its religious contentions, its frightful famines, its glittering dynasties, of slave power rulers, make for these people a melancholy history of the long past. The English are now making better opportunities for them. If they will take advantage of the schools, colleges and the mechanical sciences that western civilization is supplying, they might, like Japan, arise and astonish the world. But I fear it will be a long time before these people will get away from their deep rooted superstition and rise to a higher plane of education and reason.

The more I see of the world, the more I am convinced of the need of education everywhere. That great institution of learning, which is growing

and spreading, more or less, in nearly every corner of the world. Strictly speaking, it has no organization and is without a creed. It is now so great that it fears not any power, and is beyond the control of any nation. Its beneficial results creates the motive power that pushes it on. It feeds on the good it has done and grows stronger as it grows older. The institution of education is the foundation of all progress. From it has sprung the inventions that have made the modern world so great. It yet remains to teach mankind how to avoid war, that all nations may live in peace.

Since leaving Bombay—a half month ago—we have traveled two thousand miles through the interior of India. Our hasty sojourn so far has been full of interest. We have learned considerable and have see much of these people, but little in proportion to what we might see and learn were our stay sufficiently long. We did see that the natives have little use for the luxuries of civilization. Many live in mud huts, with the bare ground for a floor. Some lie down to sleep like sheep upon the plain, and at any place they might chance to be when night comes on. In the early morning while we were going by rail, we could see them doubled up and sitting companionless on their heels, motionless as stumps, apparently taking a morning nap in that way on the open field.

In the cities most of the natives are known as coolies, and, like those that till the lands, they lie down on the ground or on the stone walks to sleep. We had two with us all the while we traveled in

this country. One of them had learned to talk English, and they were of good service in many ways. Guarding our baggage, looking after the cooly porters, securing carriages, watching our rooms, and making the beds. The bedding had to be packed and with other luggage, taken to the station and put aboard the train. "Monta" carefully watched that not a piece was lost or went astray, while "Carloo" (who could speak English) considered it his duty to keep up the business end of all our movements. Every night these two faithful servants slept outside our door on the stone floor, or perhaps the ground, with only a hard pillow and a blanket or two to keep them warm. Although the sun shone hot in the day, we found the afterpart of the night quite cold, all through the interior where we traveled.

From our English-speaking servant, we learned much of the customs, manners, and superstitions of his people. He told me he was a Hindu, but not of the Brahman sect. Being intellectually superior to the average native, his contact with the western travelers had broadened his ideas very much and on the questions of religion he talked very sensibly indeed. The whole way on our journey through India these two natives served us for a pittance, but they never lost sight of the fact that they were expecting a liberal gratuity from us when their service would be at an end. I realized all during the journey—while they were with us—that their agreement on salary was too little for the service they rendered. So we all felt, that the only way to

square ourselves with our own consciences, was to make up a liberal purse, which we did yesterday. It was a great pleasure for our little party of six, —all Cantonians—to see how pleased the two young men were when we handed them the well-deserved gratuity. An American can not realize what that, seemingly small amount to us, meant to them and their families,—for both are married men. At once they proceeded to their homes, from which they had been absent for six weeks, but soon returned to our hotel to advise us that all was well at their homes, and that they would come early in the morning and help us move to our quarters on the ship. They had on their dress suits, as they were anxious to show us Americans that they were in a good class. One of them took pains to let us know that the reason his dress was different from Caloo's—his class was higher. Inherited caste, makes their class from which there is no escape for them forever.

Tomorrow we expect, to sail down the river and over the bay of Bengal to the island of Ceylon.

LETTER VII.

CEYLON.

ISLAND FAMOUS FOR ITS TEA AND HEAT.—COLOMBO A GREAT SHIPPING PORT.—OUR FIRST JINRICKSHAW RIDE.—RANK, VERDANT JUNGLES.—PICK NUTMEGS FROM THE TREES AND PEPPER FROM THE VINES.—CASTE PREVENTS LABOR BUT PERMITS BEGGING.

Colombo, Ceylon, February 23rd, 1907.

ABOUT a week ago we left the hot old city of Calcutta and came here by ship. It took five days to come down the Hugli river and cross the bay of Bengal. For 20 hours the boat was stranded in the river, and we were compelled to wait the coming of the tide ere the water was deep enough to bear us away to the sea. The tide rises in the river for more than 100 miles up from the bay. Calcutta lies on a navigable river 90 miles from the sea, and is a large shipping port.

We were sailing, on the way from Calcutta here, directly south, and every day was hotter than the previous one. The ship company has supplied every device for stirring the air and cooling the ship, but nevertheless we could not keep comfortable. We are now only about six degrees north of the equator, but will have to go within one degree, before we can veer northward to where cooler

breezes will prevail. For the next two weeks of our journey, we expect to encounter intense heat.

Our ship entered the harbor of Colombo late in the afternoon. Found the quiet old bay filled with craft of every kind; for here is one of the greatest junction points on the sea—here ships come to transfer passengers and cargoes, refill, and renew their voyage to many distant lands, I saw floating from the various ships, flags representing nearly all the first-class nations that do business on the water, but I did not see a single flag of my own country. The English flag can be seen almost everywhere,—truly she is yet "mistress of the seas." Other nations of Europe do a thriving trade on water, and of recent years, Japan has become a great competitor on these eastern seas.

It was dark before the passengers could go ashore. An official doctor came on board to examine all travelers and crew. A more rigid examination had to be made because the ship had come from Calcutta, where there is more or less plague all the while. But finally we passed the custom house, where our declarations were taken without examining our luggage, and arrived at the hotel only to find that rooms were not to be had before morning and that the available accommodations in the city were all taken. The manager, however, proposed that if our party would consent to sleep on cots for one night, they would take care of us.

We soon noticed that we were in a popular place, and that everything in and around was attractive. A "Hobson's choice" seemed the better;

and we unanimously consented to sleep on the cots. We found everything essential for a first-class hotel except the cots, which I presume were to supply every need but comfort. However, there are many things in distant travel that make up for some of the hardships that one must necessarily encounter.

Before retiring to our cots, we concluded to have a jinrickshaw ride. I stepped to the entrance of the hotel to talk with a native about the ride; when all of a sudden I heard a rattling noise and saw great confusion among the "rickshaw" men who were swiftly coming toward me from every direction. In their rivalry to secure a job, they came like an avalanche and almost ran over each other in their mad haste to offer their service first.

The porter of the hotel, who is in charge of the street entrance, came to my rescue, and quiet was soon restored. Under the hotel regulations, the officer selected one for each of our party, and we were off for a very novel ride, and the first in my experience, where men took the place of the animal, and did the work that horses do.

It was a fine moonlight night, the streets are perfect and level; in these "big baby carts" we speeded along the shore of the open sea. The rays of the moon twinkled in the water, that dashed impetuously against the rocks. The roar of the breaking waves was music to the ear. We could see the receding waves carrying the white foam of the troubled water back into the sea, where it melted away like snow. Somehow it was extremely impressive and indescribably interesting, but to me it seemed

that the ride was robbed of most of its charms by seeing these little men, barefooted, bareheaded and half naked, filling the places of strong animals. These jinrickshaws are quite comfortable. They have a top, large enough to cover one person, (if not unusually large) and can be raised when needed, to keep off the sunshine and the rain. In most of the "far East" they are in general use, and many of the natives earn their only means of subsistence by drawing their fellow man from place to place. It is hard work for little pay.

The over-peopled lands of the East are insufficient to produce enough for the sustenance of all animal life. Hence, many creatures that are so very useful to the people of America are not used here, where the soil is only able to produce what man requires. Blessed are we of the newer world where the fruits of the Earth are sufficient, not only for man, but for all animal kind; the faithful beasts of burden, who so willingly give their strength for our comfort, and the poor unlearned creatures, who yield their lives that we may supply our cannibal nature with their flesh and blood.

We spent a few days this week at Kandy, 75 miles from here. It lies among the mountains, and in the midst of the finest tea-growing district on this fertile island of Ceylon. It is a picturesque little city of 2000 people, and surrounded by the most beautiful tropical country in the world. Its people are of a better class than I have seen elsewhere in India. The great tea industry is a source of income which makes their labor more remunerative; con-

sequently, they have opportunities to live better and not so much distressed, as their fellows across the bay. The appearance of any people, generally speaking, is in keeping with the condition of the country of which they are a part. We, who fortunately are favored with a country like the United States, can only realize the advantages we enjoy, by comparing our country with the countries of the old world.

There is something about tropical places that attract the people from the colder regions of the world; especially those who love the summer and never tire of sunshine.

In this old part of the world—I mean this island of Ceylon—the rains come often, the warm sunshine follows, and all the landscape is covered with green trees and growing shrubbery, for summer is always here and the cold winds never blow. Many of the uncultivated hillsides are covered with wild trees, vines and underbrush, so thick that snakes, tigers and other wild animals still find a refuge there. Well made roads, old as the country itself, wind over and around these fertile hills, and by rice fields and large gardens of green and growing tea. At places the road penetrates dark and quiet jungles, the growth of ages; green and growing all the while; never halted for a moment by freeze or frost, and so thick are they, that the wild birds fly with difficulty amid the trees, vines and foliage.

Why these wild lands were not cleared and the soil cultivated, is a mystery to me. I presume there is a good reason, but I am not informed.

One would think that in this country, where famine and starvation are so frequent, that every foot of fertile soil would be cultivated. I do not mean that famine is frequent here on this large island, but nearby is poor old India where the people often die for the want of the fruits of the earth.

We saw at many places, by the roadside, little mounds of clay with a round hole near the base, indicating that some animal perhaps retreated there, but we were told that they were the homes of snakes. Where the vines and wild underbrush are cleared away, tropical fruit trees, and palms of every kind stand gracefully on the wooded lands. One could see cocoanuts nearly ripe on many trees. For the first time in my life, I had the opportunity of picking up nutmegs under the tree on which they grew; we plucked the pepper berry—not the kind we see in California, but the pepper of commerce—from the vine; saw the green cloves hanging on their native bush, and tasted the bark, that we cut off of the cinnamon tree.

The people do not have to labor here like in a cold climate. Not much clothing is needed, and less food is required. They almost live on the fruits that grow wild, but often the supply is short and many go hungry. No energy is required of them to exert themselves in any season to provide necessities for another, hence such people naturally grow languid and lazy. But such work as must be done, the poor inoffensive coolie must do. They are a class who can conceive of nothing better than to serve their superiors and be content. The women

A TAMIL BEAUTY—ISLAND OF CEYLON.

sweep the highways. The roads are repaired by men and women who carry ground and fine stones in a basket, using their hands to fill it. I did not see a shovel. Human hands are cheaper.

As we were riding through the country near Kandy, natives who live by the roadside followed our carriage for miles, making every effort to serve us in some way and secure a pittance. Four boys ran along with us for more than an hour, plucking wild flowers, offering us green cocoanuts and other things of no value. Finally the father joined the boys, and their combined persistent solicitations became tiresome, so one of our party handed out ten cents to get rid of them; but to our chagrin, only the one that got the money dropped out, and the others continued with renewed vigor, and not until we further complied could we induce them to leave us. It seems pitiful that a father and his four boys would come out from the dense woodland that lines the winding road and strive, as they did, by running miles, for a few pennies. They are active and in a way seem bright. It is difficult to understand their almost helpless plight.

While sitting all alone, a few nights ago, in that beautiful park at Kandy, with a charming little lake in front of me and watching the moonbeams shimmer on the water, a well dressed young man, a native, approached me and sat down by my side. After a few moments, he spoke to me in good English, saying, "I am anxious for employment." He told me that he was 20 years old and had gone to an English school. Being the son of a doctor,

his caste did not permit him to perform any labor below his rank. But said he, "If my father could send me to Australia, I would offer my services there for whatever I could get, and wait for promotion. Here I can't do so for my family and relatives would no longer recognize me."

You may know how close he is to the spirit of India, and how little the dignity of his class has elevated him, when I tell you that, as he was about to depart, he ask me to give him a rupee, equal to 33 1-3 cents of our money. My mind reverted instantly to the American boy—the boy whose aim is to move onward and upward—not to beg, but to rise and earn his way.

There are many things in a tropical country to attract one—for awhile. The beautiful landscape and fragrant breezes make it seem like the favored place on earth. Visitors from the land of blizzards rejoice to tarry among the hills of Ceylon. But even on this beautiful island one may soon tire and long for the land where seasons change. It is monotonous where it is always summer. A harvest time is unknown; the products of the earth are never garnered. The real freshness of spring does not come to rejoice the people, because there is no winter.

We have had a most pleasant visit on this island. The short time that we have spent here I will remember as one of the most enjoyable parts of our journey. I can not say the same, however, of India, on the main land, for there, generally speaking, the people are not in shape to make it

comfortable for the stranger. Their railroad travel is unpleasant—the cars small and unclean, the hotels, with few exceptions, are poor. As we had our own native servants with us, we managed to make our way fairly well.

This evening, we will again take to the sea. I will say good-bye to India and her people. I may never see them again—can't say that I ever want to—but on the scroll of my memory, they will always have a place while I may live. No sympathetic soul can visit Old India and not carry sorrow home with him.

LETTER VIII.

SINGAPORE AND PENANG.

NOVEL SIGHTS ENROUTE.—AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—STOP AT PENANG ON THE MALAY PENINSULA, THE GREAT TIN MART.—A DIGRESSION.

Singapore, March 2nd, 1907.

THIS city of more than 200,000 people is the capital of the Straits Settlements, a British colony, on the Malay Peninsula and adjacent islands, separated by the Strait of Malacca.

During the past week, we have been sailing across the southern part of the bay of Bengal. It requires about six days for the English P. & O. steamers to make the trip from Colombo to Singapore, a distance of about 1,668 miles, stopping, however, for nearly a day at Penang, which is on the way.

We are now nearly half way around the world. When it is noon-time here, it is midnight in Canton, Ohio. While I am writing, our friends at home are sleeping, or should be, because it is just now the middle of the afternoon here. There is another difference quite as marked at this time. I am well aware of the March breezes in Ohio, but I know, just now, that they would be more enjoyable to me than sweltering in this equatorial heat. For the last two weeks we have not been able to endure the sunshine, and even in the shade we are far from

being comfortable. It is too hot to eat or sleep.

This place is almost on the equator. They tell me the days are about the same length, in every month of the year, and always hot.

Several days ago, while on a drive we saw three large elephants lying on their sides in the current of a flowing river, where the water is deep enough to cover them. It was a novel sight to see those monsters maneuvering and striking the water with their great trunks, apparently enjoying an evening bath. I did not see any of the wildcats or tigers that live in the jungles through which we passed on several occasions; perhaps they are so well acquainted with man that they prefer to keep out of his sight.

I have seen quite a number of sporting Englishmen in India and all through this part of the world, heard them talk of their hunting horses, and have seen their fine guns and extravagant outfits for the chase, but no trophy from the forest or jungle was in evidence, or chanced to turn up in our way.

The wild game, the birds or the domestic fowl are not as good for food as they are in cold countries. Neither are the fish as fine or as palatable as those taken from northern waters. With the exception of bananas, I have not eaten of any fruit in these hot regions that will (at least according to my taste) compare with the delicious fruits we have at home, such as grow in the temperate zones, where seasons change.

The natives are thin, small and poorly developed, both in mind and body. They have little am-

bition and they make no progress. They live as they did thousands of years ago, and I presume they are content to so remain. The wheels of evolution that have been revolving so rapidly elsewhere in the world stand still in these old, torrid lands. Strangers have come within their gates in recent years and brought with them steam ships, built railroads and made many modern improvements; have built large cities of commercial importance. Trade and commerce have been enhanced, but only by the white man. Some have been taught to work and a few have learned how to do business, but without the directing hands of the European nothing can be done. It does seem that without the supervising skill of the white race, these people would soon retrograde to where they were a thousand years ago.

Most of the time since we left New York, two months ago, we traveled on water; I am fond of the sea, and a good boat is a temporary home for me.

An amusing incident took place on board our ship, a few nights ago. The cabins were so close and hot that many of the passengers ordered their beds taken from their staterooms and spread upon the open deck, which is not unusual on these equatorial seas, It was near midnight when all of a sudden, the moon disappeared, the sky grew very dark, a strong blow of wind struck the ship and the water came down in torrents. Not a bed, on the floor of the deck, escaped the wind driven rain. Not only the drenching water, but the roar of the blast awoke

every sleeper so suddenly that consternation ensued. They had just "wrapped the drapery of their couch around them and laid down to pleasant dreams," when the cloud came like an avalanche and drove them from their resting places. Those who first awoke fled in confusion over the prostrate forms of their sleeping comrades, who were slow to realize what really had occurred. In a little while the white-robed dreamers, who had just closed their eyes to the rays of the moon, were all aroused and safely housed in their cabins, none the worse for their experience, except that their beds were wet; some, however, were not quite sure that the ship's stewards had found the right bed for their own particular cabin. A few, who were intensely English, it was said, sat up all the balance of the night, for fear of a mixture of couches. To those who had not yet retired, the scene was very amusing. It was one of those little incidents that occasionally take place on shipboard and adds much to relieve the monotony of a long voyage on the sea.

A few days ago, the ship cast anchor in the harbor of Penang, which gave us all a change and a day on land. 150,000 people live there; 100,000 are Chinese and the balance are Malays, Indians and, of course, English, as Great Britain governs all of the Malay peninsula. I was surprised to see such a large, fine and interesting city in this part of the world. Good streets, well built houses, and superior looking inhabitants gave it an air of thrift and prosperity unusual in this hot country. We learned that more tin is exported from the city of Penang

than from any other port in the world. The tin mines are a great source of income for the people of this Peninsula. It is a staple product, in great demand, and always commands a high price. Tin is one of the most valuable natural products found anywhere, I am sorry to know that North America has not yet found a mine of tin that would pay to operate.

On going ashore at Penang, we found sharp and spirited competition among the jinrickshaw men, whose urgent solicitations induced the members of our little party to engage six of them for a ride (not a drive) through and around the city. No driver was needed as the owners of these little sulkies take the place of the horse. For an hour, Chinese men pulled us over level streets, smooth as a floor, and ran all the while with apparent ease, seemingly very anxious to earn a shilling that each one was to receive at the end of an hour's ride.

It was there that I first noticed well dressed Chinese women poorly walking on the toe end of their feet with their heels where the ankles should be. I am informed that some of the higher caste still continue to torture the girl babies, by placing their little feet in forms, which arrests farther growth and horribly distorts the heel and ankle. These Chinese women walk with much difficulty with their small feet in fine baby shoes only about three inches long. Why they should be maimed in this way when a child by heartless parents; why human hands should cripple for life their own offspring, is a problem beyond the conception of the

CHINESE SMALL FEET BEAUTY OF CASTE.

Anglo Saxon race. I am glad to learn, however, that this relic of barbarism is on the decline in China, and that the slowly advancing of a new civilization will ere long stamp it entirely out, and with it will go many of the unreasonable practices of old China.

I often see these people staring at us, not in admiration but with curiosity. They look upon the pallid skin of the white race as being far from beautiful. They want to be just what they are, creatures of color, and to them any other hue of the human skin is ugly. After all, perhaps, it is only a matter of taste; if we are pleased with our complexion, and are satisfied with whatever shade of color God has given us, it is well, and no doubt best for all concerned. The ways of nature are always good; to be satisfied with your fate, over which you have no control, is to be happy. Always remember this truth, the Elysian fields have high fences, and tight bars, for those who are constantly scattering gloom instead of sunshine over the land in which they live. To the ungrateful pessimist the world is wrong. His face betrays his dissatisfied mind, and cheerful men shun him. To the grateful optimist, satisfaction and delight picture the countenance of a happy man.

The more I see of the old world, the more satisfied I am, with the many advantages of the new. The more I learn of other countries, in which I have sojourned as a stranger, the prouder I am of my own. I will not say, however, that our ways are the best ways in everything. I know too well that

there are many things in the older countries that we could adopt and profit by.

As a nation, we are young, our youthful spirit is in the heyday of expectancy and prosperity. Older nations have been where we are now, and their experience is a valuable lesson that younger countries, like ours, should consider well. Thoughtful minds are observing how the business people of the United States are rushing along the highway of prosperity. Some, who have had experience, say be careful, as there is danger on the road when the speed is too high.

I beg the reader's pardon for writing about home affairs when so far away. Perhaps I should not have thought of this matter, had I not observed how comparatively slowly they move in these older parts of the world.

We have just received notice from the ship captain that our steamer would sail for Hong Kong at 11 a. m. today, I will have to hurry to mail this hastily written letter.

This is the gateway between the Indian and Pacific oceans; and Singapore a very interesting place to visit.

LETTER IX.

HONG KONG.

A MONSOON.—A LORD ABOARD.—COOLIES DO THE WORK OF OX, MULE, DONKEY AND HORSE.—AN EXCEEDINGLY STEEP INCLINED CABLE RAILWAY.—GRAND VIEW FROM MOUNTAINSIDE.

Hong Kong, China, March 10th, 1907.

AFTER sailing on quiet waters half way around the globe, after thirty-two days of ocean travel, we had seen but little to relieve the monotony of fair sailing in quiet waters, until we left the city of Singapore and turned northward on the Chinese sea.

The captain told his passengers that "if all goes well, we will be in Hong Kong by March 6," but when the sixth day of March came our ship was not half way. Just after leaving the quiet strait, we encountered one of those monsoons that occasionally sweep down that sea from the north.

The wind blew with such force straight against the head of the ship that it was with great difficulty that any progress could be made at all. The roaring wind flapped the canvas, blew the salted water over the decks and drove everybody to the sheltered places. The huge billows thundered against the ship as she was struggling to climb wave after wave that rolled against her from the front. One after

another of the passengers, especially the women, dropped out of sight and sought repose in their cabins, vainly attempting to keep away that dreadful enemy that hovers around a ship when the sea is wild. Every succeeding meal found more vacant chairs in the dining saloon. Many would not admit that they were sea-sick; it was always some other illness, but I noticed these little ailments seldom came when the sailing was on a calm sea and that they quickly vanished when the quiet harbor was reached.

The monotony of our long, smooth voyage had been relieved. The fierce, hissing winds had changed the sea, and as far as the eye could carry, the white-caps were dashing and lashing on the turbulent billows. Although our ship was loaded with 600 tons of freight the great, strong waves would toss it around like a rowboat. For five long days the staunch ship had to battle with the angry sea. She did her part well, for after a while, though far behind schedule time, she carried us safely to the Chinese shore. As "all is well that ends well," we can hardly say that we are any the worse for the experience.

During all this boisterous time, from Singapore to Hong Kong, we had on board one lord and his wife, who, of course is a lady. They frequently appeared on deck. The lady chatted some with the "common people," but the lord was unbending and very loth to mix with his fellow man of lower degree. His appearance is against him, and far from being in keeping with the requirements of his title.

He was, according to the English peerage, born a lord, and he may pose as such, notwithstanding the fact that such as he are robbing the title of all its significance. In the minds of the thoughtful men, an unearned title is a hollow thing.

I should think, in this respect, our English friends might learn a good leason from the patriots who made our Constitution—who cast to the winds all birth-right titles. Today, by common consent, an American may enjoy a title if secured by accomplishing something of great value for the public good, or for spending an able and honest life in the service of his country. Otherwise the American people bestow no caste or title, and it is good that it is so.

The peerless title—"The Father of His Country"—that George Washington earned, will never be dimmed. The service he rendered in the struggle for independence will never be forgotten; his influence in uniting the Colonies and his unselfish devotion to the people will stand in history as the greatest monument of any age.

All the way from New York to China, our water travel has been on English ships. While we were in India, we rode on English rail-roads and stopped at English hotels. Not only does Great Britain rule over a large part of the Orient, and do the business there, but her ships are seen on every sea and her commerce carried to every land. With wonderful speed the English language is spreading over the world, and its influence and the civilization that goes with it, are doing much good.

We also see quite a number of German ships on the water, and I was told by an English captain, that the Germans are getting to be strong competitors for the trade on the high seas. During the reign of the present Emperor of Germany, that nation has made great advancement in manufacturing and commerce. Being a grandson of Queen Victoria, enabled him to learn from his kin across the channel how Britain grew so strong and great. The Kaiser was not slow to profit by the example of his ancestors. He learned, while yet a young Emperor, that war was devastation and that even victories were losses to a nation. His reign at first was considered weak as compared with his illustrious German grandfather, whose fame was made by war and at the expense of the best blood of the stalwart young men of the German nation. But now, by the wise influence of the peaceful ruler, the people of Germany are at work, instead of war. Their manufacturing industries on a large scale are now found in every part of the German Empire. The ships that are built in Germany are noted for their strength, beauty and durability. Her passenger traffic and her trade and commerce on the seas are second only to Great Britain herself.

It was about 4 p. m., last Friday, when the great harbor of Hong Kong hove in sight. The sun was shining beautifully on the hillsides of the many mountain islands that stand boldly about like sentinels guarding a sacred place. We found the city on one of these islands, along the water's edge on a narrow space of level ground at the foot of a

mountain, whose sides were covered with green trees and whose peak extends above the clouds. As you approach this city from the sea and view the mountain background, you may think of Gibraltar, but that famous rock will fade to comparatively small proportions while you look on the stupendous natural bulwark that towers so high above the beautiful modern English city on the shores of a strait in the Chinese sea.

Great Britain has made here in recent years one of the largest ports in the world and has been instrumental in building up this great city, yet a hundred Chinamen appear on the streets of the city before one sees an Englishman. The streets are fine, the roads that wind up and around the rocky hills are charming; the clean stone houses that stand amid the green trees; the gardens and the shrubbery that cover the whole side of the mountain, all the way from the peak down to the sea, make such an impressive view that one can never forget. This is a city of 300,000 people and not a dozen horses and carriages within its limits. The few horses that are here belong to officers of the English army and are used for sporting on a race track, which is located just outside of the city.

Not an ox, mule, donkey or draft horse can be seen anywhere in this great city; but the Chinese coolies are in evidence everywhere to take their places. These human beings carry the freights on their backs or suspended from poles on the shoulders of as many coolies as the weight requires. There is one line of electric cars that run along the

shore for a couple of miles, but many people go about in rickshaws, through the level part of the city. Over the roads leading up and around the hills, one must climb the way, which is very tiresome, or take a sedan chair hung on two poles and carried up by native coolies, like they carry freight. Many are seen going up the steeps in this way. The strong and unselfish man, however, prefers to use his own strength rather than be carried by panting human beings. It is pitiful to see them struggle in this way, to earn a pittance that they may live. Such is the case here, and it is sad that it is so.

There is, however, one cable railway, a steep incline, running up to the top of the mountain. A strong cable is attached to two cars which is operated from the power house at the top, one car goes up while the other goes down, and they pass on a switch just half way between the upper and lower stations. The cable is so arranged that the weight of the descending car helps the engine to draw the other car upward. This is the steepest incline road over which I have ever passed and apparently the most dangerous I have ever seen. I fear that if this single cable should ever break there is no device invented by man that could prevent both these cars from a downward flight, carrying all their human freight to the region of eternity. We entrusted our lives to the careful operator, and we were carried safely to the mountain top. A fine hotel and beautiful grounds, with charming views, both far and near, invite the stranger to tarry and be a guest of the Peak house. We preferred,

however, to go down by the sea and stay at the King Edward where the accommodations are of the best. As we looked down through the hazy atmosphere, the great city seemed quiet and small. The thousand or more boats that fill the harbor seemed greatly reduced in size, to such an extent that the smaller ones were not visible to the naked eye. The views along the mountain top in every direction are simply grand and very unusual; the weird picture spread out so far below made me feel as if the world was changing. At times, even at mid-day, as we cast our eyes upward from below, the peak house and all these mountain tops were in the clouds and out of sight, while at the same time, perhaps, the glorious sun was shining on the city below.

We have just learned that the large and beautiful steamship Dakota, an American ship, owned by The Great Northern Steamship Co., is on the rocks north of here and is at the mercy of the winds. All the passengers have been safely landed on the coast of Japan. Many of them are from Seattle and the northern part of the United States. The Dakota and her sister ship the Minnesota are the two largest ships on the Pacific ocean and they were both running in connection with the Great Northern Railroad Co. The Dakota is insured for $3,000,000. The total loss, they say here, will be more than $3,500,000 not including freight losses.

Our little party is feeling much disappointed, as we have our tickets paid for passage on that unfortunate ship, which was to sail from here the

30th of March, for Shanghai and Japan. I am told that we can arrange here for the same passage on a Japanese steamer and continue our journey a little later. But we will be deprived of sailing with our own countrymen on the beautiful Dakota. In a degree perhaps we are fortunate, as it would have been a risky privilege to sail with that fool captain who criminally wrecked that great ship in a calm sea on a beautiful day, with a complete chart lying on his table. From what I have already learned, there can be no excuse but stupid incapacity.

LETTER X.

MANILA.

AGAIN UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.—WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT UNDER AMERICAN REGIME.—STABLE MONEY.—NATIVE JUDGES TRY AMERICAN CRIMINALS.—NATIVE LABOR NOT RELIABLE.

Manila, March 17th, 1907.

WE ARE now in a land where the Stars and Stripes are floating. It is the first time in my life that I have seen that beautiful emblem holding sway in any country, or in any land, beyond the Atlantic ocean. Although we are now on the other side of the globe and far from our native land, these flags make me feel much nearer home.

I will not say that our flag floats proudly here, or that I envy the position or the condition of my countrymen who have to work in this hot and unhealthy climate, and largely with a people whose inferiority is magnified by their ingratitude. Ever since the English Colonies of North America secured their independence, the savage tribes of our western plains have been decreasing; and now, when the care, expense and moral obligation is about to end, it seems unfortunate in a way, that we—the United States—should go half way around the world and load up the government with new and expensive

responsibilities, such as we have assumed in these islands. Why the long and well deserved policy of our successful Republic, of not going beyond the adjacent lands of our own country, should be so suddenly changed and the burdens of our government so enormously increased, is a difficult problem for an American citizen to understand.

The assistance the United States rendered Cuba, when in distress, is commended by all the civilized world; but our good work was only half finished, when we left those people unprepared and inexperienced to govern themselves. Why did not the United States acquire Cuba instead of the Philippines? Cuba is our neighbor. The Philippine islands are on the other side of the world. Cuba is now, like Florida was, before Gen. Jackson drove the Spaniard out of that misruled province of Spain. What a golden opportunity is lost, not only to the people of Cuba but to the United States as well. Our country is able to secure the richest blessings for the people of that large and fertile island; to offer them a great market in the north for the rich products of their tropical soil; to give them a place in the Union of North American States, a stable government and the blessings of liberty. No large standing army would be required in Cuba. Profit in place of expense would accrue to the people of the United States. Another star would be added to our flag.

But nations, like individuals, should forget their mistakes. The powers that were, took on the task, and the conditions now make a moral obligation

REFLECTIONS—MANILA.

that we cannot unload. The improvements made here by the Americans have done much to better business; the old Spanish city of Manila is becoming a large port; ere long it promises to rival the coast cities in the far East. It is rapidly losing its Spanish ways; the thrift of our people and the progress of Americanism are in evidence on all sides. It is so different from an English colony. It already has the tone of our western states, boasting and booming included. Like our cities on the Pacific coast, it will be sure to grow.

The enterprising Americans who are investing and doing business on these islands are very much discouraged. They ask of the Washington government a fair show, and no handicap by unjust tariff laws on the island business. They ask and expect only such treatment as other business men receive elsewhere on American soil. It seems strange to me that any member of the United States congress would wish to build up a tariff wall between any sections of our own country, even though he does represent a district where the sugar cane, or the sugar beet grow, or a section where the tobacco interest does not like competition. If this is American territory, why should the United States treat the business people here as foreigners, discourage trade with their own country, and increase the price of Manila hemp, sugar and other products of this soil to our own people. The government at Washington must recognize that these fertile islands are now the territory of the United States, and that they must be treated as such, before any

benefit whatever will come to our people.

I do not believe that these islands should be admitted, or any part of them, as states, but give them a place as a province and govern them, at least as territory of the United States. Otherwise, I am free to say, much is being done for the natives; large government expense has already been incurred and more will be required ere the Philippino will be able to do for himself.

There are over 5,000,000 inhabitants on the islands and, outside of Manila, not a civilized spot. But here in Manila there is a large business with the outside world. The advanced Philippinos, the few who have received a fair education, are doing some business here; those I think are pleased with what the Americans have done for them. The shippers and traders generally (including many Spaniards) are anxious for America to continue its rule; but all feel the injustice of our tariff laws, which ruin their trade with the United States.

All over the Far East there are many kinds of money, but all of it is in paper and silver not backed up by gold, so that every morning hotel keepers and business men, of every kind, must look in the daily papers to see what their money is worth. But here on these islands, under the American system of currency, it is different; the money is stable, has a fixed value and never changes. In all the countries of this part of the world, except Japan, perhaps, the Philippine peso backed by American gold, stands the highest and is sought after. The banks, and the many other money changers, wax rich on account

A COUNTRY HOME, NEAR MANILA.

of the state of affairs. They prey upon the stranger, take advantage of his want of knowledge and exact excessive rates for exchange. This does not apply, I am glad to say, to the Philippine Islands, but to all the free silver coinage countries that lie around. It is strange that in countries where England has so much to do with the government, that such conditions exist.

The peso in use here is the size of the American silver dollar. It is coined in Philadelphia by the authority of the United States—"16 to 1"—and passes as a 50-cent dollar (about the bullion value). It does not fluctuate, because it is backed by gold, to the extent that our government will not let it go below that value, just as the American silver dollar is backed by the United States for 100 cents gold value. The United States silver dollar—which is the same size and contains the same amount of pure silver as the peso—is also in circulation here, and if one is not careful he is apt to pass it for 50 cents, although it is worth as much as a gold dollar here, as well as at home. All the other money in circulation, not backed by gold, and like the money of the English colonies in the Orient generally, are taken at a value that the banks, in the morning papers, report it worth for that day. Each morning, perhaps, there will be a change in the value of the money in daily use. This is very inconvenient for the business men, and annoying to the people generally. Why our English friends do not provide a currency for their colonies as stable as they use at home, does not, it appears to me, speak well for

Great Britain, who is the foremost in the colonial business of the world. In this respect England is a back number, compared with what the United States has done, and is doing for the Philippine islands.

While in the town of Passig, located on the Passig river, and above Manila, I witnessed the novel sight of seeing an American on trial before a native judge. The colored magistrate carefully preserved the dignity of his court, and the white prisoner abided the sentence of the colored judge with such respect as is due to a court of justice from a criminal, who is found to be guilty.

It was at that place that Aguinaldo made his last fight. The shells from Fort McKinley close by, were too destructive for the Philippinos; they yielded to the American forces, and gave up the struggle for independence. Aguinaldo fled to the mountains, where he was finally captured, and afterwards induced to retire to the country, and under favorable conditions become a tiller of the soil. Of course, he was not tried for any crime; his offense was the defense of his country; he was not aware that the intruding enemy was their friend in disguise. Their patriotism, measured by our own standard of civilization, can not be even censured, or considered morally wrong. Defeat is not always a catastrophe; often, the results prove a greater blessing than victory. In this case, the vanquished receive the benefits, and the victors pay the bills.

It requires about 18,000 American troops, 5,000 native scouts, 10,000 native soldiers with American

PLOWING RICE FIELDS—PHILIPPINES.

officers and equipped as a constabulary force, to keep the peace in these islands. We must not forget that territory as large as three states like Ohio is now under the control of our government, and that in many sections the people are untamed, running wild and naked over the fertile lands of this tropical country. It will be a long time before any of this territory can be ruled by the natives themselves successfully, and it will be just as long before the Americans can rule without a standing army.

The schools that the American government are keeping up will be a great help to those who will take advantage of the opportunity, but I fear there are comparativly few who have the energy, or the ambition to do so. These hot, tropical countries do not produce energetic people. They live largely on the fruit the earth produces, without the aid of human labor. In the city of Manila, where American enterprise has created a demand for labor, the native must do some work to enable him to earn means to buy food and a little clothing. I am told by Americans here who employ labor, that after pay-day, they do not expect the native employee to return to work as long as a peso remains in his pocket unspent. It is said, the contractors depend largely, for common labor, on the workmen whose pockets are entirely empty. They receive more for their services, when they do work—300 per cent more—than they received from the Spaniards. Those who realize their bettered condition seem pleased, and they hope that the Americans will not discontinue their beneficent rule.

The Philippino fears the power of Japan—a kindred race—and they believe that if the United States was to abandon them now, the Japanese would swoop down on these islands and make slaves of the people. In this belief they are entirely mistaken; the industrious and progressive little Jap, from a temperate zone, cares little for the lazy, improvident people who inhabit the torrid regions of the earth.

To an observing mind it is very interesting to note the difference between an English and an American colony. Here, the native has already imbibed many airs of Americanism; they seem more free to mix with the white people and enjoy the social rights that only Americans concede. Here, where our people dominate, social and political standing are not based on birth to such a lofty degree as where the English hold sway. Englishmen generally consider us novices in the colonizing business; they look upon our methods with disfavor, and predict that these possessions will not be profitable for the people of the United States. So far as the profits are concerned, I will surely agree, especially as we now have all the land we need for our people, and plenty of room for expansion on the American continent. Then why go so far from home and mix up with these Malayan races? But we have assumed the task, and a moral obligation now requires us to continue the work.

Since our demonstration with Spain over that little affair in Cuba, the people of the world have learned that the United States of America does not

A MANILA BELLE.

only fill a large space on the world's map, but that she is an important factor among the Powers of the Earth. Since the Boxer war in China, that old country has discovered that there is a strong and charitable nation in the Far West with a generosity that they had never even dreamed of. The kind treatment they received from the Christian nations, (in which our government led the way) did more to allay the prejudice of the old East against the newer West, than all else that ever occurred. I am free to say, that the administration at Washington surprised all of Europe, that we were able to kindle a spark of gratitude in the breast of a Chinaman.

LETTER XI.

OLD CANTON.

WOMEN "BOATMEN." — THE WALLED CITY. — VILE ODORS AND HISTORIC SCENES.—THE WATER CLOCK. — SAMPAN DWELLERS. — QUAINT BAZAARS AND HONEST TRADESMEN.— CHINA RAPIDLY AWAKENING.

Canton, China, March 26th, 1907.

I HAVE written many letters in my lifetime, in Canton—but not this Canton—this ancient city, so long the capital of China. It was one of the greatest cities in the world, thousands of years before its little namesake appeared on the map of Ohio. There are, perhaps, a dozen Cantons in the different states of the Union, but our Canton is the next in size to this famous, old city of two million people. It is not now the capital of China, but it is still the metropolis of this vast Empire. Within the walls that surround the old city, still lingers ancient China as she was two thousand years ago—an awful hive of human bees, working, striving and struggling for life.

Canton lies on the Chu-Kiang river, (about 80 miles from the sea,) a wide, navigable water-way, connecting this large and unique city with the outside world. We came in from the sea at sundown; all night our Chinese boat steamed against the current, and it was the morning of the next day, when

we cast anchor in the river here, a mile or more away from the landing.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene, that I viewed from the water in the early morning of that day. The waters were literally covered with Chinese boats of every kind—sampans, junks and other craft, filled the river and lined the shores as far as one could see. The sun was rising over the city—the same sun was setting at home—and its dazzling effect on the water and open landscape was glorious. The pure air of the early morning is a great contrast to that which exists within the walls of this congested city. Fortunate is the Chinaman whose avocation in life calls him to the fields of sunshine and open air.

We were taken ashore by a native woman and her little daughter about 12 years old. One small boy handled the rudder, while other children were playing on the rear end of the sampan. Amid hundreds of other boats, jamming and pushing, the little Chinese woman strove dexterously to make a way to reach the shore. It seemed to me at times that it would be impossible for her to reach her destination. It was not only amusing but exceedingly interesting to see the mother with a hook on the end of her pole pushing and pulling the other boats out of her way. The child, like a fairy, skipped over the little deck, and it was simply wonderful to see her grab an oar, and how much she could do to assist her mother. The grit of the little daughter, and the skill of that athletic mother in managing that boat, which is not only their means of livelihood, but their

floating home as well, was marvelous. That morning scene was a unique picture of simple life. No poor man's cottage with trees, gardens, flowers and pure air, but instead restless waves, rocking boats, huddled quarters and filthy surroundings, make the home of the Sampan dwellers.

In about an hour we arrived safely at an English hotel, which stands on the shore near the gates, where arrangements can be made, under certain circumstances, for people of the outside world to pass into the walled city. Here we employed a native guide, arranged for sedan chairs and 23 coolies to carry our party of six through the narrow, winding and congested avenues, and to the ancient, noted and interesting places of the old and curious city. The sedan chairs are fastened to poles which the coolies place on their shoulders. Each sedan chair is suspended between and from the middle of two poles. The lightweight members of our party required three coolies, but the heavier weights needed four. Our native guide also had to ride in a chair. I presume his caste did not permit him to mingle with the poor coolies.

Through the towering gate of the great wall, we entered the city; down the stone steps and into the narrow walks we went. Soon we were lost amid the throngs of crowding and jostling humanity, our coolies loudly talking to each other and yelling to the crowds in a language meaningless to us. While the coolies were fighting for a way through these, apparently, subterranean avenues, we were sitting comfortably in our swinging chairs, marvel-

TRAVELING IN SEDAN CHAIRS (CANTON).

ously looking upon a scene that would prompt one to think that he had "crossed the river" and was in another world. Then our Chinese guide turned to the right and lead the way down another congested street to a place where the sun's rays peeped in, and for a moment we had a taste of God's light. Here our chairs were placed on the ground and we were told to walk. Our guide announced that we would now pass into the "Temple of Five Hundred Gods." With much curiosity we entered that sacred place, and walked beneath the pleasant looking faces of half a thousand gilt idols, that seemed to smile down on us as we passed. Not a single countenance of these many old brass gods, even frowned at us "western devils" as we passed by at their feet.

We visited the old cemetery, which extends over and around a large hill bare of shrubbery and treeless. A thousand years, perhaps, have the Chinese buried their dead on and around this barren hill. Innumerable are the bodies that have gone down here to their mother earth, and joined the original elements from whence they came. The rich have a chamber, where, for three years, they place their dead in an air-tight coffin. Close by, stands a table and a chair. The table is kept prepared with food, so that a wealthy dead Chinaman may sit and eat when hungry. This is strange, as many of the Chinamen are quite intelligent.

We stopped to see a celebrated old clock that is run by water. They claim it has been in use nearly 1,000 years, and is very highly prized by the people of Canton. The water drops from a small reservoir

and slowly runs down a tube to a vessel just under the clock. A float in the vessel is attached to a wooden scale, somewhat like a carpenter's rule, on which the hours and minutes are marked. As each drop of water is added the float pushes the scale upward and marks the time. I presume the drops are so regular as to make the clock reasonably accurate. I asked the man in charge, who collected a fee for seeing this wonderful mechanism, how the water in the reservoir is replaced. Our guide replied for him, in our language, saying that the clock itself forces the same water up and keeps it filled. Through a pipe, I presume he meant. But the pipe was not in view, and as perpetual motion is not yet discovered, I merely shook my head and said, "You are wrong."

A five-story pagoda, ages old, stands on a hill by the stone wall, which is and has been a fortress for many centuries. The cannons are slowly corroding to dust; the carriages on which they are mounted are rotting and useless, but they mark the place of a fortification that once was great and powerful. Passing time has changed conditions; the great stone walls of China are not needed now, and this old city has no use for the cannons on the hills that overshadow this wonderful place.

As I stood on this elevated and historic spot, I could see the tile roof that covers the city. It appeared like a dry, barren plain on which nothing grew. One does not see, when looking over this city, houses, streets, or trees; but it seems as if one roof covered everything inside the walls, with a small opening, at places, to admit a little light and

NINE STORIED PAGODA—CANTON, CHINA.

air. It covers a space not half as large as the ground on which our own city of Canton stands. Yet two million people work, live, sleep and are huddled together here. Not an ox, horse, mule or donkey can be seen in the city. There is no room for them. The narrow avenues are irregular and lead in every direction. They are so densely filled with the people, most of the time, that our little party—even with the assistance of 24 Chinamen—were scarcely able to get through. A stranger within the walls of old Canton could not proceed alone for ten minutes without being lost. If he is a white man, and unable to speak the Chinese language, he would have the most difficult job of his life to find his way to the outside world.

However, all the people of this Canton do not live within these walls; 50,000 live on boats. These little sampans line the shores of the river for miles and miles, cluster on the old canals and cover the waters generally that surround the city. They use their sails when the wind blows and their oars when it's calm. Many are at work nearly every day sailing and rowing up and down the river, and along the canals, bringing to the city produce and other freight. They take passengers and express, to and from the river steamers, and do any work in their line of traffic that may come their way. Often the trading and running of the family boat is done by the mother and children; the father and husband being engaged at some other occupation, in the city, or on the land, perhaps. These family boats are about 15 to 20 feet long with a six foot covered

space, under which the family sleep. Thousands of children are born on these little sampans, and many of them, it is said, have never slept on land.

At Hong Kong, which is farther down on the Chinese coast, are also thousands of these sampan dwellers, who cluster along the shores of that strait, which connects the ocean with the sea. It is a dangerous place compared with the waters here. During a hurricane last year, which swept through the harbor and strait, 6,000 people lost their lives. About 1,000 sampans containing families were blown on shore and dashed to destruction, or turned over by the force of the wind and sunk to the bottom of the sea. An eye witness told me that the scene along the shore and on the docks the morning after the storm was awful. Thousands of dead bodies lay in the debris, mostly women and children. Not much account is made here of the loss of people in this class. The poor, untutored coolie is not a factor in the affairs of China. He makes no effort to advance, because he has no ambition to vary in the path he was born to tread.

Few places in the world are as impressive as this. It is typical China, vividly portrayed. The ride through the queer and narrow streets in box-like chairs, hanging from the shoulders of men, was extremely novel. The weird light that stole in from the shut-out sun, gave all the surroundings a supernatural air. The loud calling, rapid movements and the peaceful commotion of the throngs, are surely nerve-racking to the western visitor.

I can not realize that this old place is more

ancient than man knows, or imagine that scenes like these were looked upon more than 4,000 years ago. The day we spent inside the wall seems like a dream to me now. I feel yet, as if I had been sojourning in another world. Outside the walls, here, it is quite pleasant as compared with the dreadful conditions on the inside.

I will try to forget the gloomy, narrow streets through which we passed, the disagreeable odors, and the wretched things we saw. But our ladies will never forget the many little bazaars that line the filthy ways, where they lingered and shopped. We found on sale the most beautiful Chinese silks, and fine linens, all made by hand; much of it so artistically embroidered and the prices all so extremely low, that even the men tarried to help the ladies shop. The fine ivory carvings, on display, and in process of making in the shops, was very interesting to us. The handiwork from this beehive of industry is highly valued the world over, not only for its beauty and the displayed skill of the artisan, but for the genuineness of the article itself. Notwithstanding the faults of the "Heathen Chinese," he has earned the reputation for honesty that is proverbial. If a jeweler in China tells you "this is 18 carat gold," you can rely on the statement, as they will not exaggerate to make a sale. These methods, however, do not apply all over the Far East, and especially not in the countries that surround the Mediterranean sea. Even in our own country, there are many attempting to do business, who have not learned the fact that it is not profitable, in the

least, or in any way, to take advantage of a patron. A man is on trial during every hour of the day: if he fails to be strictly honorable with his fellow man, the world, in which we exist, will soon find him out; his former customers will pass him by; he has learned too late that his methods did not pay. There are many things not dreamed of, that one may learn from those of a far less degree of social standing, or even from a lower civilization.

It is very evident that everybody works for a mere pittance here. The product of the most skilled labor is astonishingly low in price. Yet everything is made by hand in the oldest and simplest way. Labor-saving machinery is not wanted. The room that it would occupy is of more value than the labor it would save.

This seclusive old nation begins to show signs of awakening. The people of Japan, their racial brethren, are teaching them the folly of seclusion and the great advantage of western methods. Even here in Canton, where the spirit of old China lingers longest, where the "Brass Gods" are the most numerous, the natives are becoming more willing to allow people of other races to pass within their gates. Perhaps if it were not for the money we "heathens" drop by the wayside, for their tempting goods displayed, the Chinese would continue to bar us out.

The ladies of our party enjoyed the shopping immensely, and, had their pocket-books been larger, I presume they would have lingered still longer by these tempting places.

The little I have seen of China has greatly impressed me. There are some things about a Chinaman that even a white man must admire. They are superior, with much more energy, than the half-starved people who live, or rather exist, on the plains of poor old India.

It is of late becoming apparent that China is making progress in the footsteps of Japan. I am told here, that thousands of Japanese teachers are in this country helping to educate the Chinese, teaching them the methods that they, themselves, learned of Europe and America. Many Japanese officers are now in China, engaged by the government, to open military schools to teach the modern methods of war. These people are capable of being educated, and like the little Jap, they are great imitators. If they progress as Japan has done, (and I believe they will) backed up by a vast domain, with great resources and nearly four hundred million of inhabitants, they will be one of the greatest powers of the world. The constant newspaper talk that we are hearing so much, of dividing the old Empire and parceling it out among the nations of Europe, will be heard no more. If Japan, occupying a few islands along the Asiatic coast, with one-tenth as many people as China, could stand up against the great Russian nation and beat back the invading hosts of that power, what could China do under the same conditions? China, perhaps, will not progress as rapidly as Japan—larger bodies move more slowly—but I will predict that it will not be long before wearers of the queue will rise up and surprise the world.

LETTER XII.

EN ROUTE TO JAPAN.

SHANGHAI AND ITS VARIED SIGHTS AND SCENES.—ON THE YELLOW SEA.—OVER A HISTORIC BATTLE GROUND.

Moji, Japan, April 8th, 1907.

LAST week, we left Canton and proceeded further on our journey towards the rising sun. And we are now within the gates of the old Nippon Empire. Our journey all the way from Canton was full of interest—full of old scenes all new to us. The pen pictures, so often drawn by our most brilliant writers, will not reveal as your eyes will see, when you look upon these people and view the scenes enacted here.

From Canton, our journey down the river on the way to the sea, was very pleasant. It is indeed a delightful change to be in the sunlight and the gentle breeze of the pure open air, and away from the filth, the odor and the turmoil of the gloomy, congested city. The low lying shores, all along the great river, were covered with green fields, cultivated gardens and grassy meadows, as far as one could see. The improvements on the lands seem as ancient as the hills; the soil has long been tilled and all the surroundings have an oriental air. People, generally speaking, never change their

homes. From birth to death, they live where they were born.

The "Dakota," on which we were booked, having been lost at sea, the Great Northern Steamship Co. gave us passage on the "Aki Maru," a little Japanese ship, that was going our way.

This was our introduction to these energetic people, and my first experience on board a vessel that was built and operated by the Japanese. With the exception of the food, which is not exactly to our liking, we found it a most excellent ship and very comfortable. In point of cleanliness, I have never seen its equal—with but one exception, and strange as it may seem, that was a Russian ship on the Mediterranean sea.

The English, for so long a time have had a monopoly of the shipping industry on these waters, that her people grew rich from the business she did on the sea. Of late years competition came this way, and with it came lower rates and better accommodations. Rivalry is the enemy of monopoly. But the tides of trade and commerce will ebb and flow, as they have always done; and the irrepealable laws of supply and demand will continue to regulate the whole business world.

I was told by a merchant in Hong Kong, that the Japanese have more than a hundred ships on the high seas carrying passengers and freight, and that they were rapidly gaining in the trade, and becoming strong competitors with England and other nations of Europe. They have learned the art of accommodating the traveling public. On our ship,

every effort was made to serve their patrons well. From the captain down, every officer and employe was agreeable, polite and kind, and did all they possibly could to make the journey pleasant for the passengers. Every morning, the captain, the purser and the head steward, together, inspected every cabin and every room of the passenger department; and at the same time, the captain inquired of every one, if there was any thing that they knew of that needed his attention and that he would be pleased to serve them. This was more attention than I ever saw before from the highest officers of any ship.

After sailing a few days on the Pacific ocean, along the eastern coast of China, we came to yellow water, made so by the inflow of the great Yangtse-kiang river—the greatest and most important water way in the Chinese Empire, and ranking with the leading rivers of the globe. Like the Nile of old Egypt, this river carries the soil from the mountains of upper Asia, down through the great empire to the Yellow sea. For 17 miles, our little Japanese ship found its way, winding around and among the islands, that were made by the river, to the mouth of the Wusung, on whose bank, 8 miles above, lies the well known city of Shanghai with its 400,000 inhabitants. The scenes all along the way from the ocean to the ancient city, are not much unlike the views among the Floating Gardens of Mexico, except they are on a much larger plan. The products of the gardens, that lie on this fertile, new-made land, find a ready market in the congested walled-city, as well as in the new, modern city built

by the English, the French and the Americans. In 1843, by a treaty, it become an open port, and concessions made by the Empire to the above three nations resulted in building up a large, fine city there.

In the morning, we took a drive through the new city. We saw, of course, many things of interest, not much unlike what one can see, however, in any recently built city of Europe, except the people we saw on the streets were mostly Chinese, quite a number of our own race, Japanese and Eurasians.

After tiffin (mid-day meal), we engaged a native, who could speak English, and is licensed to take foreigners into the walled city. We proceeded by rickshaws, at a lively gait through crowded streets, on our way to the entrance of the old city. All the way our rickshaw men made desperate effort to hurry through the throng; their loud jabbering, scolding and contending for the right of way in the congested streets seemed a dangerous proceeding to one perched on a big "baby cart." Amid all that wild confusion, one of our little rickshaws locked wheels with a French carriage, the driver, in livery, became very angry at our rickshaw man and struck him a blow with his whip. This frightened the French boy, who was the only occupant of the carriage, to such an extent that he cried with fear. The rickshaw, occupied by one of our ladies, became detached in the confusion, from the rest of the party, and it was with much difficulty that she regained her place in our little procession.

At the gate—because it was a holy day—the guide appeared to be unable to pass our party through. But after a spirited discussion and a determined effort on his part, we were permitted to enter on foot, our rickshaws remaining on the outside. We found it less terrible than Canton, but nevertheless a Chinese city of the old Empire. Perhaps in 30 centuries it has changed but little. The same great wall, black with the ages that have passed, still stands, silently proclaiming the kind of protection needed there when the world was young. The same Joss gods are there, draped in the mourning of time, and the idols of the same superstition that reigned ere man progressed. The descendants of the people who built these temples so very long ago still bow before the idols and devoutly worship at the same shrines. The religion of their ancestors is their never-changing faith.

For ages and ages, the wheels of evolution have been standing still in the land of the Chinaman, both religiously and otherwise. Only recently have their leaders and rulers shown unmistakable signs of awakening. In a large country like China, it will take a long time before the rising sun of intelligence will dry up the muddy waters of ignorance and scatter the clouds of superstition. It was indeed pitiful to see the sick children brought into the temple to kneel and bow before a gilded idol, while the poor, credulous mother was begging it to restore the health of her little one. Within these temples we did not tarry, for the smoke of the burning incense is so suffocating that we hastened out for purer air.

Our guide—a faithful fellow—seemed very anxious that we should see the places of note, and especially the inner precincts of their ancient temples and palaces, which are of double value to them on account of their age.

The narrow streets were packed with people. All the doors of the noted old palaces were guarded to keep the rabble from over running them on public days. Our guide insisted, however, that the doors should be opened for us, who were strangers, and would have no other opportunity of ever seeing the places which they held in such high esteem. After much discussion and very animated talk and gestures, indicating the reluctance of the door-keepers to open, we were told by the guide to stand near, and as the door opened to hasten in. Notwithstanding this precaution, two of our party failed, in the rush, to get in before the guards were compelled to close the heavy door, and among the boisterous rabble, were pushed back into the densely crowded street. And it was with much difficulty, that the guide, assisted by the guards, rescued them from the turbulent throng and got them inside of the doors. An old wooden palace, so old that even our learned guide could not tell us when it was occupied, only that a great and beloved ruler once lived there. Green moss, covered the otherwise greenless trees that stood in the gardens within. On the ground were little pools of water covered with green scum. Everything about gave evidence of great age. Even a trace of former luxury could scarcely be seen.

As we emerged on another street, we beheld a

curious procession. A brass god in a sedan car, carried by four men led the way. Then followed men in queer red uniforms, some with spears and others with battle axes. A squad of men were dragging an immense chain. A small troop, on white horses, dashed through the crowded street, bearing banners with queer devices all strange to us. Through the narrow streets, packed with the people, dashed the mounted men at dangerous speed. Several times the jostling crowd pushed us into danger, and with much difficulty we were able to find a safer place.

We grew tired of this unpleasant experience, our curiosity was satisfied, and we asked the guide to find the way out to where the coolies with their rickshaws were waiting to take us back to the hotel.

Inside the walls of Shanghai, it is pure old China unadulterated; outside, it is a large, international city, governed by a council of nations of the West who have concessions there, including the United States of America. I was surprised to find a U. S. postoffice there, which enabled us to send letters home with a two-cent American stamp, or postal cards for a cent. Shanghai, being a free port for commerce and traffic, ships from nearly every nation go there to trade. When China awakens from the sleep of centuries and realizes the advantage of trading with the world, that international city will most likely become the largest port in the Orient.

I have been in and about China for more than a month; have visited the most important cities and

other places of note; but, comparatively speaking, I have seen little of her vast empire, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants. I have seen enough, however, to learn that the people of China are in a better condition than I supposed they were. The first-class maintain schools and have a fair education. Among them are many good business men, and, in some ways, exceedingly fine merchants and mechanics. In the northern part of China, they are well developed physically and are quite superior to those we meet in America, who are generally from the southern provinces. The uneducated coolie, the most numerous class, do the drudgery and manual labor to the extent of taking the place of the horse and donkey. In the shafts of a light cart, (jinrickshaw,) a man will trot like a horse on the street or road for miles, for the small pittance the person who rides is willing to pay. Frequently have I observed the facial expression of the man in the shafts, and his brother man in the seat as they rushed by; and the difference was so marked that it was painful to see. These poor fellows are so anxious to get work that their contention with each other in securing a patron seems pitiful.

The freights are conveyed in or through the cities, or even over the country roads, away from the water courses, either in hand-carts or hanging from bamboo poles on the shoulders of men. I saw hundreds of women and children with bamboo poles on their shoulders, with a basket suspended from each end, carrying brick, morter and sand from the boats to the buildings in process of construction,

and rubbish from there to the dumping grounds. The logs that are brought to the towns by water are sawed into boards by hand, some so large that it takes the man, who pushes the saw, nearly a day to saw one board. Labor is so cheap that it seems the hardest way is the cheapest way; while in countries where labor-saving machinery is in use, the easiest way is the cheapest way. All that China needs do, with her vast and fertile plains; with her undeveloped natural resources and cheap labor, is to permit outside capital and western enterprise to come in; build railroads, open up the mines, and give work to the waiting, anxious people, and she will again become great among the nations of the earth. In place of death-dealing work, (the work that animals can do,) there would be remunerative labor that human hands should do.

Rome had her day, and in time it all passed away, and in its place is a fair government of a most beautiful country.

In nature, all things change—and so do the works of man. There is no natural reason why new and better ways will not obtain in China. Japan has demonstrated to the world in the last half century that it can be done. It will not be surprising if Japan lights the way for a kindred people, and leads them in the path that they, themselves, have so recently trodden to greatness and renown.

I feel exceedingly well repaid for my short visit among the Chinese, and shall always remember it as a very interesting part of our journey. I wish to say, that in many respects, I found them a better

people than I supposed they were. I admired them for being truthful and faithful, and their rugged honesty appealed to me. I am sure they are deserving of more credit than the newer nations of the world are extending to them.

Last Sunday evening, while our little Japanese steamer, was sailing on the Yellow sea, a party of American missionaries, with others, held religious services in the drawing room of the ship. When the young American preacher was about half through with his discourse, he hesitated and seemed unable to command the desired words. Standing speechless for a moment, he staggered and fell into the arms of a friend, who was close by, and soon became unconscious. The suspense was painful, until the ship's doctor revived the sick man and put him to bed. The next morning he was able to be on deck.

Just before sunset of the next day, we passed over the exact place where the most terrific battle in the world's history took place. It was not a hand-to-hand fight, as conflicts on water were in ancient times; but a battle by machinery, with great guns that carried their missiles for miles over the water and sent torpedoes beneath the waves to strike and explode with terrible destruction. As we well know, the battle was brief; the defeat of the Russians complete, and the little nation of Japan had won the most renowned victory in the naval history of modern times. Not a trace of the dreadful conflict can be seen now. The great fighting ships that were sunk in the battle, are far beneath

the surface and at the bottom of the deep sea. The brave men who went down with them are but the sacrifice for a cruel aristocracy which misrules the hosts of Russia.

We had a very interesting voyage while on the "Aki-Maru." The captain was so very anxious that his passengers should be entertained that he purchased a phonograph. Frequently the machine was brought out for service; and it did give us some very entertaining selections in the English language, but the climax for amusement was reached when it pealed forth in the Japanese tongue. The Japanese language, having no "swear words" in it, lacked that little spice of harm, however, that so oftens flavors the English tongue. Little amusements of this kind help to while away the time that otherwise may become irksome, while sailing on the apparently endless waters of a monotonous sea.

Our little, typical Japanese captain told us, in poor English, however, that during their war with Russia, he was captain of a transport, and while on his way from Japan to the seat of war with a cargo of supplies for their army, a Russian war ship captured the boat. The property was confiscated, the crew taken prisoners, and he was taken to Russia where he was jailed for two years, with nothing but bread and water to keep him alive. If rice could have been substituted for the bread, he would have fared better, no doubt. These little Japs put up a great fight against the giants, and the outcome is indeed marvelous. A large, strong and resourceful nation like Russia, that failed to subdue

a little country like Japan, all things considered, is one of the unaccountable events of history.

I have written this letter while sailing over the Yellow sea on board of the "Aki-Maru." We are booked to make the next landing at Moji, in Japan, where I expect to date and post this letter.

LETTER XIII.

OSAKA.

LAND OF THE "RISING SUN."—SHIP COALED BY WOMEN AT MOJI.—KOBE A TYPICAL JAPANESE CITY.—WOODEN SHOES AND WOODEN PILLOWS.—STRANGE CUSTOMS—GORGEOUS CHERRY TREES.

Osaka, Japan, April 15th, 1907.

IT WAS about a week ago, when I first sighted land in the country of the "Rising Sun." We already realize that the next six weeks of our journey will be full of pleasure and intense interest. We have enjoyed every hour since we landed in this country, and we are looking forward to the balance of this trip with great expectations.

Our first stop was in the harbor at Moji, which commands one entrance to their beautiful inland sea. Here I witnessed the novel sight of coaling a ship in Japan. Barges, filled with coal, were tied to the side of the ship; rope ladders were hung down on the outside, from the top of the boat, with a platform attached about every six feet, and just large enough for two to stand on. As I looked down from the ship's deck, I saw about a hundred coolies, men and women, all apparently happy and ready for the work. Some of the women had their babies strapped on their backs, and many of these little chubby ones were fast asleep. In a few minutes the work commenced; shovelers filled the baskets; two

persons grabbed one and placed it on the first platform; the two standing there heaved it up to the two on the platform above, and so up went the baskets of coal until they reached the deck, where the contents were dumped into the shoots that lead down to the bunkers in the hold of the ship. The work went on all day and most of the night; rain or clear, light or dark, they did not cease in their haste to finish the job. It is not profitable for the ship to wait, so the company offers the inducement —the quicker done the more pay.

It did seem pitiful to me, as I looked upon that scene, to see the mothers, with their babies—too young to walk—tied to their backs, working in the rain and doing as much of the hard labor as any of the unencumbered men on the job. It seemed strange to me, that these babes tossed about on the backs of their mothers showed no signs of discontent—but babies in Japan never cry.

We spent a day in Shimonoseki, which lies just across the harbor from Moji, and between the two is the gateway, through which we passed from the ocean to the beautiful inland sea. It was there that I first saw the Japs as they appear in their own country. It was there that I first walked the streets of a typical Japanese city and viewed with interest, as well as curiosity, the manners and unique costumes of a very foreign and gentle little people. I presume our appearance on their streets was queer to them, as they gathered in groups around us and viewed us with modest curiosity. After a well spent day, we returned to the ship hungry and tired. Soon

after dinner, I repaired to my cabin seeking rest and refreshing sleep.

During the night, and while the passengers were asleep, our ship raised anchor and started on her way for Kobe, which lies at the other end of the inland sea, 240 miles from Moji. We were promised a delightful ride on this charming route, and we rose early that we might enjoy its beauty longer, and were well repaid.

I first beheld that gorgeous panorama while the sun was yet below the horizon and painting streaks of amber hue on the morning sky. From the deck of the gliding ship, we saw many beautiful islands; a few barren rocks and many covered with patches of growing wheat and spring-time shrubbery. For many miles these islands appear like mountain tops —as if the waters had risen and covered the valleys and only their peaks were standing as sentinels to guard the approach to the harbors of inner Japan. Then, again, it seemed as if we were gliding through fairyland—a land of beautiful islands, temples and trees, hiding away from the world in that charming inland sea. At many points the picturesque shores lie so near each other that one can toss a pebble from land to land.

All the way to Kobe, where we left the ship, we were delighted with the trip on that charming little sea. I do not wonder that the Japanese are proud of their country and that their patriotism leads them to believe that there is no other like it in all the world. There are many, however, of the more advanced that know the great opportunities that ob-

tain in the west. And they have made haste to profit by what their students have learned in England and America. They are a happy, pleasant and industrious people, and it is wonderful what they accomplish with the limited resources that nature has provided for them in their own country. With all their natural disadvantages and hardships, they are a self-sacrificing and apparently satisfied people.

One must travel far from America, and visit the older parts of this globe—especially the congested districts of the Far East; observe the methods and doings of the people generally, and witness their struggling for life, ere he is fully able to realize the blessings that have come to us in our most glorious country. I am always glad to return to my native land, where I can appreciate our home the better for having traveled abroad. No citizen of the United States can truthfully deprecate his own country or find fault with its institutions. He may, at times, be misrepresented by crafty politicians, or know of criminals filling places of public trust, yet in our country there are so many things that are blessing a favored people, that an American citizen has little cause for dissatisfaction.

We found the custom house officers at Kobe very accommodating, apparently making no effort to collect tariff taxes, but seemingly anxious to make it pleasant for Americans to enter their country. Of course we were pleased with such friendly treatment; it was so much unlike the treatment we generally received in European and American

ports. Previous to 1868, Kobe was not an open port to any nation, but now ships from every part of the globe may be seen in that land-locked harbor.

But let me predict for Japan, a great future. She has now thrown off the robes of her long seclusiveness, and is out in the open for business, with methods that will win for her a place among the first-class nations of the world.

Kobe has some good business blocks, of recent date, standing around near the docks, and a modern hotel, suitable for the European and the traveling public generally. It is an excellent place for Americans to be entertained. But the city itself, with its 300,000 native inhabitants, is typical Japan unadulterated. Its thousands and thousands of bamboo cottages, bordering on the long, straight and narrow streets, are so exactly alike in style, size and color, that its sameness is bewildering to the stranger. Anyone going into a large city, especially if unacquainted with the language, without landmarks, will not find his way out without much difficulty.

None of their streets are paved with stone or brick, and they have no sidewalks. They need none, for the whole street is filled by the adjacent dwellers, mostly children and babies. The "wee ones," when not asleep, cunningly peep from within their sacks that are, usually, strapped to the backs of the older ones. They are so numerous in the throngs that crowd the way that no thoughts

of "race suicide" will enter your mind, while you are passing through the streets of old Kobe.

The Japanese do not wear shoes while indoors, but on the streets they use a shoe with a heavy wooden sole somewhat like a sandal. In other words, out of an inch board they cut a sole the size of the foot, and nail two cleats across the bottom to keep the shoe above the ground. A cord over the top is so adjusted that it will slip between the first and second toes. The heel, being loose, makes it difficult to walk; yet they flop along in this noisy, awkward way. When a crowd is crossing a bridge or walking on floor, the clatter of their foot-steps is amusing to hear.

We were invited to visit several private cottages, in which we did not see a bed; we learned that they lie on the floor with only a hard, wooden pillow and a blanket, which they put away when they arise in the morning. The women go about with their heads bare, but their coarse black hair is well combed and nicely done up. Our guide informed us that the Japanese women place their heads so carefully on the peculiarly constructed wooden pillow, and lie so quietly, that their hair is not disarranged while sleeping. The abundant, raven black hair is the pride of the Japanese woman, and the professional hair-dresser is very much in demand, prior to a wedding or preceding a public occasion. The young women will sit quietly for hours while the expert hair dresser plies her art. Of course the maidens often dress each other's hair and thereby spare the expense of the expert.

Often, the hair dresser has another avocation,—that of match-maker for the bashful bachelor and the timid young maiden. And while she is engaged in beautifying her patron's hair, she can also do business for the young man (or old man, perhaps,) who has her engaged to assist in getting for him a good wife. If she becomes an expert in that business, there will be many men who seek her services; and even women, sometimes, will solicit her favors in their behalf.

The Japanese sit on their cottage floors to rest; they sit on the floor to eat, and they lie on the floor to sleep; but the floors are polished and clean, and everything inside their homes is simply immaculate. The clog-like shoes that they wear on the streets are left at the outer door when they enter their abode. When indoors, if not bare-footed, clean stockings only cover their feet. No man or woman, in Japan, will enter a house without removing his or her shoes and leaving them on the outside.

We saw a funeral, a few days ago, that seemed to me rather queer. The relatives were dressed in white and there was no evidence of mourning. They seemed more like a joyous people on their way to a wedding. They do not consider it a solemn occasion as we do; they believe the departed one has gone to meet his friends in a better world—hence why should they mourn. Up to ten years ago, the dead were placed in a coffin and put in their grave standing, but the law now requires the body to be burned in a crematory, which is done at night. After the body, except a few bones, is con-

sumed, they take the ashes and cast them away, but the remaining bones are put in a box and placed with former departed friends in the temples where they are supposed to remain for a hundred years or more. In an old and densely populated country, the safety of the living requires that they banish useless sentiment and resort to a better way than polluting the ground with unsanitary grave-yards. In this, we should be willing to admit, the Japanese are in advance of ourselves. There is no good reason why we should harbor a sentiment that is nothing to the dead but an injury to the living.

It is admitted everywhere, commercially speaking, that the American people are in advance of every nation in the world, but there are some things in which we lag behind.

In this country, when old friends meet, they do not say: "How do you do?" or shake hands, but they bow low and often, and say: "Well, how old are you now?" I asked our guide if the women of Japan are always willing to tell their age. "Yes," he replied, "and they will often add a year or two, to have you believe that they are not as young as they appear." One reason for this is, that in Japan the older the person the more respected. I was amused; for I then knew why it was I received so many more polite bows from the natives than other members of our party. Gray hair will give you consideration, as age is a mark of distinction in Japan.

Our guide, who is an educated Japanese, told me, "When I first commenced my business, I asked

an American woman how old she was. She looked displeased, and said I must not ask such questions, as that is not the business of the guide." He earnestly said, "I never again asked a foreign woman her age."

It was at Kobe that we first met Mr. Futami—a licensed interpreter and guide—whom we fortunately secured to be with us during our entire sojourn in Japan. He had been in England for three years and learned our language well. Being an educated native, with all the delightful characteristics of a Japanese gentleman, qualified him as an ideal assistant to travel in that country.

Last Monday morning, in the sunshine of a beautiful April day, we took our first railroad ride in Japan. The novel little cars, winding around on the shore of Osaka bay, soon brought us safely to this large and busy city. All along the way, we saw many acres of level land, literally covered with a bright yellow flower. I was informed that, later on, the seed produced by this now blooming plant is pressed and the oil used in cooking. Before the days of petroleum, it was also the illuminating oil for the Japanese people, and to some extent it is still used.

Here in Osaka, industrious life peeps out from every nook and corner. I have seen no beggars or idlers here; everybody seems to be peaceful, happy and busy. We strangers within their gates are met with smiles, and never with frowns, as is often the case in some other lands that I have seen. It looks now as if our visit to Japan will be an enchanting

one. This is the second city in the Japanese empire and a very important manufacturing place, with nearly a million inhabitants. This wealthy commercial city covers an area of about eight miles square and does a very large business. It is full of Shinto and Buddhist temples, shrines, and gilt gods, black with age and slowly passing into decay. They are of no use now, except to those who still linger in the lap of a former darker age. It will take their advanced teachers, with all their numerous schools, another generation or two before their ancient superstition will be banished from that country. It may appear wonderful, considering circumstances, but it is evident that reason, science and general intelligence are advancing as rapidly in Japan as in any other nation I know of. They yet have their hobgoblins perching around in the back woods, or other dark places, and so have we. Where is the country that is entirely free from superstition?

Yesterday, our guide secured a special permit to visit the government mint located here, which coins all the gold, silver and copper money that Japan uses. Every door was locked and guarded, and we only could be admitted in charge of an officer in each department, who with others, took great care that none of our party filled their pockets from the piles of newly coined silver and gold that looked so tempting as we were passing them by. The machinery is very fine, the whole process up-to-date and interesting to see. The substantial building stands in a garden surrounded by cherry trees, just

now in full bloom. For a mile or more, these noted trees line the walks leading to the government buildings. One row stands between the walk and the shore of a clear, flowing river, which adds its charm to the surrounding spring-time beauty.

I have never before seen blooming trees so gorgeously decorated in the delicate shades of white and pink. The Japanese, who so much admire and enjoy the cherry-blossom time, were out looking upon the scene and making it a festive occasion. The river shore and all the grounds along the wide promenade were densely filled with the slowly moving and admiring throng. The sweet odors that filled the air and the indescribable beauty on which our eyes were feasting made us feel as if we were near the border land of paradise. Yet the Japanese tell us that this is not the place to see the cherry trees in bloom; that we must go to Kyoto or Tokyo to see them at their best.

We expect to be in Kyoto next week, and for a time enjoy the rare beauty for which Japan is noted at this season of the year. Blooming cherry trees in Ohio can not, in the least, be compared with these for beauty, but I am sorry to say nature seems to spend all her energy here on the bloom and the tree can not produce any of the delicious fruit that we may enjoy at home.

The most imposing and interesting object to be seen here was constructed about four hundred years ago. It is the strongest fortified castle in Japan, and ranks among the greatest ever built in the

world. It was erected by one of the Shoguns who ruled in Japan at that time.

In the last century, the present dynasty assumed the ruling power. It had ruled, but not uninterruptedly, as long ago as 600 years B. C. It was the present emperor who instituted constitutional government and western methods. So much has been accomplished during his beneficent reign, so rapidly have they advanced under his administration, that the whole world marvels at the wonderful success of the Japanese.

Like all the old cities of Japan, the streets are long, narrow and straight, in this great hive of industry, and with such bewildering sameness that we do not venture any distance from the hotel alone. In "baby-carts," with our guide, is the only way we are able to go about and see Japanese life in a large city.

This afternoon, as we were returning from spending an hour or two in a very amusing Japanese theater, a young man on a wheel, speeding on a narrow street that crossed our way, struck with great force one of our jinrickshaws and was severely hurt.

Few beasts of burden are used in Japan, not even a donkey have I seen on the congested streets of Osaka. Human toilers do their work, and I am told, die at an early age. While nearly everything we see in this country is engaging and pleasant, yet the American sees, with distress, human beings taking the place of the horse, and pulling their fellow man through the streets of the city or on the

public highway. We, who are accustomed to ride behind a strong and bridled animal, can not with ease or pleasure be seated in a carriage and see a little man tugging and sweating in faithful effort to serve you well. While "tips" are not the custom in Japan, it would be a cruel heart who would not offer a gratuity to his faithful rickshaw man at the end of a ride. The regular price for a day's services is 63 cents, value in our money.

LETTER XIV.

KYOTO, OTSU, NARA.

LAND OF FAIRYLAND SCENES.—SHOOTING RAPIDS.—LAKE BIWA.—BOATRIDING UNDER MOUNTAINS.—NIJO CASTLE.—STONE LANTERNS.—EATING WITH CHOPSTICKS.

Kyoto, Japan, April 24th, 1907.

JAPAN is certainly a delightful country to travel in, and I presume this is the most pleasant season of the year. We are meeting quite a number of Americans, who seem to be very pleased with their visit here, and are enjoying these people. I presume it will not be many years until Japan will be better prepared to take care of the strangers within her gates than she is now. Nevertheless, every effort is made to please the visitor. Although the accommodations are limited and many of a temporary character, the charming manner in which they seem pleased to do the best they can is indeed refreshing. Their politeness to strangers is so unselfish and natural that every visitor must feel his welcome at once. It is not from the lips only, as we find it in the egotistic Parisian; neither do they boast of their country, as we Americans do, or ever assume the lordly airs of an Englishman. They have their failings, and so have we. Perfection is not attained anywhere.

There are many very delightful places to visit in and around this interesting old city. A few

days ago, we went by rail to Kameoka, which lies in the mountains about twenty miles from here. Our train proceeded upward by the side of a wild, dashing, mountain river. At many places we could hear the roaring torrent; and from the car windows see the foaming water leap from rock to rock, madly rushing down to mix its freshness with the briny waters of the sea. Over these rapids—twelve miles long—we had arranged to return by boat. It was a thrilling experience, but I presume not as dangerous as it looks. The boats they use are built for the express purpose of shooting the rapids, and for scraping and dashing over the rocks. I have no doubt, that in the hands of these experienced and well-drilled experts, they have a successful and remunerative enterprise. For our party of six, they provided a boat about twenty feet long with high sides and a wide, flat bottom and quite elastic.

Four athletic and experienced men were selected to guide the boat between the rocks on the dashing water. For the first ten minutes, we were paddled along on a quiet little river; but, as we rounded a point, we saw just ahead the foaming water leaping and splashing down over the rocks. As we viewed the roaring cataract from the quiet water on which our boat was so gently gliding, the scene was not entirely void of fear; it was only the confidence we had in our dexterous boatmen that kept our courage up. A moment later, the boat was put in position to make its first desperate leap, and before we realized what was happening, the creaking craft was swirling and hurling downward amid

THE HOZU RAPIDS, JAPAN.

the roar and the rocks—escaping destruction by a few inches here, and perhaps by only an inch there, with the bottom bending up where we sat as it grated over a rock.

The boatmen, provided with bamboo poles, kept the dashing boat from striking the rocks when oars and rudders were not adequate to do the work. Then a quiet place was reached, the men smiled at their success, and in an eddy they tarried a while to rest. Then came another bend in the river, with the noise of a roaring torrent just ahead, more experience and another whirl just a little more thrilling than the first; and so for more than two hours these trusty Japs, with their frail little craft, carried us safely for twelve miles, over such rapids as only the very daring would attempt.

There is nothing more beautiful than this dashing mountain stream or grander than the eternal hills that stand along its shores; and inspiring was it, to be on board a little bark on a roaring torrent in a shadowy gorge, and look up the mountain sides that were covered with rare trees and green shrubbery. Wild and various colored flowers added their harmonious beauty amid the green. The music of the water, the grand old mountains and all the surrounding scenes in the mellow rays of sunshine and shadow, was so enchanting to us that all else we had seen on this journey, of natural interest, was entirely overshadowed.

As the "Taj-Mahal" in India stands unrivaled as the work of man, so this charming scene in the

mountains of Japan stands as one of nature's most generous gifts.

Our journey down the rapids ended at the charming little village of Arashi-Yama, renowned throughout the Empire for its wealth of cherry blossoms in spring-time and its natural grandeur all the year. At this place, in a bungalow of Japanese style overlooking the river, we took tiffin (luncheon) prepared by the natives. The village was literally buried in bowers of gorgeous cherry bloom and all the surroundings so feasting to the eye, that, for a time at least, the tempting viands had but little attraction for our keen appetite. The meal was of the Eurasian kind, partaking in style a mixture of both Europe and Asia. The serving was amusing to us, and few of their dishes agreeable to our unaccustomed palates. Our experienced guide, however, had taken the precaution to have our hotel in the city put us up a luncheon for that day's journey, and it was most excellent food to help out our tiffin that day. As he filled the plates, a smile went over the table, and it's safe to say that Mr. Futami's reputation as a guide advanced another point by the Canton party on that unrivaled day's jaunt. After a little rest and a charming walk through the blooming village, we proceeded by rail back to Kyoto, where we found our faithful rickshaw men at the station, waiting and ready to convey us to our temporary home in the city.

The next morning, the beginning of another beautiful day, we proceeded by rickshaw to visit Lake Biwa, a noted body of water which is forty

miles long and nearly as wide, lying quite high above the city and surrounded by a most interesting old country.

Seven little carriages, including the one for our guide, and twenty harnessed men, apparently happy for the job, gleefully sang out "Biwa! Biwa!" and away we went, in a man-trot, from the hotel. "Sayonara" (good-bye) came from the friends our coolies left there waiting for similar work. Our course was up grade on an old highway, which appeared ancient and queer, for it was built, no doubt, when the world was young. Traces of bygone ages marked the roadside and all the landscape that we could see. The actual scenes, bearing the evidence of time, were spread out before and around us, seemingly like a living picture of very old age, and so unlike what one may see in younger Europe or youthful America. It takes but a few years to make an aged man, but it takes centuries to make a nation old. To a native of the youngest country on the globe, it is not only interesting but very impressive to visit in the oldest lands on earth.

Our first stop for rest on the way, was at an old tea house by the roadside. We had traveled eight miles, mostly up grade, and of course the men were glad for a little respite at this place where they could have tea and be refreshed. A queer old garden, filled with unusual shrubbery, and crooked-limbed shade trees, uniquely covers the space between the rear of the house and the rocky hills just beyond. Crystal water, trickling down from the higher backgrounds and meandering through the

garden, added a coolness to the little pools of water and kept a-fresh their mossy banks. Is it any wonder that we, as well as the men, were pleased to leave the sunny old highway at this alluring tea house and tarry a while in the cool shades of this delightful retreat?

The tea house in Japan reminded me very much of the wayside inn of England, and the country taverns in our own country, as they were about fifty years ago and before the days of railroads. There is, however, two distinct differences. The country tavern is prepared to take care of both horse and man, but the tea house only man. The other difference is: In Japan they serve tea for refreshing beverage, while in our country taverns they served whiskey "straight."

After continuing our journey on the road for several hours more, we arrived on the shores of Lake Biwa, and by noontime we halted for refreshments close by the famous old pine tree, noted in Japanese history, both for its size and its age. Even tradition has lost account of its beginning. It is not high, but its limbs and various branches cover nearly an acre of ground, growing out horizontally and resting on posts that man continues to supply. Standing on the shores of a large lake, surrounded by fertile lands, long tilled, and an interesting landscape of unknown age, makes it a very impressive place for a thoughtful stranger to visit. The old, revered pine tree, is so unusual that the superstitious natives still continue to worship it.

Otsu is a flourishing town, built on the shore

of this lake, and is the capital of the province of Omi. Just back of this little old city are the great pine clad hills and temple grounds, with their legends and traditions extending far back in the hoary past. There are about twenty temples, very old and older, in which quite a number of the natives still worship their heathen gods. They stand beneath the pines that cover the great hill. The main one crowns the very top, so high above the picturesque plain that spreads out below, that more than a thousand stone steps must be trod ere you can reach its portals. From there, the views are so curiously grand that they lead one's thoughts into the fields of contemplation. Why smaller temples stand on terraces lower down, and others hang on the sides of the mountain-like hill, I was unable to learn.

We saw the natives from the rural districts and the "back woods," who came there to visit and to worship, as all the people did when Japan was an exclusive nation. We saw the peasant married woman, with her teeth painted black, not as a mark of beauty, but that she should be less attractive to the other sex.

It was not, in the least, difficult to distinguish the natives, who were there from the interior; their manners and costumes represent the time when all the shores of Japan were a wall without gates. They are so very unlike their brethren who dwell in the cities and where the doors are wide open to the whole world. They still linger in the lap of old Japan. They stared at us, apparently with much

curiosity, and their actions seemed to display a feeling that we were transgressers there, which is so entirely unlike the feeling that prevails in new and modernized Japan. Those pines, those temples and all the surroundings so indicative of old age, are very different from what we saw at the foot of this great hill, for there enters a canal into its first tunnel.

This wonderful canal runs from Lake Biwa down to the Kamo river, which flows through the city of Kyoto. It is a work of great skill and of which the Japanese are justly proud. The project was conceived by a student of the University of Tokyo and made the subject of his graduating address. He was afterwards appointed the engineer and successfully carried the work to completion, and this too, without any foreign assistance, financially or otherwise.

There is a fall of 143 feet in seven miles, without a lock, which makes quite a current; but the grade is so perfect and regular that the flowing water carries the boats down the canal at proper speed. The ascending boats require considerable power, which is supplied by men taking the place of the mule on a towpath, and drawing the boats with ropes. In the tunnels, a ledge on the rocks is provided for the men to tread.

We had a most novel and interesting ride on a boat down this canal to Kyoto and to near our hotel, a distance of seven miles, which took over an hour. The 'rickshaw men were not needed by us after tiffin (luncheon), so we permitted them to re-

turn to the city with their empty jinrickshaws. At the foot of the hill, we boarded a boat and at once entered the first tunnel, which is a mile and a half long, and as dark as midnight in a starless sky. A slight collision with an ascending boat made the darkness still more dreadful, but in about twenty minutes we emerged from the black darkness into the most welcome light of day. Under the rocks where the temples stand, it was dismal and dark; our eyes were entirely useless and our ears could only hear the gentle splashing of the running water and the reverberating sounds of the human voice. It was indeed very impressive as our boat glided out of the tunnel into the beautiful sunshine. The scenery is charming along the open way, and the songs of the birds made our ride still more delightful. The sun shone on the hill tops, the valleys were radiant with the light of day, and the gentle breeze and fragrant air added to the inexpressible contrast between the dark tunnels and the day-light. Then came another tunnel; the beautiful light winked out and complete darkness prevailed again, but not so long as before, as the tunnel is shorter. Then for awhile we again enjoyed the outer world; then came the last, half-mile tunnel, from which we emerged in sight of the great old city, where the canal ends and where we landed. On a rather fast flowing current, our boat had floated from Lake Biwa to near the river which flows to the sea. It was a very unusual and novel ride, with varied impressions, delightful and otherwise.

This unusual canal is without lock, and ends about one-third of a mile from the river, over which the traffic from Lake Biwa finds its way to the sea. The river lies so much lower than the canal that it was found not only too expensive but impractical to build locks down such a steep incline. Inventive genius, however, conceived another way.

The water that flows down the canal is conducted in a tunnel down the incline to the foot of the hill, where it furnishes vast power for a large electrical plant. A cable line was built from the lower to the upper water; two strong steel trucks were attached to carry the boats up and down the incline, and so arranged that one comes up while the other goes down. They pass on a switch half way between their terminals, mechanically utilizing the force of gravity on the descending truck to assist the power that draws the other up. Both cars enter the water at the same time at each end of the incline, passing along a rail track until sufficiently submerged to enable a boat, or two, if not too large, to be floated over the truck and attached, for a little journey on wheels over dry land. Never before had I seen a lockless canal, nor one where the current of water was harnessed up with the current of electricity to serve the purpose of transporting water craft over dry land. And all this conceived in the brain of a Japanese schoolboy. But without the aid of electricity, this could not be an accomplished fact; and, without its aid, there are many other advancements and blessings that have come to the people of this generation that we

would not have. The people of Japan are not slow to take advantage of every discovery, and every invention; they strive hard to keep abreast of the times and their ambition is to keep up even with the more favored nations of the world. Not for every thing but for many things I am inclined to give them great credit. Their frugality is worthy of imitation; their politeness is natural; they do not fear death and their patriotism is unbounded.

They have many peculiar entertainments that are very novel to us Americans, among which is a noted dance that always takes place in the cherry-blossom time. It is celebrated throughout the whole of Japan, and is called the Miyako Odori ("Odori" is the Japanese word for dance). It is not what we Anglo-Saxons would call a dance, but a succession of posing and graceful movements. As we saw it, thirty-two girls, ranging in age from 15 to 18, and beautifully dressed in the fancy Japanese costume, appeared in two sections on the stage and for about one hour moved, bowed and swayed in unison to the music of drums, bells, and samisens. This orientalism we soon tire of, but in Japan it is apparently very much enjoyed. It is one of the things here that every visitor to Japan must see at least once to be satisfied. Their various entertainments are so unlike those we see in many other parts of the world, that the strangers here should not fail to avail themselves of a rare opportunity.

We secured permission, through the American embassy at Tokyo, from the imperial household, to visit their palaces and gardens here. Kyoto was

the residence of the royal families and the capital of Japan for a thousand years or more. The Mikado moved the capital to Tokyo in 1868, where he now has his imperial palace. The old Nijo palace, built in the days of Shoguns, still stands here as a monument—a tell-tale of how the rulers lived when Japan was secluded from the rest of the world. It well shows that art and civilization had made progress, in a way peculiar to this country.

The royal residences of the Orient are very much unlike the castles and palaces of Europe. It does seem, as we look upon these ancient temples and palaces of Japan, that the use of brick and stone in the construction of buildings, was not known to them at that time. Even now, a stone or a brick building is a great rarity in this country.

The people of Kyoto look with reverence on their Nijo Castle and the temples that stand near-by. The present emperor holds it for his summer palace, and the Japanese government keeps it in good repair. While it is only a fraction of its former self, it is still a dream of beauty. Previous to the present dynasty and during the occupation of the palace by the officers of the prefecture, much harm was done to the beautiful painted walls and doors and to precious metal work, by the vandalism that ran riot at that time all over Japan. To deface antique works of art was considered a sign of civilization, at that period of Japanese history. But a great change has been made, the revered old place has been, at least, partly restored to its former beauty.

A JAPANESE BEAUTY.

Our very polite guide took us to visit this renowned place on a fine April morning; this unique, one-story, royal palace, the charming summer home of the imperial family, stands on spacious grounds—and somewhat like it stood four hundred years ago in the days of the Shogun dynasty—surrounded by artistic gardens, shaded with trees and decorated with flowers and rare shrubbery, and of course very inviting to the visitor to stroll along over the meandering walks, enjoy the fragant air and many strange plants that I had never before seen.

Just outside the door to the palace, we were politely asked to remove our shoes and put on clean slippers. This is not required as in Mohammedian countries, where our Christian feet are supposed to defile the floors of their sacred Mosques, but that our shoes should not soil or mar the immaculate polished floors; we were not surprised at the cleanliness that prevailed on all hands for that is characteristic of this country, but we did not expect to see the wood-finish and floors like mirrors, the sides and ceilings of each spacious room decorated in a special design, or the delicate touch of the painter's brush, so beautifully portrayed. Each room derives its name from the decorations the designer gave it; if the blooming azalea plant, so common in Japan, was most prominent in the decoration, that room was named, "the azalea room." Drawing from the animal kingdom, perhaps the tiger was the leading feature, hence that room is known as the "room of the tigers." As we were

ushered through from one room to another by the drawing of a sliding paper door—light, unique and novel—our eyes fell on another decoration very different from the former, but nevertheless in harmonious blending with the general design. Twenty or more rooms, about twenty-five feet square, join each other around a hollow square; no basement or upper story, and of course no stairway for the tired traveler to climb. The mellow light that steals in through the paper windows is restful for the eye, so one may linger in and around this charming and interesting old place and not grow weary. 'Rickshaw men, waiting for us to finish our visit to the castle, were hanging around with their little carriages, apparently very anxious to be engaged to haul our little party through the big city to our temporary home on the hill. Well they knew that the tired sight-seer will be anxious to ride as they are to earn the money for their service.

On our way to the hotel, we saw many bazaars where attractive goods were displayed with very tempting prices. To be late for tiffin was not sufficient—at least for the ladies of our party—to prevent a halt at these alluring places.

Yesterday, we visited the renowned old town of Nara, which lies forty miles from here, and strolled amid the trees and over the ancient grounds that surround the great old temple. The famous hill that lies at the foot of the mountain is studded with large pine trees that tower far above the shrubbery and other trees that cover this noted place. All along the main avenue, on both sides of

the winding paths and all through the grounds, still stand thousands of little monuments of cut stone about eight feet high and black with the time it took —twelve centuries or more—to pass over their heads. A receptacle at the top, made by the artisan's chisel for an oil lamp, constitute what is known, the world over, as the Japanese stone lantern.

Thirteen hundred years ago, when all these temples were new, Nara was the gay capital of the nation. Of course, compared with modern electric light the old stone lantern is a tame affair, but nevertheless in that day, when the world had nothing better, it was a marvel in enterprise. To see the city lighted with innumerable stone lanterns as they closely stood along on both sides of the avenues and thickly covered the hills, made a scene, no doubt, that delighted those ancient people.

It is but a shadow now of what it once was, only about one-tenth as large as it was when the rulers of the nation lived and reigned there; most of its former self vanished when the capital was removed, and nothing but the indestructible part remains to tell the people of this age how their ancestors lived in the distant past.

Even now, many of the Japanese journey from distant parts of their country to see the famous old place and some to worship the largest idol that is, or ever has been, perhaps, in their country. It is so very old that the house in which it sits is tottering with age and will soon be leveled with the ground, and with it, all things seem to indicate, the gilt god

will also pass away. A more sane religion is taking the place of idolatry as the world moves slowly through the mist.

Three hundred pet deer are kept in those spacious and interesting grounds, and they gently mingle with the people who are constantly gathering there. These friendly animals delight in eating food from one's hand, and the beseeching way in which they will approach the visitor is sure to bring forth food. The cheerful giver will not only be entertained, but will be pleased at the way they manifest their gratitude. That friendly herd appealed to me, and I wondered how the cruel hunter could joyously pursue such innocent creatures in their native woodlands and murder them, not for any harm they do to any living creature, but that another animal we call man, may feast upon their flesh.

In the beginning of the afternoon, our party feeling somewhat weary, we repaired to a Japanese hotel for refreshments and a little rest. We had been entertained, generally by hotels of European style, but on this occasion we concluded to have a repast in the genuine native style. We are among a strange people, a different race and far from home. We must, temporarily, adjust ourselves to a different life. Any one unable to do this, or cheerfully accept all the conditions as they exist in the Orient, will not, in the same degree, enjoy the pleasure that otherwise compensates for all these little inconveniences.

The hotel consists of several one-story build-

DEER, IN THE ANCIENT CAPITAL GROUNDS OF NARA, JAPAN.

ings that uniquely stand amid the green and blooming trees. It does not seem like a place of public entertainment to an American, but the air of welcomeness made it very pleasant for our little party. The dining room in which we were taken for our tiffin has an immaculate polished floor, partly covered with matting, but no furniture, not even a table or chair was there. Our food was served in bowls and dishes, placed around the center of the room on the floor, with a pair of chopsticks at each one's place. The food was good and well cooked. The waiting maid sat on the floor, in the middle of the room amidst the dishes, and we sat likewise at our respective places. We drank the soup from cups as an English woman sips her tea. The viands were prepared in the kitchen. With chopsticks we ate of the delicate morsels they served and succeeded in getting a good meal, but with much difficulty.

We also succeeded in amusing the waiting maids and other natives. Their significant smiles, as they politely observed our awkward endeavor to dine as the Nippons do, were quite evident that they considered the knife and fork expert very unlearned in the art of handling the chopsticks. I must admit that the chopsticks, in the hands of a refined person, either of China or Japan, is as polite a way to eat a meal as I have ever seen. One of the charms of foreign travel is to mingle with the people and observe their way of doing things. By assuming a friendly attitude one will stimulate the willingness of the people to use their utmost ef-

forts to make it pleasant for you, a stranger within their gates. The observing traveler will soon learn that to be friendly and tolerant will add to his comfort. But the pessimist, it seems, can not learn that his grumbling disposition does not only add to his trouble but makes his friends uncomfortable.

We returned to Kyoto, by rail, in the evening of a well-spent day. I was conscious that the historic old city of Nara will be blazoned on the scroll of my memory as long as I may live. We have been allured to stay in and around this place too long. Time admonishes that if we want to see the many other attractions Japan offers, we must not tarry longer here. I sincerely wish that every one who reads this letter could see what we have seen in this wonderful little country. At every turn there is a corner of delight, not only to interest, but something to learn. Although always glad to return to America, I regret the approaching time when the great steamship "Minnesota" shall sail from Yokohama on its journey of fifteen days across the Pacific ocean for its harbor in Seattle, U. S. A., where it is due in June.

LETTER XV.

YOKOHAMA.

NAGOYA. WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL CLOISONNE WARE IS MADE.—NATIVE EAGERNESS FOR EDUCATION.—WE MEET OLD FRIENDS AND FORMER CANTONIANS.—FLOWERS. FLOWERS EVERYWHERE.

Yokohama, Japan, May 2nd, 1907.

WE HAD a very delightful journey from Kyoto to this place by rail, stopping for one day at Nagoya, a flourishing commercial city. It is there where the beautiful cloisonne ware is so extensively made. It is exceedingly interesting to see the artisan at his delicate work. Through our guide, we secured permission to visit one of these factories, where we saw the men at work, and had the process kindly explained. All this work is done by hand. We saw the metal fusing in crucibles of intense heat and viewed with interest the many intricate devices required in the manufacture of this most celebrated ware. We purchased a tea-pot, which we expect to take home with us—not that it will improve the tea, but for its exquisite beauty. A pair of vases were just being finished for a family in New York City that is priced at $1200. This is as much as will buy a cottage home for many a family in America. There

is nothing lost that something is not gained; if the rich scatter their means, the less opulent will profit thereby. It is in the new and fertile land of America that wealth rapidly accumulates. As I look upon these struggling people and see them on their worn out lands, I cannot find it in my heart to criticise any person, who recognizes the brotherhood of man, and scatters some of his unneeded surplus in this less fortunate country.

After visiting the noted fortifications, and all the surrounding moats (now waterless), and other places of interest, we proceeded to the railroad station and continued our journey to Yokohama. All along the way, our gaze was on unusual scenes; although the country is old, everything was new and novel to us. At times the train was speeding along the shores of the great Pacific ocean. It was a glorious sight to see the huge billows roll in from the ocean; to hear the roar as they dashed upon the rocks, and behold the foaming waters sliding down the beach back again to the sea. Then again we traveled inland through cultivated valleys and among garden fields. Frequently, the sun shone down between the misty clouds that hung below the mountain tops; at times the mist lowered and grew more dense, shading the light of day into the semi-darkness of night, and the rain came down in torrents. In a little while the bright sun appeared again; the birds sang their wonted songs, and the mountain streams, over-burdened by the storm, rushed madly by us on their way to the sea. In the rice fields, men and women could be seen at work,

standing nearly knee deep in water, preparing the soil and planting rice seed under the water. The life of the rice growers of Japan seems a hard and struggling one, entirely void of ease and full of hardships.

On higher ground were grassless rows of green wheat, cultivated with human fingers and promising more bread to the square foot than the fertile land of Ohio ever yields; but the number of their square feet are near nothing as compared with the broad acres of America. The pink heads of a growing vine, the yellow tops of an oil plant, the green meadows, and all the blooming vegetation scattered over the land in little squares and oblong patches, appeared like an immense quilt spread over the landscape. Many wooden cottages,—the homes of the people who till the soil, were in view, surrounded with trees, vines and blooming flowers. It was spring-time; the warm sun, the balmy breezes and the freshness of glorious nature, made our journey that day a specially charming one. Two hours before the train was due in Yokohama, the great sun dropped out of sight. With the night came the storm; the rain poured down in the dark, and the gloom was intense. In due time the lights of the great city hove in sight, and soon the longed-for destination of a most interesting day's journey was reached.

In the city, the downpour had not ceased in the least. The station is two miles from the hotel, and to it we had to make our way through the rain and the storm. Securely seated in little jinrickshaws,

(that were in waiting for incoming passengers), and sheltered from the rain by the oilcloth top—barely large enough to cover a full grown person—we proceeded on the run, drawn by men, through the avenues of the great city. Riding behind unbridled human ponies, without line or whip, and over the watery streets in drenching rain seemed so unusually novel that it impressed me greatly. I thought of the bullocks that do that work in India and the faithful little donkey of Spain and Italy, and I wondered why is it so. Then I thought of that faithful creature we call horse, that serves us so well in America, and wondered if all the Anglo-Saxon people fully appreciated that most noble and useful animal. It is a painful knowledge to realize, that among our own people—who boast the highest state of civilization—we find now and then a man (so called), who will promulgate a brutish instinct by his cruelty to his most loyal and willing servant, the horse. But to be unkind, or even unthankful to the little man, who toils and braves the storm, on occasions like we encountered that night, would mark such a person a most wretched ingrate.

We were indeed glad, after such a strenuous day's journey, to find comfortable quarters provided for us at a very good English hotel.

The next morning, the clouds had all cleared away, and a beautiful Sabbath day was ushered in under the rays of a glorious sun that shone in all its splendor over the water of the great bay, on the shore of which stood our Grand Hotel. As I cast my eyes over the great harbor, I could see numerous ships

quietly lying at anchor, and for the first time since we left our own country did I see as many American flags as I saw that morning in Tokyo bay, but still they were few as compared with the flags that were floating from the masts of English and Japanese ships. It seems, for the last half century, our American people have spent all their means and all their energy in building railroads, and have fallen far behind the other nations of the world in transportation on the sea, even our roads and highways have been sadly neglected.

Yokohama is a cosmopolitan city, and a great seaport, where every nation that has commerce on the sea comes to trade and do business. Ever since Commodore Perry came here from the land of Washington with his white-winged messengers of peace and induced these people to open their ports and trade with our country, they have been progressing and making friends with all the civilized nations of the world. It was during the administration of Franklin Pierce that Japan emerged from seclusion. Since then, she has made a history of which any people or nation might feel justly proud. It was the United States of America that opened the way for these little yellow people to become a great nation; that they have profited by our tutorial friendship is well known all over the world.

It is very evident on their part that they sincerely desire to have a continuance of friendly relation with the United States. I very much regret the attitude of our newspapers on the Pacific coast, not only for their bad taste in speaking of a friendly

nation, but for their many untruthful assertions. The constant effort of the Press, to excite race prejudice, for political purposes, can not be approved by an honest statesman or a fair-minded people. Our Christian people of America send missionaries to this country to teach them a better civilization and a new religion of friendship and love; but when they cross over the sea, seeking the shores of the charming Pacific coast and the country, which is the home of the missionaries who taught them the new religion of friendship and love, they fail to find that which they have reason to believe is in store for them. Instead, they find the Americans very unfriendly, and often so hostile that they are threatened with mob violence. Man is a selfish animal: power and possession is not always ownership in the true sense of the word. God made all the land and gave it to His people to live upon; there is by nature no ownership, only a life interest, which the ordinances of man may divide among the nations of earth in accordance to the powers that be. Our people should not be too selfish, but exercise a more generous Christian spirit, and permit these industrious little Japs to come from their congested country and wornout lands to the broad fields of America, where thousands of fertile acres are lying waste for the want of industrious tillers of the soil.

I have learned much, since coming into this country, and my experience among these people has made a good impression on me; ever since we put foot on Japanese soil, the treatment we received

was such that I felt we were the most welcome visitors within their gates. I have, with much interest, observed the way they do things, the progress they have made and their intense desire for advancement, and I am not able to realize why it is that our immigration laws discriminate, in my judgment, so unjustly against these people—for I am sure they are not less desirable than many of the immigrants who are fleeing to America from the countries of southern Europe, even if they are classed as Christians and white men. Race prejudice is a deep-seated relic of barbarism, and there are only a few, even in the highest state of civilization, that are free from its influence.

This city of Yokohama is in advance of the other cities in representing the coming and fast approaching New Japan. Those who visit here now will yet see much of old Japan, especially if they travel away from the coast to the interior, where the old ways linger longer and progress moves with a slower pace. Here, the old world and the new are mingling together—the civilization of the new has taken firm root in the soil of the old; here the Occident and Orient are happily wedded and living in peace and prosperity.

I am not surprised at their rapid and continued advancement, when I see so much evidence displayed on the part of the rising generation to attain excellence. These boys are clever and bright and as ambitious as the American boy. Their great desire to learn the English language is indeed astonishing to our western people who chance to be

sojourning here. I am told that 10,000 students are attending the University of Tokyo, and that 2,000 are on the list waiting for the opportunity to be admitted. Many, who are more able, send their sons to college in England or the United States.

They have a good system of common schools. Every boy and girl has the opportunity to receive an education—not only in their own language but also in English—which is taught in the common schools as well as in their colleges and universities. It is surprising to observe the eagerness of the Japanese boy to learn English. On the slightest attention, a school boy or girl will often hand me a written paper, and modestly say, "Will you please correct my English composition?" If I saw where it could be improved, and showed them how, they seemed so very pleased for the instruction. Their youthful countenances plainly told that they considered that correction as coming from a high and undisputed source. But it is only in the rural districts and the native quarters in the cities that one can see much of old Japan. The people as a nation are rapidly changing their costumes and their methods of living. Universal education is being perfected and constitutional government is already here.

Most of the people of Japan live in the numerous cities and towns; many are skilled in the fine arts; they manufacture great quantities of silk and other textile fabrics, which they ornament with the most beautiful embroidery. Many and varied are the products of their handiwork, unexcelled in artistic beauty and extensively sold in the west, which

affords means to import articles of necessity, such as are not produced in their own country. Their many ships on the high seas visit almost every nation in the world, with whom they trade. Just now, they are hampered with an increased tariff, which interferes with their former trade, and together with other war taxes these people feel quite a burden, but their patriotic disposition enables them to bear it all and be content.

Last Sunday, we met Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell, of Massillon, Ohio. They are both very well and enjoying their sojourn in the Orient immensely. In a few days they will proceed southward on their way to Europe via the Suez canal. We were very pleased to meet them, for we seldom see an acquaintance in this far away country. We also met Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, of Indianapolis, Ind., in China. Mrs. Talbot is a daughter of Mr. Clark Tonner and spent her girlhood days in Canton.

We had the pleasure of a little visit with Mrs. Eliza Scidmore, who has been living here with her son for more than twenty-one years. Mr. Scidmore has served the United States in the consular service a long time. In a few days he, with his mother, will remove to Nagasaki, one of the principal ports of Japan, where he is promoted to the position of first consul of that important manufacturing place.

Mrs. Scidmore will be remembered by some of the elderly people of Canton, where she lived when a girl. She is now 85 years of age, hale, hearty and very fine looking. She well remembers many of the old residents of Canton, and inquired about

them with unusual interest; especially "Jerry" Lind, who lived near her father's home, when she was a girl in her 'teens. She said: "I knew every family that lived in Canton then. I knew their children; I even knew the owners of the numerous cows that passed our house on West Tuscarawas street, and could designate them by the tinkle of their bells, as they went by on their way to the pasture fields.

"I came here to visit my only son, George, twenty-two years ago, and I am still on that visit. I would like to go to our home in Washington and be more with my daughter, but George is a bachelor and I must stay with him."

I presume Mr. John Danner will remember her as Eliza Sweeney, whom I imagine was a lively and beautiful girl, 'way back when our dear old town was a village. Her only daughter, Eliza Scidmore, is the well-known author of several books on Japan, China and India. Miss Scidmore's writings are among the popular books of the Canton public library. To meet such dear old friends, when one is so far away from his native land, adds a flavored spice to the charms of travel.

LETTER XVI.

TOKYO AND NIKKO.

INNS AND TEA HOUSES.—DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT.—ANCIENT IDOLS, TEMPLES AND TOMBS.—MEET OHIO PEOPLE AT TOKYO.—SHIBA PARK.—BRIDGE THAT GEN. GRANT WOULD NOT DESECRATE.

Nikko, Japan, May 15th, 1907.

LAST week, we took a trip to the village of Miyanoshita, which lies up among the mountains in Japan. We left Yokohama in the bright sunshine of a beautiful morning, and it took all day to get there. Nearly all the way from the sea, we traveled up a picturesque valley by the side of a fast-flowing river; first by rail, as far as electricity could climb, and then by jinrickishaws, pulled and pushed by men. The road grew steeper and steeper, and the roar of the dashing water grew louder and louder as we proceeded upward. Seven little carriages and seventeen stalwart native coolies furnished the power to help us climb. Owing to sympathetic feeling, some of the heavy weights of our Canton party walked part of the way to rest the men.

The grand views all along the road, on both sides of the narrow, winding valley, notwithstanding the discomforts of inclement weather, added much pleasure to a very interesting journey. As

we neared our destination, the misty clouds hung close and the rain came down in torrents. It was dark, and uncomfortably cool, ere we reached our welcome inn with its cheerful fireside—said to be the best hotel in Japan, and I believe the saying is true.

I shall never forget how we were pleased to see the dim lights of the hotel "as they gleamed through the rain and the mist," for, if there was a time when tired and hungry travelers longed for "a wayside inn," it was then and there. And never were the longings of any one more gratified than were ours, when we were welcomed to that charming retreat. We were met at the hotel entrance by the proprietor, a polite little Jap, dressed in American costume and able to speak our language well. We were ushered into a reception room by smiling little Japanese maids, beautifully attired in their native garb, where we found a blazing wood fire cheerily adding comfort to the place. In due time, we were invited to the dining-room, where we enjoyed a repast in American style and entirely in accordance with our liking. A more delightful entertainment one could not imagine, and surely not expect from our antipodes, whom our Christian people are wont to look upon as a Pagan nation. Although it was dark and gloomy on the outside, and the misty clouds hung low, there was an air of cheerfulness and delight on the inside that was good for the soul. We retired early to our well-appointed apartments, seeking that rest which we very much needed after the strenuous day. Refreshing sleep came quickly

to us, and nature's wants were well supplied with pure, health-giving mountain air.

The next morning, the sun rose in a clear sky; the pure air whispered through the pines that thickly covered the mountain sides. It was not only an ideal day, but a charming place, that greeted us in the morning. From the garden at the hotel, we saw a zigzag path hanging on the mountain-side, leading upward among the pines and shrubbery. Notwithstanding the hardship of mountain climbing, some of us could not resist the temptation of following that alluring path. Four of our party proceeded upward, but we soon found it a weary way; we did not feel like retracing our steps, so we stopped, panted and rested awhile; then onward and upward again, but still the top was not in sight. Finally, after a long, weary and tiresome climb, the upper end of that deceiving, zigzag walk appeared, and grew nearer as we proceeded upward. A little tea house on the peak, stood alone; a woman, who owned the place, and her little son were the only ones that dwelt up there. I felt more grateful to that zigzag path, as we stood by the tea house and viewed the wonderful scene that was spread before us. The towering and the still higher peaks that appeared in the distance; the great, deep valleys that intervene, and the green fields that are lying far below, made such a grand picture to look upon, that I forgot that I was tired.

High noon was near at hand, and we were fully aware that it would be unwise to tarry longer, so we retraced our steps down the zigzag way, and

in due time arrived at the hotel tired and hungry, and well satisfied that the saying, "mountain climbing makes a keen appetite," is entirely true.

After tiffin (luncheon) and an hour's rest, we took a stroll on the same winding road that we traversed the previous day on our way to that village, and which continued, onward and upward, by the hotel and along the same turbulent river. We could see the water leap from rock to rock, and hear the music and the wild roar that the waves were making in the gorge far below. On the mountain sides many little waterfalls were coming down to join the river's flow and lose its freshness in the briny sea. An old tea house, centuries old, no doubt, stood on a mountain ledge covered with vines and surrounded by ancient trees that were casting their shadows over a picturesque place near the road and close by the moss-covered rocks that lie in the splashing stream. At that inviting place, the traveler stops to rest; the natives gather there to drink and have a social time; but, unlike our saloons in America, their only beverage is tea. Intoxicating liquor, called sake (sakie), distilled from rice, is manufactured by the Japanese, but I have not yet learned that it is retailed in public places. I am told that the natives take it home to their families, where they drink it hot. I have not seen any intoxication in this country, and I am impressed with the fact that it is not like England, Scotland and America in that respect.

S. N. Yamaguchi, the proprietor of the hotel, has not only made the village of Miyanoshita a

fine place to visit, but he has provided a farm near by and stocked it with imported cows (a great rarity in Japan), which enables him to supply his tables with fresh milk, butter and cheese. All the attendants and waitresses are little Japanese maids who smilingly skip about and do their duties well.

The building and its furnishings are designed for the accommodation of the European and American. The manager, who is also the proprietor, and all the attendants are Japanese, but among the guests I did not see a single native, for they are not fond of hotel accommodations as we like them.

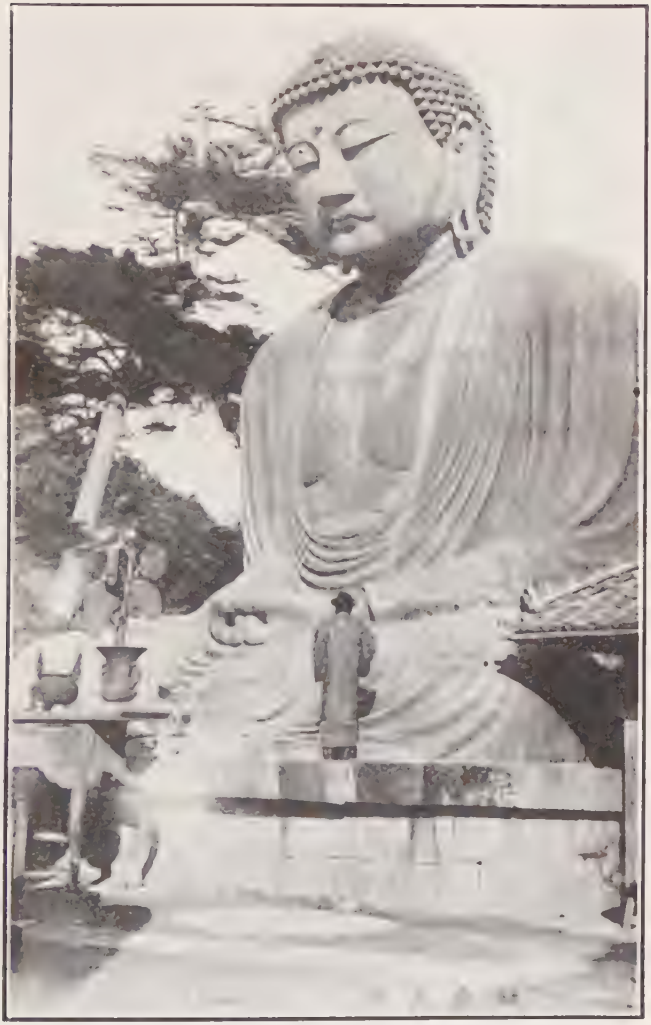
Even in the great city of Tokyo, there is not a hotel that can be compared with it. In fact, in no country have I seen, in all respects, a better or a more charming place to be entertained. In addition to all of this, the hotel bath rooms are supplied with hot and cold water, which issues from a burning mountain near by.

We spent one day in Kamakura, once the capital of Japan, and said to have been a city of a million people from the twelfth to the fifteenth century —but now it is only a sea-side village. The remains of its former greatness can be seen all about the place. The most prominent is a well preserved old idol, the "Daibutsu of Kamakura," fifty feet high, and a face eight and a half feet long, made of bronze with eyes of gold and erected seven hundred years ago. It stands alone as a Japanese work of art, representing an age when this country was a hermit nation and scarcely known to the world outside. It was originally enclosed in a building one

hundred and fifty feet square, whose roof was supported on six sides by massive wooden pillars. Over four hundred years ago, a tidal wave came up from the sea and carried the temple away; and ever since, that celebrated image has been sitting erect among the pines and exposed to the elements. The material of which it is made is not effected by the rain nor the frost; and who can doubt that, a thousand years from now, this same image will still be sitting there, and viewed by visitors as an ancient wonder —but not as an Idol God. Many of the Japanese now pay little attention to the symbol of a bronze or gilded god, but still worship their ancestors—whom they believe live in the spirit world and have power to assist their descendants who are yet the dwellers on this "mundane sphere."

We of the West should not forget that many traits of our own various religious beliefs came from this Far East. We have got rid of much of its mythology—so have they. We have a better moral code, I think, and a more reasonable civilization, I judge, than these people have, but there still remains too much superstition in every part of the world. However, the faith in any religion carries with it the most honest intentions and individual happiness. If it were not so, what then? If mistaken beliefs were not clothed in faith, from whence would religious comfort come? Half the people of the world are not so bad as the other half think they are.

Last week, we visited the great city of Tokyo—now the home of the Emperor and the capital of the



A VERY LARGE AND ANCIENT IDOL OF JAPAN.

whole Japanese Empire, where there is much to interest any one, especially Americans. The grand palace for the Mikado, the spacious and beautiful grounds which surround it, and the blooming flowers in every garden, tell us we are in the Flowery Kingdom in its heyday of spring-time beauty. The large cultivated peonies are very attractive, as we saw them in every shade from the lightest pink to the darkest maroon. The wistaria, in magnificent purple clusters, was hanging from the trellises that canopy the garden walks; so thickly they hung in the sunshine, that they shaded the way and made fragrant the air with their delicious odor. The azaleas are now in their prime. To the green, everywhere, the various flowers lend their most beautiful coloring. All the cultivated gardens and parks are aglow with the charms of spring-time. The balmy breezes, the refreshing rains and the warm sunshine are the indispensable elements, for the good of man, in the fields of glorified nature. Is there one of mankind so low in mind as not to appreciate the charity of Heaven, or be grateful to the source from whence these blessings flow?

While we were in Tokyo, the national exposition was being held there, and I learned it was a great success. No foreign goods of any kind are exhibited, but every article is limited to the production of Japan. The silk department, all their own product, from the worm to completion, is the largest and best display I have even seen—not excepting even world fairs.

The intensity with which the people take inter-

est in the various displays shows conclusively how skilled and enterprising they are in the work of art, and what an eye they have for the artistic and the beautiful. Never have I seen so much fine handiwork as I saw there displayed by the people of Japan. I shall ever remember it as the most interesting and entertaining exhibition that I have ever seen. Yet these people seem to dispense with all personal luxuries. The fine goods are made to sell in foreign lands, to exchange for the necessaries of life, more needed by them than luxury or personal display. Their food is of the cheapest kind, but healthful. Their homes are without furniture, but exceedingly clean. Even in their large metropolis, the great and unique city of Tokyo, they live the simple life to perfection. Every luxury is sacrificed, and even comfort, for the means of education; their public schools are never neglected and colleges are largely on the increase. More than fifteen thousand young Chinamen are attending the universities and colleges of Japan. And I am told that more than eight thousand Japanese teachers are employed in China. I should say, however, that I am creditably informed—as I have observed—that most positions of trust (not government, perhaps, but otherwise), in Japan are filled by Chinamen. In banks, hotels, and large business places, the handler of the cash is usually a man that wears the queue. I do not know that the Japanese are any more unreliable or untrustworthy than our people (whom I know sometimes go wrong), but in all this part of the world it is proverbial that a Chinaman is exceedingly hon-

est and truthful. I have also noticed that in India, Chinamen largely fill the places of trust and frequently in business owned by Europeans. It does seem to me, considering all things, that the unjust prejudice of the white man against the poor Chinaman is only removed when the preservation of his pocketbook is at stake.

Before leaving Tokyo, we had a very pleasant evening in the cheerful home of the Thompson family. Rev. Thompson came from his boyhood home in Cadiz, Ohio, forty-two years ago, and commenced his labors in the interest of education and the Christian religion at Yokohama. Tokyo, at that time, was closed to the outside world. Mrs. Thompson came from her girlhood home, near Wooster, Ohio, thirty-two years ago, and has worked with her husband, in the missionary fields of Japan ever since. Their two daughters, both graduates of the Wooster university, are engaged in teaching. The elder daughter has among her students quite a number of boys from China, who have embraced the Christian religion and cut off their queues. In that condition they dare not return to their father's country, or they will meet death for the unpardonable sin of being minus their "pigtails." For seven years, Rev. Thompson was the official interpreter in the American legation, while John A. Bingham, of Ohio, was our minister to Japan. The Thompson family is very useful for these people, who very much appreciate the good work they have done.

There are quite a number of Americans who

reside in Tokyo and elsewhere in Japan, and their influence is deeply rooted with the people of this country. The great city lies on Tokyo bay, and close to the well known port of Yokohama. Many are the ships that sail from here to British Columbia and the ports of our Pacific states, carrying passengers and freight, to and fro over a great ocean, between "the little Island Kingdom" and the most renowned and successful Republic in the world. Our trade relations with China and Japan, the peaceful commerce on the sea and the kind treatment our people receive while visiting here, are instrumental in tempering the race prejudice, and in promoting a better civilization, planted here in this fertile soil by the Christian missionaries.

Tokyo is of comparatively modern origin. The new city covers 100 square miles and has about 2,000,000 population. Down to the middle ages, most of the ground it now covers was occupied with lagoons and washed by the sea. In the fifteenth century, the fishing hamlet Yedo stood there on the shores of the bay.

Later on, when General Iyeyasu became Shogun he made Yedo his capital. Then for nearly three centuries Japan practically had two capitals—Kyoto, in the west, where the Mikado dwelt in stately seclusion; and Yedo, in the east, whence the Shogun held sway over the whole land. On the fall of the Shogunate, in 1868, the Mikado came and took up his abode in Yedo, and soon after the name of the city was changed to Tokyo. The meaning of the term Tokyo is "Eastern Capital."

JAPANESE LADY, STARTING FOR RIDE IN HER 'RICKSHAW.

The Emperor's palace now stands on spacious grounds, between the moats, where the Shogun's castle stood centuries ago.

Tokyo has been burnt down and built up many times, and like the other cities of Japan, with their miles of tinder-box houses, is subject to frequent conflagrations and great destruction of property—at times blotting out more than a thousand homes ere it can be stopped. Since the Emperor, in 1869, moved there from Kyoto with the Imperial household and established his new capital, there has been many changes. The Daimyos' mansions have been pulled down to make room for buildings in European style, better adapted for the Imperial family, who are influencing and leading their people, socially and otherwise, to the ways of the West. In the beginning, the old palanquin soon gave way to the more modern jinrikishaw; and now we may see a few horses and carriages on the streets of Tokyo. American dress has, to quite an extent, been adopted by the men of that great capital city; but the quaint and novel costume of the Japanese maid, so attractive in its makeup when adorning the little smiling woman, still lingers by the road-side. I do not wonder that the Japanese women cling to their native costume, for in European dress, their figure is anything but attractive. There is no doubt that they, themselves, intensely realize the fact and are very reluctant to adopt a foreign dress.

It is not strange, now, to me, when I consider the extensive Japanese commerce on many seas, their trade and traffic with foreign nations, and

their treatment of strangers within their gates, that their capital is such a large, cosmopolitan city. It is also a city of novel attractions and beauty. Here one may see many things to excite curiosity, and many that will start the thoughtful mind to thinking. From a Christian view-point, the morality of that city may be low, but all the while that we were there, I did not see a policeman, drinking saloon, or a drunken person. Another vice, so common in our large cities, is segregated and never in evidence on the streets. The crime of murder is infrequent; the many and expensive criminal courts required in the United States, are standing comparatively idle here in this "heathen" country—so called.

Tokyo is beautiful as viewed from the semi-circle height; the many trees and foliage reflect a tranquil aspect; and the numerous avenues of cherry trees, in early April, transform the city into a blooming garden.

Shiba Park, was in earlier times, the unique grounds of the great Buddhist temple. Here are still preserved the mortuary temples, erected by the founders of Yedo and the Shogun dynasty, more than six centuries ago. The partial transfer of the temple to the Shintoists, about forty years ago, naturally led to friction between them and the Buddhists, the gravest consequence of which was its destruction by fire the following year. It has been rebuilt, and the surroundings are not only very attractive, but unique.

If temples and shrines innumerable, standing amid the pines, in shade and sunshine, covering

the most beautiful spots in the cities, and clustering among the ancient trees that thickly stand on the hillsides in the country, are the instruments in the hands of God to prepare man for a better world, the Japanese should be near that goal. The shrines of the inner temples are so brilliant and clean that the worshiper's image is reflected from the lacquered floor. Is it strange, then, that the natives who go there to commune with the spirits of their departed ancestors, cast off their shoes and enter their sanctuaries with their feet clad only in clean stockings? The Shintos and the Buddhists have small temples, but numerous are the worshiping places that are scattered all over their lands that lie in Japan. Their sacred places of homage, ancient or modern, are frail structures of wood, and can not in the least compare with the great old temples of ancient Egypt, built of stone four thousand and more years ago.

The Mohammedan Mosques of Turkey and Northern Africa are more substantial than the sanctuaries of the Orient, but they—the mosques—can not even be classed with the imposing cathedrals of Christian Europe, and in comfort and luxury none will compare with the beautiful churches of America.

I feel that I could have spent a year in Tokyo with much pleasure and interest, for that great city is to Japan what the beautiful city of Paris is to the French people. We all felt that we should tarry longer there, but our plans to visit Nikko, this charming resort, could not well be changed. Next

week, we expect to go down to the coast; to do some shopping in Yokohama and prepare to sail for America on the twenty-fourth of May.

Nikko, certainly, is one of the most delightful spots in Japan, and well may their people be proud that they have such a beautiful place to entertain the people who visit their little country. We came up here by rail, viewing with intense interest, scenes rare, novel and magnificent all along the way. The smiling little natives, men, women and children, were busy on the lands; the tiny peasant cottages standing amid the shrubbery, and growing crops, of the garden fields, made me feel the air of humble and peaceful contentment, and see a picture of industrial wealth far richer than gold. These poor people are close to nature; their wants are little and their troubles are few. Perhaps they are happier in their little cots than the nobility are in their palatial homes. Many great and towering pine trees, lords of the forest, majestically stand along the way. Rare and beautiful trees adorn the landscape, leaves of various colors, and some like polished silver, were waving in the sunshine. For miles along the way, the azaleas, growing wild, were in full bloom and could be seen amid the green in their most gorgeous array.

Ere the days of railroads, and for centuries before, a wonderful highway was made by the great Shogun dynasty leading from Nikko, their capital, down to the sea. For twenty-seven miles, this old, and yet beautiful avenue is lined on both sides with the ancient cryptomerias, a tall and stately

THE CRYPTOMERIA ROAD AT [illegible] [illegible]

tree whose branches meet in a Gothic arch and shade a glorious way. We saw it first from the car window, as we passed near by on our way to the village station, and at the same time, the blue outline of the Nikko mountains appeared in the distance. I then began to fully realize that we were approaching a place of great note; where the rulers of an ancient dynasty so long lived in opulence and splendor; where sacred and political history was made centuries ago. The tender memories of this hallowed place will linger with the Japanese people.

From the railroad station, our little party and our excellent Japanese guide came up to this very comfortable hotel, which stands in fascinating grounds, overlooking a narrow valley, through which flows a roaring stream. We came up here through a long and quaint old street, still bearing many traces of antiquity, and lined on both sides with booths, bazaars and shops, where beautiful ware is displayed for sale at, what seemed to us, fabulously low prices. The 'rickshaw men, who were pulling us through this business street, would frequently halt by their favorite shops. Their experience had taught them that the American traveler is an extravagant buyer. Perhaps these faithful toilers, who are so essential to our ease and comfort, were able to make a little commission on the goods we bought; I am sure that I would be pleased if they could. Their avocation is full of hardships; they are an unfortunate lot, deserving the full sympathy of the human heart.

I was greatly impressed, in the evening of the

day we arrived, as I stood on a bluff near the hotel and watched the little Dayagawa river splashing down over the rocks and rippling under the Sacred bridge. The great old sun, apparently in the near distance, was just sliding, it seemed, over the mountain tips, casting its mellow rays over the hills and tingeing the valleys in a golden glow, making this grand view still more impressive. Here the opulence of nature, so well displayed, allured the founder of the Shogun dynasty to anchor his power on these rocky hills and build his palace amid the towering pines of this charming place. And now, just over the river and across the narrow valley, are the temple grounds, in fair repair, but the evidence of centuries past and the power that centered here, are pictured everywhere. Broad, winding staircases, made of stone centuries ago and now covered with the moss of ages, lead to the gate-way of the great sanctuaries, the mortuary temples and tombs of Shoguns, who were for a long time the powerful military rulers of all Japan. A five-story pagoda, with red lacquered walls, spiral top, queer roofs and brass trimmed rails, stands conspicuous beneath the green and stately pines. It was built a long time ago as an ornament for these old temple grounds. At that time, no doubt, the people looked upon it as a structure of art and beauty; but now, even the people of this country value it mostly for its charms of antiquity.

Two bridges span the river. One is an every-day affair, over which the public pass and repass between the village and the noted temple grounds.

SACRED BRIDGE—NIKKO, JAPAN.

The other is the sacred bridge over which no one but the Emperor may pass, in lieu of the Shoguns of old, for whom it was reserved. It is built of wood, covered with red lacquer and rests on an old stone foundation. Tradition has it that the gods sent down this rainbow bridge from the clouds in answer to saintly prayer. Superstition still bars the bridge from the feet of the common herd. Only once did the Emperor order the barriers removed, and that was when General Grant was visiting here. The Emperor desiring to pay his distinguished guest the highest conceivable honor, opened the bridge that the famous American general might walk across. But our modest soldier did not accept the honor, lest it should seem a desecration to the humble believers in the sanctity of the old red bridge.

It is spring-time here now, and the weather is delightfully cool. In the night time, generally, the clouds gather and the rain pours down in torrents, but in the morning comes the sunshine and then a glorious day. Some cherry trees, that are late to bloom, still add their fragrance to the air and their beauty to this charming place. The snow is lingering on the nearby mountain peaks. The valleys are warm in the sunshine of approaching summer and the pure air is fragrant with the odor of flowers that are blooming here.

Since I have seen this place, I do not wonder that foreigners, as well as natives who dwell in Tokyo and other large cities near the sea, flock here in summer time. Some have private cottages in select places, while others pay high rents for a few

months, to dwellers, for their homes in the upper village. Priests give up their houses, and even rooms, in the wings of the monastery are leased during the hot summer months. I am told that while the Crown Prince occupies his summer palace, he may be seen every day on the streets, in the temple grounds or in the forest paths, the same shady walks that his distinguished ancestors trod when this old place was new.

It was William Cullen Bryant, the noted American poet, who said: "The groves were God's first temples." Oh, how I realized that beautiful sentiment as I stood in the solitude of that sacred forest, looking up into the arches of limbs and leaves, resting and supported on the column-like trunks of those grand old cedar trees, and I thought of that beautiful poem as I saw the soft cathedral light filling the hallowed space beneath their tangled branches. Nature in its original form seems crude to most of us; human hands have added much to the comfort and beauty of all our surroundings. Man is but a product of nature, an instrument in the hands of God, working out His wonderful plan. We have made our final visit to the awe-inspiring tombs of the mightiest rulers of old Japan, where they lie in peace beneath the green moss-covered stone. Over the graves wave the majestic cryptomerias, apparently, like sentinels they stand guarding the place where heroes rest. We lingered awhile by a waterfall that splashed down the mountain side, nearby, then by a shady path we retraced our steps back to the village. The solitude of the for-

est was somewhat relieved by a foaming stream that dashed down near by our mountain path. It was there and then, that I best appreciated the grandeur and sublimity of Nikko. I thought of the time when affluence, influence and power flourished here, and my own, now great, country was not on the map. Infinite time is beyond the comprehension of us poor mortals. The years that have passed since records began are as nothing compared to the beginning. Man may speculate; speculate, what of that, it's like blind faith, a guess at truth and no foundation to stand upon. As the wheels of evolution advance along the roads of science, the fields of unrevealed truths grow larger. Science is marching on; the developing of the human brain is the motive power. It is God's plan that our world shall evolve and science unfold the secrets of nature.

Tomorrow, we have planned to leave here and go down to the sea. I feel that I will never see Nikko again. I am thankful for this opportunity. I am sure that I never can forget these grand, green and glorious mountains, whose distant peaks, now in sight, seem to penetrate the sky. To the sojourner and the stranger these valleys, forests, foot hills and dashing waterfalls have an intensified charm. To tread the sacred paths, to look upon the moss-covered tombs, to visit the old temples and see those who are still clinging to their ancient faith communing with the spirits of their ancestors, is exceedingly interesting.

Kings, priests and poets, famed in history,

who lie buried here, seem to add consecration to the place, hence the superstitious white-winged pilgrims gather and worship at its shrine.

We are loth to leave this most attractive old region, but passing time admonishes that we must not tarry longer. The ships on the sea have their time to sail. Our passage to cross the mighty Pacific is engaged, and we must govern ourselves accordingly.

CHUZENJI LAKE—JAPAN.

LETTER XVII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

LEAVING THE ORIENT.—SCENE OF A GREAT WRECK.—A DAY OF 48 HOURS.—ENTERTAINMENT ABOARD SHIP.—END OF A PLEASANT VOYAGE.

Steamship "Minnesota," May 30th, 1907.

AFTER leaving Nikko, we came straight down to Yokohama and waited several days for for this good, big ship to sail for America. The time we waited was a very profitable time for the three ladies in our party, as they found there a fine opportunity to shop. The useful, rare and temping goods offered for sale, at exceedingly low prices, was taken advantage of to the fullest extent of their respective pocketbooks. Fine hand-made silk, 18 inches wide, could be bought for 75 sens (37½ cents in our money) a yard, and so durable is it that it is used to a large extent to make the clothing for the well-dressed Japanese men. The worms that live on the mulberry trees produce the silk, which is the source of the largest industry in Japan. The captain told me, yesterday, that he had on board this ship 400 tons of finished Japanese silk on its way to the American market. By the time it reaches the American consumer, he will have to pay the original Japanese price, the freight, the importer's profit and the retailer's profit—with 60 per cent added to replenish the United States exchequer

for the part Uncle Samuel takes in the transaction—all of which will cost the final purchaser more than twice the original price.

From the raw cotton, these people make a soft and beautiful crepe, delightfully white, and dyed in many artistic shades to harmonize with the various complexions of the fairer sex. Never have I seen displayed, in any other country, a textile fabric made of cotton that would compare with this. Many exquisite articles, the handiwork of those artistic people, can be purchased in Yokohama at very low prices. All the members of our Canton party, on the eve of our sailing, made good investments there. I infer that these Oriental purchases will be a source of pleasure for all of us. As we see them in after years, they will refresh our memory and retrospectively renew the many pleasures of this delightful trip around the world.

As I looked out from our hotel window, in the morning of the twenty-fourth of May, I saw the Stars and Stripes, in the harbor of Yokohama, waving over the largest boat that lay anchored there. It was the great "Minnesota," that came in during the night and was preparing to sail for America that day. We were all ready and anxious to go on board. The "Minnesota" is the largest ship on the Pacific and the far Eastern seas, and when she arrives at Yokohama there is always a stir in the city, great commotion along the docks and a lively time in the harbor.

Many Japanese came on board to take leave of friends who were ready and about to sail to a newer

world. Some American soldiers had come up from the Philippine islands, where they had lost their former good health, and were going home to recuperate if possible. An hour before the sailing time, the ship was filled to overflowing by a cosmopolitan crowd that thronged on board. It was very interesting to scan that motley scene, and see the excited people rushing from place to place. Through the congested halls, saloons and crowded decks, many hastily pushed their way, seeking to deliver a belated package, perhaps, or to meet departing friends. "Four o'clock," said the captain; the pilot blew the first whistle, and officers called out: "All visitors ashore." And at once a lively procession could be seen going down the ship's stairways. Many little boats, and larger, covered the water around the great ship, waiting to convey more than a thousand people to shore. In 15 minutes, the second whistle blew, and debarking was still in progress; but when the third whistle blew, none were on board but such as expected to cling to the ship until the shores of North America were reached. Then the huge anchor, weighing many tons, was raised (with steam power) from the bottom of the bay to its place on deck. The captain motioned the pilot, the pilot signaled the engineer, who turned the power on; the strong blades of the propeller stirred the water to foam, and soon the monstrous ship moved from her resting place. Captain Collins, with his well disciplined officers, handled and removed the big ship from the quiet water of the harbor with such order and precision that any fears that might be lurking

in the minds of our passengers, caused by the fate of her unfortunate and only sister, (the beautiful "Dakota," that was run on the rocks only a few weeks ago, by a fool captain, and now lies beneath the water near that harbor,) were entirely dispelled. Just before sunset, as we were nearing the ocean, we could see the top of the main mast of the sunken "Dakota" standing out of the water and marking the place where the great steamship lies. Our captain remarked, as he called our attention to the spot, that "no officer but a crazy one would ever think of running his boat a mile out of the course and over those rocks, so plainly marked on our charts. Our seamen so well know that dangerous field of water that not even small steamers will venture there."

The boat hung on a large rock for several hours, before sliding off into the deep water, which fortunately enabled everybody to get ashore. Had the boat slid on the rock, at the time, ten feet further, it would have sunk so quickly that very few of the passengers or crew, could have been saved from a watery grave. All the cargo went down, the mail was lost and scarcely any baggage was saved. The loss is over four millions of dollars; the Great Northern Steamship Co. was insured for over three million. The poor working of Captain Frankie's brain was the cause of all this loss. The Steamship company suspended him, and all insurance companies gave notice that they would insure no ship of which he might be the captain. It was in the evening of a beautiful day, when the great ship flounder-

ed on the rocks. The passengers were hastily taken ashore, many by the natives, who with little boats, were fishing in the bay. Passengers and crew were compelled to occupy the shelterless shore during the entire night; many who were separated during the scramble to get on land, were unable to find their friends in the dark, or hear from them until daylight the next morning.

Like all great wrecks, on land or sea, even those including the loss of many lives, this unfortunate disaster will soon be forgotten. The frequent railroad wrecks that have recently occurred in our country, and the consequent loss of life, call loudly for stringent laws, more like the rules that govern transportation on the sea.

Of late years, the explosions in our coal mines are horrible to contemplate, the toll of human life which they have exacted is appalling. I have never heard of a catastrophe at sea that could be so terrible as the slow deaths of imprisoned miners. A craft on the water, caught in the path of a storm, may be blown to destruction; but the percentage of loss of life and property is much greater on land than it is on the sea. I feel safer now, on this ship —the modern-built "Minnesota"—in the middle of the Pacific ocean, and two thousand miles from land, than I would if I were in a Chicago hotel. To some of my readers, perhaps, this will seem an extravagant assertion; but, nevertheless, there are many, who like myself, feel that way.

We are traveling eastward, as we have been ever since we left home; every substantial advance

in the direction of the rising sun, finds our clocks behind the proper time; to keep to time and date, it was necessary to move the hands of our time-pieces forward very frequently; this we have been doing for five months. Yesterday, our ship passed the 180th meridian, and we were half way around the globe from London, and ten thousand miles from home. We find now, as we are entering the Western Hemisphere, that our watches have been turned forward 24 hours and that we are one whole day ahead of date in the western world. For convenience, it has been arranged by the mariners that all ships going east shall drop back 24 hours in marking the date of the month, when crossing the 180th meridian; hence, two Thursdays were marked on the ship's bulletin board this week. When the ships cross this meridian, going westward, that week will only have six days. Had not this change been made, our ship would arrive in her port at Seattle, where a different date would be confusing for the passengers.

We are now nearing the shores of America. For nearly a half month, we have not seen land. The northern Pacific ocean is rough, cold and lonely. Not a craft of any kind have I seen on the way, not even an iceberg came within our view; only whales occasionally, relieved the monotony, as we saw them cavorting in the waves south of the Aleutian islands, which lie along the southern borders of Behring sea. Although it is now the month of June, the passengers are seldom out on deck. Every day the clouds shut out the cheerful sunshine and the ever-restless sea seems like a watery waste.

Most ships, plying between Japan and America, sail the southern route, via Honolulu, using San Francisco as their American port. That route is warm and nearly all sunshine; so many go that way, especially in winter time, which affords also the opportunity of stopping off at Honolulu on the beautiful Sandwich islands.

We have, however, many things to be thankful for; we have an excellent ship, so large that the waves have not in the least disturbed her, and consequently no one has been sea-sick. Our passengers are socially inclined and democratic in their proclivities. Not a Duke, Count or Countess is on board, or any other brands of royal blood, and of course there is no occasion for severe seclusion, especially on an American ship sailing to a port in the United States. Notwithstanding the absence of sunshine and fair weather, our long journey has been a pleasant one. Nearly every night, the three hundred or more passengers were entertained in the commodious dining saloon.

One evening, Dr. Mayo (father of the distinguished Mayo brothers, of Rochester, Min.,) gave a very interesting talk. "I am now 87 years old," said he; "my long experience as a surgeon and physician is full of incidents." He told of the founding of that renowned surgical hospital by his two sons at Rochester, in the state of Minnesota. For more than an hour, the old doctor stood before an appreciative audience, like a young man, and in a most entertaining way told us what the doctors knew when he was young, and the great advances

that have been made in surgery and medicine during his life time. I have no doubt, that along these advancing lines the aged doctor marched by the side of the men that headed the procession. He has a right, in his declining days, to rejoice in the reputation his boys have gained in surgery; they are known the world over as standing at the head of the profession, and their surgical hospital is an institution so successful that it has gained international renown. To hear the advanced thoughts of the learned and broad-minded old gentleman, so charmingly expressed, and while the great steamer was speeding on the waters of the deep sea on a starless night, impressed me greatly.

A few evenings later, the passengers were again entertained with an excellent concert in which Mr. Lang, of our party, took a prominent part. A few recitations were given and well received, and the travelers had another very pleasant evening.

General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, is on board, and he favored the passengers with an address, giving a history of the rise and progress of that institution of which he, at the age of 78, is still the acknowledged leader.

With the assistance of his wife, Gen. Booth organized the first post in England many years ago. He has seen it grow, and is now proud to tell that in fifty-two countries and colonies there is a division of his army doing good work. He is a vigorous old man and can still make a forcible speech. He sits at our table, and saves his strength by talking little. An attendant or physician sits by his side,

orders his food and sees that all viands brought to him are not harmful to his health.

If all goes well, this big ship will be in her home port tomorrow morning, and I shall post this letter there at once. There has nothing occurred to detract from the pleasure of this voyage, except the death of an American, who died from pneumonia and was buried in the sea; and the death of a Chinaman, who was killed by an explosion in the engine room. His body, however, was embalmed and will be kept on board until this ship arrives again in a Chinese port, where it must be delivered to the proper authorities, as per contract with the Chinese government.

After a visit with my brother and his family, in Seattle, we will hasten to our home in Canton.

LETTER XVIII.

AT HOME AGAIN.

RETROSPECTIVE AND REFLECTIVE.—"HOME, SWEET HOME; THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Canton, Ohio, June 20th, 1907.

WE ARE at home again—our party of six, all Canton people—and glad to greet our real friends.

When we left our homes, on the second of last January, Ohio was in the midst of winter. On our return we find her clothed in her beautiful robes of summer. Oh, how one does feel the change; from freezing air and biting winds, to balmy air and sunshine; in place of branchless trees, slush, sleet and snow, we find the woods and meadows green, the wheat waving in the gentle breeze and the birds singing around the blooming clover fields.

Because winter was here a few months ago, the summer is more glorious now. Where there are no winters, there is no refreshing spring-time; and where the summers never end, there can be no autumn-time to gather and garner the fruits of the soil.

I well know that, but a little while ago, the bracing winds of winter were whispering through the leafless trees of northern Ohio, while we were sweltering in the heat of a tropical country. Only a breath from that land of ice and snow, which we

all know so well, would have been a welcome breeze for us, when journeying in the regions of the Equator.

Poor Egypt has no winters with snow and sleet, but she has plenty of sunshine and sand. If the waters from the mountains of Abyssinia did not find their way to the sea, through Egypt, that country would be a desert waste. If it were not for the river Nile, there would be no Egypt with old temples and tombs that are now buried deep beneath the sand that blows from the desert.

And now, as our successful trip around the globe has ended, I look back over the journey with great comfort. The little annoyances that met us occasionally by the wayside sink into insignificance, as compared with the many pleasures we received. And for the many little hardships we necessarily had to endure, we were more than repaid by the knowledge we gained and the lessons we learned. I have written to "The Repository," for publication, seventeen letters and mailed them home from the various foreign countries we visited. If these letters have been read and well appreciated by my friends, I feel abundantly repaid for the time it took in penning them. Of course, I often wrote in haste, and sometimes under adverse circumstances, aiming to record only such items as I gleaned by the wayside, and at times weaving in a little well-known history.

Writers do not always agree, and the opinions of travelers are often tinged with prejudice. Conditions change and observations, made at different

times, vary the impressions; hence, the historian is unable to make his records entirely correct. I have observed and learned that one race of people is always prejudiced against another, and that there is not a nation in the world, within either eastern or western civilization, that is broad enough or fair enough to place a proper value on its neighbor.

Egypt is proud of her old traditional history, satisfied with her condition now, and believes there is none better. For four or five thousand years, she has made no progress. She is content to stand still, glory in her past greatness and worship the Nile. And well may the people of Egypt revere that wonderful river. If it should ever fail in its annual rise to overflow and fertilize that great valley, all of Egypt would be a desert waste. I know of no other place, where the lives of eleven million souls so entirely depend on the flowing waters of a single river. And yet, a native seldom leaves that country, because their fathers are buried there. Their love for that glorious river persuades them that the valley of the Nile is the land God chose for his favorite people. They live on the faith of their fathers, they go hungry to their beds of straw, and would rather starve, it seems, than emigrate to a land of plenty.

Of the Arabs, I can not say much. I saw them, of course, scattered along in the countries of Northern Africa that border on the Mediterranean sea. On a few occasions, we visited their quarters in Cairo, which is in itself a large Arab city—if one may call it such. Their main streets for carriages

are only about 12 feet wide, and all the other streets are about 4 feet.

Many were at work in their little shops and bazaars making and selling their crude hand-made goods. The narrow passage ways were frightfully congested with men, women and donkeys; at many places, the jamming crowd was so repulsive that we feared it would not be safe for us to mix in an uncivilized throng like that. I have seen the Arabs congregate, and I have heard them, in their crowded tents at night, chant their weird songs to their great Jehovah. I have seen caravans of Arab pilgrims starting across the great desert to worship at the Mohamedan shrine in that sacred city of Mecca.

As I reflect on our journey through India, my feelings are saddened by the condition of human affairs as they now exist in that once great and prosperous country. Unlike Japan, India is a large and diversified country, varied in climate and blessed with many of nature's choicest gifts. It seems to me there is no good reason why her people should be so poor and melancholy. The worn out soil can be replenished; the tillers instructed in modern methods, and be permitted to enjoy the product of their toil without being preyed upon by political authority of higher caste. The crying need of India is universal education by the state. By these means, Japan, in one generation, brought her people from a lower condition to a rank among the advanced nations. In that big country, of more than two hundred million people, the hard work of

our missionaries will avail but little, until those who collect the revenues and govern there shall inaugurate all over that land good common schools for all the common people. Superstition is their religious foe, and caste is their greatest enemy. Only well conducted schools will eradicate the former and modify the latter, at least, to a reasonable degree. They are, no doubt, susceptible to education and mechanical training. The civilization of the white man is spreadnig all over the world; why it has failed to extend a more helping hand to the Indian brother bespeaks a wrong some how or some where. The English have brought them a government that compels peace among themselves, and in a way benefits them greatly; but it does seem that the ruling power neglects the moral obligation to lend a more practical hand in elevating the natives.

Certainly our civilization does require more from those, who take possession of the lands of an inferior people and colonize them, than merely making opportunity for their own selfish investors and speculators. The motive that prompts a Christian people to colonize should not be to keep the natives in an uneducated condition, that their servitude may be continued.

It may be difficult and very expensive, to give a wider education to the people of India; but it does seem to me that such a move on the part of the state would not only be a blessing for the natives, but a great financial benefit for the English and their investors, and would be instrumental in bringing up two millions of people from the throes of super-

stition, ignorance and famine, to a plane of happiness, prosperity and plenty.

Some of the few educated people of India whom we met, made a very favorable impression as compared with their numerous brethren who have so little advantage of schools or early training.

The missionary work is good, but entirely inadequate to reach the masses, and the various sectarian tendencies are often very confusing for the student. It will take the government to inaugurate a system of teaching, on a broader and stronger scale than now obtains, ere these natives reach the place, that, in a charitable sense, is due them; yes, due them morally, from the conquerors who now govern their country.

A century or more ago, the Japanese were not superior to the people of India; and yet, with a poor, little country, and much less natural advantages, they rose to a position that now surprises the world. I do not believe that the natives of India could now do alone what the people of Japan have done; but with the English doing their moral duty, there is no reason why the apparently now God-forsaken people of old India should not be more prosperous and happy.

The Chinese, although their lot is hard, seem a happy people; and the Japanese, whose struggle for life on limited soil deprives them of the luxuries that many other nations enjoy, are mirthful and pleased—but on the face of the sad Indian, I have never seen a smile. If there is any international charity in the world that desires to lend a helping

hand to unfortunate fellow beings, let it first be extended to the half-starved people of famine-stricken India.

One can not understand why a people so poor is so prone to extravagant display. On state occasions, both English rulers and native princes proceed through the populace, so gaunt and wan, in gorgeous equipage, outdoing in magnificence, perhaps, the ancient displays of the wealthy Mogul Dyasty. The pomp of temporal power must cease to awe the down-trodden people; the classes by birth-right only, must tear down their social walls, and the deep fog of superstition cleared away by the light of reason, ere we may hope to see millions of the unhappiest people in the world rise from their thraldom. In my humble judgment, this can be accomplished. If the good people of England, in whose hands that government now rests, will determine that it shall be done, then it will be done, and not before. The intelligent people everywhere await the pleasure of the English to inaugurate the great work. If they do, the praise of all the charitable world will be due to England. That strong country of the Briton is noted for being humane. A work like this would be deserving of an everlasting monument in the fields of humanity. The uplifting of India would not only add to England's glory, but increase her commerce on the sea and benefit her trade on land.

Japan, in late years, has made wonderful advancement in commerce and manufacture, and her recent victories in war have given her a place

among the first-class nations. Her many schools, maintained by the state, are advancing its people to a high plane; but of the forty million or more inhabitants, there are many yet in the back districts who are in comparative darkness. Considering the Japanese as a whole, they are overestimated. They are "getting there," but "they are not all there yet." Their wonderful energy and rapid progress in civil government, their naval strength and their commercial advancement have given them such prestige that writers have sung their praise a little higher, perhaps, than their whole condition warrants.

I am glad to say that China is greatly underestimated by our people. We all know that this nation is large and their government weak, but nevertheless China is greater and much better than we are inclined to give her credit. White people who live in China, and those who have sojourned there, are loud in their praises of Chinese honesty. All the stewards on the big American ship that brought us over the Pacific were faithful China men.

It is a long journey around the earth; so many miles to travel, that six months' time limits one's observations to rapid glances along the wayside. We have seen so much in haste, that conclusions formed may not always be entirely correct. Reading about a people and their country, as various writers have seen and described them, will not make the same mental picture in the mind of any two persons. Word pictures can only be seen by

the mind as they appear on the scroll of imagination. It is very difficult for the general reader to harmonize the views of the different writers and avoid eroneous conclusions, which can only be dispelled by seeing the real thing itself.

Such has been my experience, and I must admit that I have seen much on this long journey to correct my former impressions and broaden my views. Many things are not as I supposed they were. Coming in contact with strange people in distant lands, whom I had never seen before, and receiving their very kind hospitality, softened my feeling toward them and lessened any prejudice I might have had.

I shall ever remember, with great interest, the countries through which we passed and the kindness we received from the people. Only the distress we saw in India casts a shadow of sadness over my thoughts, as memory carries them back to the unfortunate people of that country. As I think of the people of China, I am lost to know what they have been in ages past; and as I look upon them as a nation, I wonder what their destiny will be. China will not remain as she is now. The signs of the times and the surrounding conditions, all indicate that she is on the road—following in the wake of Japan—to prosperity, power and better government.

Nowhere in the world, however, is there a country like our own. For natural advantages, fertile soil, extensive plains and mineral resources, America stands the very highest. The liberal form

of our government, the patriotism of our people, and the general education of everybody by the state, are other blessings, which, I fear, the American people do not sufficiently realize to appreciate in full.

The men, women and children who till the soil in the worn out lands of the East, work like beasts of burden. They know nothing of luxury, not even the simple comforts of life, but they do know that they must struggle or starve. Blessings do not fall, like the dews of night, alike on all God's people. If there is a nation in this world where its people should be pleased and do no grumbling, it is the fortunate people of our own country.

I pity the people of Russia, whose patriotism has been stamped out of their souls by the cruel heel of a despotic aristocracy. The common people of that country are the subjects of the Czar, who rules with an iron hand and keeps the populace in servitude and ignorance. A large army is supported, by the means extorted from those that till the soil, as an instrument in the hands of the government to perpetuate an unpopular dynasty and keep in subjection a dissatisfied people. I trust the time is not far distant when the much abused Russians shall rise and be able to share in a just government, such as the more favored nations now enjoy.

It was not the people of Russia that made war on Japan, but it was the little yellow men that fought back the invading army of an arrogant and unscrupulous aristocracy. Russia did not only lose her navy and retreat with a defeated army, but thousands of her innocent men were sacrificed on

the altar of greed. Never can the Czar or his advisors atone to God or man for the ravages of that unholy war.

The most pleasant part of our entire journey, was the delightful time we had in little old Japan. The respect in which they hold our country, their kind consideration for Americans generally, and the hospitality they extended to us, filled our hearts with gratitude. Imagine my surprise, when landing on our western coast, a few weeks later, to learn the attitude of my own countrymen towards the peaceful and friendly people of Japan. When I heard that a lot of ill-bred, pugnacious fools disgraced the good people of Seattle by attacking and mobbing some Japanese people who were debarking there, I was not only chagrined, but pained to know that it could be possible that such a dastardly act would be perpetrated on the hospitable shores of America.

I blame the newspapers whose managers and editors have ceased to be leaders and teachers and distributors of truths. The press, as a rule, is not as it was in the days of Benjamin Franklin. Too many are prone to cater to political jingoism, at the expense of truth and common-sense. If the sale of a newspaper depends on this kind of journalism, it must be a low and dangerous plane on which their readers move.

The next day after we landed, a pretentious morning journal, published in the city of Seattle, had displayed on its first page, in large, attractive type, "A War Cloud Hangs Over the Pacific; Japan

is Preparing to Fight the United States." Then follows a short article, the product of the brain of a silly fool who imagined that there were many dupes among the readers of that paper. The blustering Jingoes of any country are like the foam that floats on the water of a shallow, turbulent river. It takes just such fellows to stir up international strife, but if conflict ensues they will be first to desert their flag. That militant spirit, so manifest in times of peace, ebbs low with them when war is near.

When we stop and consider the American people, as a whole, and the blessings they enjoy, we may well feel proud of our country. The greatest Republic on earth is ours, not only to boast of, but to perpetuate, clothed in the Christian spirit of charity, and equal rights in which its infancy was rocked. To be an American is to be esteemed and respected by the people of nearly every nation of the world. This privilege contributes largely to the pleasure of travel, and no doubt is quite a factor in going abroad by the Americans.

We have been traveling half the year, much of the time beneath sunny skies. Many pleasant scenes, and some otherwise, have met us on the way; blessed with good health and pleasant companions to travel with, our journey around the world was a complete success.

SOUTH AMERICA

LETTER I.

THE WEST INDIES.

HO! FOR THE EQUATOR.—ISLE OF ST. THOMAS.—HAUNT OF "BLACK BEARD" AND OTHER PIRATES IN DAYS OF OLD, AND BLOCKADE RUNNERS DURING CIVIL WAR.

Charlotte Amelia, Island of St. Thomas,
January 27th, 1910.

IT WAS the middle of January, when Mrs. Sherrick and I left our Ohio home to start on a journey to South America. Heretofore, we have been pleased to travel in countries older than our own, but on this trip we will visit young nations, who, like ourselves, have grown up since Columbus discovered the New World. This beautiful island is our first stop, and my first opportunity to mail a letter to "The Repository."

When we left New York, the biting cold winds were whistling their chilly tunes over and through the streets of the great city. One hundred and eighty passengers, all booked for the Southern Hemisphere, went eagerly aboard the staunch German ship "Bleucher" that morning; every one of whom were anxious to flee to southern seas and escape the icy grip of winter in the north-land. Not a soul that is on this ship have either Mrs. Sherrick or I ever seen before—the 22nd of January, when we sailed. I wondered, at the time, how many of them

would prove congenial fellow travelers. On our journeys heretofore, we have made many friends; few have been lasting. Many, like the ships that pass in the night—gone and soon forgotten.

A kind friend, now living in New York, whose acquaintance we made on the Atlantic ocean sixteen years ago and with her husband traveled with us through England, came on board the ship to see us sail, and to present us a basket of fine fruit, which is a pleasant remembrance of one who had been in former years, a fellow voyager on the sea.

As the third whistle sounded, the machinery started and the great ocean liner backed away from its resting place. Hundreds of persons from the dock waved adieu, as the German band was playing for their departing friends. The great cruiser hastened down the bay, crossed over Sandy Hook and at once plunged into the waves of a boisterous sea, which were stirred by the gale to such an extent that sailing was most disagreeable. The wind was so very cold that no one could remain on deck. It was not even comfortable inside, and nearly all the passengers were forced to repair to their cabins, where most of them were more or less seasick. At 7 o'clock P. M., a very fine dinner was on display—but little patronized. Most beautiful flowers were on the table, but few cared to look at them. The electric push bells from the cabins rang fast and loud, and the stewards in charge responded with haste, for well they knew what was the matter there.

The winds were high, the sea was choppy and

the ship was cold. The sun had gone down, the moon was on the other side of the earth, the clouds vailed the stars and darkness was on the face of the waters. It was not as dreadful, however, as it seemed to be; barring hurricanes and rocks, there is little danger on the sea.

Travel on land, like on water, has its bitter as well as its sweet; as comfort follows in the wake of honest toil, so we must endure that we may procure the pleasures that wait for us when the hardships are over.

The next day, the sea was calm; warmer air embraced us; the sunshine had dispersed the gloom; all on board expressed happier thoughts, and the great ship sped onward to southern seas. Many took comfort from the axiom—"A bad beginning makes a good ending."

When on board a ship, one gets a taste of prison life—without the bitter. Though not surrounded by high walls, the deep waters keep you confined within a small space, from which there is no escape. After being a week or more on water, one hails the sight of land with unusual interest, even if it is only a small island peeping out of the waters of an immense sea. We had been out of sight of land for nearly a week when the little island of St. Thomas hove in sight, to the extreme delight of every one on board. The green hills of this beautiful isle seemed to magnify, as the ship drew nearer its sandy shores. To land; to walk amid the flowers and hear the birds sing, is a joyous diversion from the monotony of the sea. For one who has grown

tired of the strife and turmoil of a busy world, this charming place affords a delightful retreat.

This little island is one of many that form the Virgin Group, so named by Columbus in 1493. They dot the northern boundary of the Caribbean sea. It is 13 miles long, and at its broadest it is only three miles in width. In 1870, the Danish government, to whom it belongs, was willing to dispose of it to the United States, and entered into a treaty with President Grant's administration; but the senate refused to confirm, and the matter was dropped.

This interesting little city of Charlotte Amelia has—so they tell me here—about 13,000 inhabitants. It is built at the base of a semi-circle of beautiful green hills, and overlooks a deep, land-locked harbor, one of the finest in the world. It is not only the port for the Island of St. Thomas, but it is the capital city and seat of government for all the Danish islands in the West Indies.

The houses are white with bright red roofs, and stand amid tropical gardens filled with palms, vines and rare flowers that give the whole place a very picturesque aspect from the water. It is an important coaling station, and a large floating dock is maintained here.

This harbor was extensively used by the blockade runners, during our civil war, which annoyed the federal government very much. Early in the 18th century, the famous pirate "Black Beard" had his castle on these hills and the ruins can still be seen. "Black Beard's" real name was Edward Teach,

A WOMAN COAL CARRIER, ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS.

and for years he was the terror of the Caribbean sea; but he finally lost his life in a hand-to-hand encounter with Captain Maynard, who came on board his own boat and slew him.

Many of the islands of the West Indies were infested with pirates, during our colonial times. Our commerce then was carried by numerous sailing vessels, that were constantly in danger of being boarded and robbed by these prowlers on the sea—who had a comparatively safe retreat on these rocky islands, and to their store-houses, hid away among the lonely hills there, where they gathered in their loot.

A thousand islands, large to very small, are scattered over the waters that lie between the shores of North and South America. All of them taken together have about as many square miles of surface as two states like Ohio. The larger ones produce gold, silver, copper and other valuable minerals; many are very fertile, and great quantities of tropical fruits are grown on their soil. The little, barren islands that dot the water in various places, are but the rocky peaks that crown the mountains that lie below the surface of the sea.

We are now close to the large island of Porto Rico, where our own flag is waving in the balmy breezes. I would be pleased to see Dr. Josiah Hartzell and other Canton friends who are spending the winter there. But our next stopping place is Para, in Brazil, 1,600 miles further south, and about 100 miles above the mouth of the Amazon river. Para lies just over the equator in the southern hemisphere.

LETTER II.

PARA, BRAZIL.

RUINS OF ST. PIERRE.—A STORY OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.—WHERE SUNSHINE BLISTERS IN JANUARY.—PARA, THE LAND OF RUBBER.

Para, Brazil, February 1st, 1910.

AFTER leaving the island of St. Thomas, where I posted my last letter, about a week ago, our ship steamed along and passed close by many of the islands of the West Indies, some of which are so small that they do not appear on any ordinary map. Soon we hove in sight of the green and rugged island of Martinique, which appeared in the distance like a pillar of cloud resting on the sea. The ship sailed close along its rocky shores for several hours. We were all saddened and pained, as we looked upon the black ruins of St. Pierre, to know that only a few years ago that unfortunate city was the scene of the most awful holocausts that the world knows of.

Suddenly, and without warning of any kind, the top of Mt. Pelee, which towers close by the town, seemed to open, and from the crater came down fire and mud. It struck the city with terrific force and then spread over the water. In a moment, the whole of St. Pierre was ablaze from a thousand points; in another moment, everything—the city, the near hills, the bay—was blotted out by impene-

trable black clouds of smoke and ashes, which veiled the sun and hid the awful deed under the darkness as of night. There were eighteen ships in the harbor, but, if I remember rightly, only one escaped. The harbor is closed now, with sunken boats. And like Pompeii, of the Roman Empire, this once gay and beautiful city lies a desolate waste, only the black and tumbled walls mark the place where so recently lived 30,000 happy people. All died together in an instant, and, with their adored city, were wiped off the face of the earth. Many of us can well remember that dreadful disaster. It occurred on the morning of the 8th of May, 1902; less than eight years ago. How vividly it called to mind the terrible eruption of Vesuvius, which took place, as history records it, more than eighteen centuries ago, and buried the gay and festive city of Pompeii beneath 13 feet of dirt and ashes, and covered Herculaneum, which stood nearer its base, with melted rock. Not since then has the annals of history recorded such a dreadful freak of nature as the one that destroyed St. Pierre.

The beautiful island of Martinique has long been a favorite French possession in the West Indies, and the charming city of St. Pierre was a gay resort for the pleasure-seeking people of Paris.

Fort De France, the birthplace of the beautiful Empress Josephine, (first wife of the first Napoleon,) is the capital of this island and lies near where St. Pierre once stood, but far enough away to escape that awful heat. Later in the day, our ship glided along the shores of the island of St.

Lucia, where landed the only ship that escaped from the harbor of St. Pierre with her blistered and half burned crew.

Next morning, we passed the small island of Barbados, which was colonized by the English nearly three centuries ago, and now 182,000 people live there. In 1751, our own George Washington, then a boy of nineteen, sojourned there awhile with his elder brother Lawrence, and, during the time, had the misfortune of going through a siege of smallpox.

It was there, according to Sir Frederick Treves, that "George Washington enjoyed the hospitality of the court, and was dined and wined by the Tripe and Beefsteak club, whose extravagance caused him much distress. A heavy dinner of beefsteak, tripe and rum, given at 3 o'clock on a tropical afternoon, was a luxury for which the simple Virginian had little taste." Washington then was a young man, and had not yet started on the road to fame. Like his Colonial fellow-countrymen of North America, he understood the necessity for frugality and practiced the simple life. Those English gentlemen of the Beefsteak club did then not even imagine that their young friend, the unassuming American boy, would lead the Colonial armies against their mother country and be victorious in that great revolution, which resulted in changing thirteen English colonies in North America to thirteen independent states.

It took our ship five days to sail from St. Thomas to this city. We have just crossed the

equator, which lines the globe a few miles north of here. We are now just 41 degrees south of Canton, Ohio, which is about 2,700 miles by a straight line to the north, though we have traveled over 3,500 miles since we left home, and are continuing still in the direction of the South Pole. We are now on the line that marks the center of the tropics and in the midst of the torrid zone. When Peary planted the American flag at (or near) the North Pole, he was just 90 degrees from here on the north side of the globe; while we are 90 degrees away from the South as well as the North Pole, and where the hot rays of old Sol are the least tempered by the cold winds of either pole.

As we continue our journey southward, the air will grow cooler, corresponding in temperature as traveling northward from the equator. The state of Para, which lies in the extreme southeast part of Brazil, (of which this city of Para is the capital), is large enough in territory to make ten states like Ohio. This city of Para has nearly 200,000 inhabitants; is the most important rubber market in the world, and is the sea-port for all the products of the great, wild and extensive reigons of the Amazon and its numerous tributaries. Its fine docks, its shores lined with palm trees, its picturesque stucco houses and public buildings, give it an air of modern beauty. As I walk on the streets, I seek the shady side and hasten from one shade tree to another, to escape the blistering rays of the parching sunshine.

This is not a city that I would choose for a

residence. These torrid regions have no allurements for one who has been living in a temperate climate. Not here, where the fiery rays of "Old Sol" are never tempered by the north wind; not here, where one must seek the shade to keep from being scorched. However, there is some relief, while the earth turns its face into the shadows of night. But with the light of morning comes the heat again and warms up this cosmopolitan mass of humanity which goes sweltering through another day.

The effect of this climate can easily be observed on the faces of the people who fill the streets of this equatorial city. Some are black, but have regular features; many are of lighter shades—a mixture of the natives with the Latin races, Africans, Europeans and Orientals. Nearly every nation of the world and every race of men are represented here, except the Esquimo. But there are no blue-eyed blonds in evidence. They thrive only where the sun shines mildly, on the hills and plains of the bleaching and snowy north-lands.

Mr. Seiberling, a manufacturer of rubber automobile tires, from Akron, Ohio, who, with his wife and son, sailed with us from New York, will leave us and take another boat to go further up the Amazon river a thousand miles or more. Mr. Seiberling is looking up the rubber problem. Being a large consumer of that product, his trip on the Amazon will be of unusual interest to him.

Forests of rubber trees grow wild in this part of South America, and especially in the vast region drained by the Amazon and its many tributaries.

The age of motor cars has increased the demand for rubber to such an extent that, ere long, these virgin forests will be depleted by the reckless way the natives destroy the trees in gathering the crude rubber. The conservation of these vast forests can only be attained by carefully and properly harvesting these invaluable products. This ruthless destruction of one of nature's gifts is rapidly destroying a valuable asset for the people of Brazil. They say here, it will not be long before rubber trees will have to be cultivated or automobiles will have to be equipped with other kinds of tire.

The crime of heedlessly wasting our natural resources can never be atoned for. The grasping present seems to have no regard or economy for the future. Each succeeding generation will have to be satisfied with what it pleased a former generation not to destroy. The lavish destruction of the American bison by the cruel, wanton hunter on our western plains, only to satiate a sporting spirit, was an audacious crime.

Our German captain has just said, "How you like dish town; we goes out to sea soon, now; better wedder furders out. Better get on ship before two of de clock dis day; we go sure!" And our genial, wholesouled captain gave a typical German smile. All of the time that we have, until the ship sails, we will mingle with the people on the streets and visit the shops and other places of interest. I expect to post this letter here, so must go ashore at once and proceed to the postoffice. Only the Portugese language is spoken there.

LETTER III.

BAHIA, BRAZIL.

THE AMAZON. BAHIA HOT BUT CLEAN AND PRETTY. EASY TO BE A MILLIONAIRE WITH BRAZILIAN MONEY.—A STRENUOUS HOLIDAY.

Bahia, Brazil, February 8th, 1910.

AFTER spending three days up the Amazon, in the state of Para, (the most northern and hottest state in Brazil,) we journeyed southward. The Amazon is deep, wide and muddy; so wide at its mouth, that its shores were out of sight on either side, where our steamer entered on the "briny deep." It is only when the yellow water disappears and the clear water surrounds the ship that one may be sure he is on the sea. It took five days on the warm waters of the South Atlantic, after leaving the Equator, ere our ship anchored in the harbor of this city. One is reminded of Old Portugal, as he walks through the narrow and winding avenues of Para and Bahia. The houses are not unlike those we see in Spain, except they have not the single main entrance leading to an inner court, that generally prevails in Latin countries. In both these cities, the streets are clean and the people appear quite well. Tropical trees and shrubbery fill the many little parks and beautiful shade trees line the streets in many places.

The little beasts of burden, called horses in Para, would make Texas bronchos feel proud of

their size. We did not take a carriage drive there. Our sympathy was too great for the poor, weak little creatures to see them struggle in the boiling sun. However, here in Bahia, the carriage and riding horses are much better.

Bahia lies twelve degrees south of the Equator, and is the third largest city of Brazil. It is about 100 miles farther east than Boston and nearly 5,000 miles south of New York. It is summer time here now, the sun being in the southern hemisphere, and of course it is hot. The city is quite old, but only shows traces of its age, for its modern progress has placed it, to a great extent, among the important and beautiful cities of South America. It was founded less than fifty years after Columbus landed the first time in the new world, and for a long time it was the capital of Brazil. The ancient part of the city lies along the harbor and extends back to the hills which overlook the bay not far from the water. The business is done on the hot and narrow streets of the old town; but the people live on the heights, in the part of the city where the breezes from the sea temper the heat to a less singeing degree. I am surprised to find here so many colored people. They are not only the somber, languid, straight-haired folk that inhabit old India or the equatorial regions generally, but many are curly-haired negroes from the wilds of Ethiopia. They were brought here at the time they were taken to the United States. High-sea traders, of Europe, found it a profitable business to secure the inoffensive Negroes in their homes in Africa and sell them

in the slave markets of the new world. Had the English government (which was responsible for that traffic) prevented the importation of these docile and non-combative people for slavery in their North American colonies, there never would have been an occasion for the states to engage in the most dreadful war of modern times.

There is an air of cleanliness here that speaks well for these people, and in this respect, the inhabitants differ very much from the way the people generally live in their mother country. Not only are the streets, byways and houses kept clean, but the people are well attired. In the residence sections are many fine houses with walls of tile, most beautifully decorated in white and blue, standing in gardens of green shrubbery of rare tropical growth; all are enclosed by ornamental fences built of stone and iron, and as white as the snow, which these people have never seen.

While going through this delightful portion of the city, we could see the old town standing in a semi-circle around the clear water below us. A grand view was appearing in the distance; the waves were breaking on the rocks and the morning sun was shining brightly on the water, as we beheld the scene from a tropical park in the upper city. We enjoyed the cool morning breeze as it blew up from the sea, and gazed with delight on the green trees and fragrant flowers that were in evidence all around us. The grounds that lie in front of the fine residences are beautifully decorated with luxuriant tropical plants. Flowers in great profusion hang over

NATIVES OF BAHIA—A STATE OF BRAZIL.

the garden walls, while many are entwined by the creeping vines that are slowly and silently dragging them, with their added beauty, over the white fences. I am glad to know that these Latin races, in the new world, (like the Japanese in the old,) have such a fine taste for that which is beautiful in nature.

Every little "coon" that plays among these enchanted bowers is as clean as a new silver dollar. The expressive grin, that we could see on their faces as we passed them by, plainly told that they viewed with much interest the pale faces of the strangers within their gates.

People with their various manners, customs and dress always interest me. There is such a marked difference, in one respect or another, in the many places that I have been that the many odd things seen and gathered along the way are to me exceedingly refreshing.

I have not yet become accustomed to the money of this country. Their unit of value is the Reis. One of our American Dollars is valued at 3,200. This morning, I received in exchange for a ten-dollar bill of our money 32,000 reis; but it will take 200 of them to buy a postage stamp to mail this letter to Canton, Ohio. "The currency of Brazil is evidently not based on gold," said a fellow American traveler. "No, it is based on rice," said another. It does seem that one reis is worth about as much as one grain of rice. "Coined free" would keep it at par with that valuable product, which of course would be fixed in price by the inexorable laws of

supply and demand. I have never seen money that is as inconvenient as the currency of Brazil.

One of our North American friends came on board and announced that he had just made a large sum of money in a deal with a banker in the city. "What do you think," said he; "I am a millionaire now. I have never found a place where a man could get rich so quickly as here. I had $500 of United States gold, and that banker was so anxious to get it that he offered me 1,600,000 reis for it." So he was more than a millionaire. And he jokingly remarked, "I am going to show these people on board the ship how lavishly Americans spend their money when traveling away from home."

But these millions "in the air" will soon vanish. It costs here for a little auto spin, 32,000 reis; carriage hire, and everything else is in proportion. I have just engaged railroad transportation and hotel accommodations for a special trip across the plains and over the Andes mountains to Chile, on the Pacific coast, and back to Buenos Ayres, for which I paid 640,000 reis. So we have learned that a poor man may be a millionaire in this land of Brazil.

Yesterday was the Sunday before Lent, and a great day it is, for the Latin Americans. Our ship arrived in the harbor of this city on that day. After luncheon (in the Orient we would say tiffin), we went on shore and proceeded through the lower old town and up a large elevator—(made in the U. S.), to the town that lies on the heights, where the streets and squares were filled with throngs of mer-

A SCENE IN THE CITY OF BAHIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

ry-making people. Their impolite and boisterous merriment is not pleasing to the stranger. That motley crowd was masquerading with false-faces and arrayed in the most hideous and fantastic costumes imaginable. Many of them grinned, peeped and danced like monkeys at a show; scattering confetti over the people and squirting scented water into the faces of all who chanced to be on the ground. All seemed eager to make the carnival as ridiculous as possible. At 4 P. M., all the electric cars left the streets, except those that were decorated and carried ludicrous floats in the procession. The parade was long and curious, and very entertaining, no doubt, to the gleeful crowds that were gathered there.

It must be a tiresome, strenuous holiday for the people of this city. From early morn, till the sun went down, the celebrators never ceased their racket. It was late at night, ere the tumultuous throngs sought their homes and rest. The next day the city was quiet; the people sane, business resumed and the normal condition of the city again prevailed. The manner of that celebration does not seem to be in keeping with such an occasion from our standpoint, but to them it seems proper that gay and festive times should precede Lent, their forty days of fasting.

Barring the excessive heat, one must expect in crossing the equator, this trip so far has been pleasant and very interesting. We are now in the region of delightful weather, which will no doubt continue until we reach the colder climate of southern Patagonia.

LETTER IV.

SANTOS AND SAO PAULO, BRAZIL.

GREATEST COFFEE MARKET IN THE WORLD.—HOW A GREAT REPUBLIC WAS MADE.—SLAVERY ABOLISHED WITHOUT FRICTION OR BLOODSHED.

Sao Paulo, Brazil, February 15th, 1910.

A FEW days ago, our steamer sailed into a deep and narrow arm of the sea, and in about one hour hove in sight of Santos, the greatest coffee market in the world. Never before had so large a ship attempted to make its way to that port. For the "Bleucher" is one of the Trans-Atlantic Liners, built to run on the deep sea between New York and Europe, and this is her first trip to South American waters. The operator of the wireless station on board announced, from the sea to the city of Santos, that Captain Behrens would bring his ship to their dock if possible, and more than a thousand people were at the landing place to see the big ship come in. Slowly and very cautiously, the great boat felt its way to shore. A special pilot, who knew the depth of the water and the channels of the harbor, had previously come on board from the city to steer the boat to the landing dock. Our captain, realizing that the coming in of the "Bleucher" would attract the people, had his ship gaily decorated. Flags of many countries were displayed, particularly of those who were represented in his passenger list;

and the emblem of Brazil—which country is for the time being our national host—was floating gaily. Among them all, and at the very top, proudly floated the Stars and Stripes, a large and beautiful silk flag, placed there by the German captain in honor of the Americans, who are the most numerous of the passengers. It was soon recognized from the shore, by the Brazilians, as the emblem of the United States, and viewed by them with unusual interest. The bands played some stirring national airs and the whole occasion was fragrant with a flavor of patriotism.

Many vessels come and go from the port of Santos, carrying millions of sacks of coffee over the seas, destined for every market in the world. But never before had the inhabitants seen one of the trans-Atlantic liners lying in their port. The next morning, the tide was out and the great ship could be seen lying on the sand, with most of its black hull in view, reclining on its side. If the tide should fail to rise again, our good old ship would never get back to the ocean. But we know the law of nature is unchangeable; that on tomorrow the ebbing tide will flow again and buoy the now stranded boat down to the sea. No one was alarmed at the situation, for our faith is based on the knowledge that tides, like the sun and all his satellites, never vary from Nature's schedule.

Santos has a population of 60,000 and many attractive residences with pleasing surroundings. Many large traders in coffee have immense warehouses there.

We came to Sao Paulo by rail, from Santos. First, the train speeded along the shores of the harbor, and then back from the water, ten miles or more over level land, to the base of that rugged mountain range that lies along the eastern coast of Brazil; then we proceeded, with added motive power, to climb up through the valleys and around the hills to the regions of mist, where the clouds were touching the rocks and the fog was keeping away the rays of the sun and glooming the sky.

The one who first conceived the project, and persuaded capitalists to furnish the means to undertake the building of a road like this, certainly is deserving of great credit. And the engineer, whose skill carried it to successful completion, should have a monument by the wayside, standing at or near the highest point of the road. The vast sum required to build the road was furnished from London. It is a good investment, and the English now own the road.

Four cable power houses, seemingly hanging on mountain sides, at places where the road is so steep that it requires a stationary engine and a two-inch wire cable to assist the train of cars up and down some very dangerous inclines. Many millions of dollars were surely required to bridge these precipices, level the rocks, cut ledges in the mountain sides and tunnel the towering peaks. Millions more must have been spent in masonry to protect the road from falling timber and sliding rocks that hang on the sides of the mountains, high above the way; and to control the water, that

NATIVES OF SANTOS—A STATE IN BRAZIL.

at many times comes roaring down the slopes, from damaging the road or washing the tracks away. It was raining while we were coming up the mountains, as it had most of the night before. We could see the dashing water leaping from rock to rock, and we could hear the music of its roar as it was splashing downward on its journey to the sea, from whence it had been gathered by the mists and wafted by the winds into the clouds that were hanging around us, above us, and "pouring their garnered fullness down." Several times, the train passed along on the edge and around deep and fearful ravines—the abyssmal view of which is dreadful to behold. Clouds were floating in the valleys below us, and beneath them we could see the bright sun shining.

Words cannot describe what the eye may see, on a trip over this wonderful mountain road. Nor will I soon forget how the scenes changed when we reached the table lands that lie here so near, and yet so high above the sea. Instead of the frightful precipices and awful frowning rocks, we saw green meadows and cultivated land. Cattle and sheep were grazing on the pastures and corn was growing in the fields. To me, it seemed a little queer that the green corn was ready for the boiling pot in the month of February.

Not unlike North America, its sister continent of the New World, this country has its rugged mountains, vast plains, rich valleys and fertile fields. But South America has much of the Equatorial regions within its limits; and, consequently,

the average climate is warmer than in North America.

It was nearly noon-time, when our train—minus two powerful engines that had gone back down the mountain to assist the next train up—reached this beautiful city. The clouds had cleared away; the sun shone brightly and the breezes were delightfully cool as we entered this charming place.

We found here a grand railroad station, as clean and well arranged as any I have ever seen, perfectly in keeping with all the surroundings of an up-to-date capital city. Sao Paulo (St. Paul), which is the second city of Brazil, is one of the richest of South America, and has a population of 300,000.

There are many imposing public buildings in this city. The municipal theater is a grand structure, their college is fine and beautiful, and the museum, a large and very interesting place. The state (also named Sau Paulo), has erected here a magnificent capitol building and other state houses; which, together with the many fine residences scattered over the city, display as much architectural skill as I have ever seen anywhere.

There are many most beautiful drives through the residence districts, where one may see hundreds of elegant homes, standing in spacious grounds, amid cultivated shrubbery, and just elevated enough to harmonize with the picturesque surroundings.

No landscape painter can make an adequate picture, nor can words portray the beauty that crowns the gentle hills of this unrivaled South American city. It is rich—made fabulously rich by

the coffee that grows on the vast rolling plains of this great state, which is the most important "commonwealth" of all the united states of Brazil, and is large enough in area to make four states the size of our own great state of Ohio.

When you are informed that three-fourths of all the coffee grown in the world is grown in this state, and that most of it can only reach the sea by passing down this mountain road to Santos, the port where the ships come to get that valuable product and carry it on the sea everywhere that ships can go—do you wonder then that Santos is known as the world's "Coffee Cup?"

What an opportunity for the Republic of Brazil to raise her revenues to support her government. At the port of Santos, alone, untold millions of dollars can be collected by an export tariff on coffee. And no difference how high the duty, the coffee drinkers of the world would have to pay it—and they surely would. The same opportunity for them obtains as regards the great rubber product, which is almost entirely controlled by the Brazilians.

One cannot be surprised at the wealth and beauty of this capital city, when nature has favored its state, not only with an inexhaustible product that the people of the world demand—and come over every sea to obtain it at any price—but also a climate that rivals the one that glows over the fair land of old Italy, which I have seen in every season of the year. And I can truthfully say, that for cleanliness, artistic beauty and general hospitality of the people, it, in my judgment as a visitor,

excels the far-famed old city of the French. It is true that Paris is renowned in its history and rich in ancient trophies, but Sao Paulo is admired by the traveler for its youthful beauty and the kindness of its people to the stranger.

I have been of the opinion that the continent of South America is divided into many, small, so-called republics, and like Mexico, they had a dictator for president. I have learned that I am very wrong. The united states of Brazil is alone large enough in area to cover all the territory of our United States, and have enough remaining to make four states the size of New York. It occupies over three million square miles, and touches every country on the South American continent except Chile. It has 5,000 miles of shore and between forty and fifty sea-ports. It has more navigable rivers than any other country. Brazil alone has 10,000 miles of waterways for large steamers and 20,000 miles additional are open for lighter craft.

The dominant race is the Portuguese. However, like the United States, the people have come from nearly every nation of the earth. Early in the 16th century the Portuguese emigrated to the New World in large numbers and established their language and the Roman Catholic religion in Brazil, and ever since the Latin Catholics have held sway, and the Portuguese tongue has prevailed.

For awhile Spain held the colony, and for sometime Holland controlled them. But after nearly a century it was restored to Portugal, the mother country, and so remained until the militant spirit

of the restless Napoleon drove the reigning family out of Portugal, in 1808, when they resorted to their prosperous colony and established a monarchy here.

In 1822—at about the same time that Mexico secured its independence from Spain—the people of Brazil became independent of Portugal and established a monarchy of their own. Dom Pedro, an available young prince of their mother country, and a member of the renowned old Bourbon family, long so prominent in the Latin races of Europe, was declared the first Emperor of the new and independent country of Brazil.

Pedro II., born at Rio de Janeiro, 1825, son of Pedro I., was crowned emperor in 1841. His reign of nearly half a century was good; especially if we consider the spirit of that age, when so much difficulty was encountered in building up a new nation on the continent of South America. Revolutions were attempted by some of his dissatisfied provinces and several rebellions took place during his reign; some of which were not easy to suppress. Wars with neighboring countries were not infrequent; but from all of them he emerged, as a devoted ruler of his own country, with a clean and patriotic record.

In one respect, Pedro the Second and the Brazilian people have put our own country to shame. Like the United States, they were also cursed with the institution of African slavery; but unlike us, they proceeded to manumit the colored man from his inherited bondage by sane and reasonable methods, less destructive and more humane. No fra-

tricidal war was necessary; the transition was made without friction or turmoil. This fact will forever stand in history as a monument to the good sense and mercy of the Brazilian people.

It was in 1871, (not long after our civil war,) that the government of Brazil passed the law for the gradual abolition of slavery, which was finally accomplished, after a remarkable popular movement, in May, 1888.

Could we have done as well, in only one decade before, how many of our people in the pride of their young manhood would have been spared to their families and to the nation? How many, in that awful conflict, lost their physical perfection and were compelled to go through life robbed of all that is dear to man, join the halt and the lame, and perhaps die a premature death—could have lived and spent the life that God intended for them? With us, at that time, conditions were even better than in South America. Our spirit of tolerance and business sense, so noted in every section of our country, lost its significance and its virtue in the heated strife of brothers that preceded that most cruel and unnecessary war between the children in the house of their fathers, the great Federal Union.

Wisdom did not prevail by the firesides of our people. The thoughtful were not able to stay the storm of madness and "the dogs of war" were let loose. Bitterly have we atoned for our madness. The better way to the same result was open to us as a people; but the demon of hate beckoned us on

to another road—so terrible in the destruction of life and property, that the present generation can not realize the suffering or estimate the loss that our country endured in pursuing that horrible way. Financially, our great country has recovered. After half a century, fraternal feeling is getting back to where it use to be; but the scars of the wounded, death only can remove.

For nearly half a century, Pedro II, and the last, was the respected ruler of Brazil. He grew old in the service of his country and physically weaker in the latter years of his reign. He visited Europe in 1871, and again in 1872. He traveled in the United States in 1876, passing thence to Egypt and Palestine. In each case he traveled as a private gentleman; and during his absence, his daughter, the princess Izabel, acted as regent. While in Europe the third time, with the princess in charge of his government, dissatisfaction crept into the council of state. On his return home, he found that a revolution was in progress and the principal movers were the army officers. It was not difficult for him to realize that a Republic was about to take the place of the Empire, and that his power as a ruler was near its end. In 1889, he was forced to resign and was immediately sent to Europe. The year previous, the abolition of slavery was accomplished without friction. The tearing down of the Empire and the building up of a Republic was done, only one year later, in peace and without a drop of bloodshed. Truly, this is a remarkable exhibition of the most advanced civili-

zation that the world has ever seen. Much credit is due for the peaceful manner in which the white-haired old ruler gave up his Empire to please the people he loved so well.

I am told it was a pathetic scene, when, with his family, he went on board the ship which was to carry him away from his native country to a foreign land, never again to return and see his friends and companions or visit the place of his birth—the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro and the capital of his lost Empire. His wife, the ex-empress, died in Portugal that same year, and two years later, 1891, the last emperor of Brazil died in Paris.

After Dom Pedro lost the throne of Brazil, there was very little left of the Royal House of Bourbon, a prominent family, that originated in central France about one thousand years ago. At one time, nearly every throne of southern Europe was occupied by a Bourbon. The Louis's of France were of the House of Bourbon and a powerful branch of that family. Republics that sprang up in the many Spanish possessions depleted Bourbon thrones. Napoleon played havoc with their thrones in southern Europe. Alfonso, of Spain, is the only Bourbon I know of that has a throne; and the weak lights that flicker around it, seems to indicate that he may be the last of the Bourbons.

Tomorrow, we start for the little republic of Uruguay, called the Athens of South America. The literal meaning of the name is "I see a mountain." We expect to visit the charming capital of Brazil on our way northward, later on.

LETTER V.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

LAND OF FLOWERS, FRUIT AND CATTLE.—MEETING THE PRESIDENT.—DOLLARS AND CENTS LIKE OUR OWN.—AMERICANS MADE WELCOME.

Montevideo, Uruguay, February 20th, 1910.

PORTUGAL has one son in the Great West, and his name is Brazil. He is in the prime of his young manhood, rich and strong, and abundantly able to make a comfortable home for all his people in the parent country. That little old country, with its worn out land, with its government rent asunder by internal strife, has nothing now to offer its people except to assist them to seek new homes in the West and live among their kindred in the rich and new country of Brazil.

Spain has a number of children in South America and if all goes well with us, we will visit three of them ere we return to North America. We are now enjoying the hospitality of Uruguay, one of her fair young daughters, whose big brother, Argentina, dwells near by, and has grown rich and strong on the fertile plains of South America. Later on, I hope to visit their beautiful sister, who occupies that long and narrow slope lying between the almost impassable range of the Andes mountains and the Pacific ocean.

Uruguay is a delightful political division of South America. It is a land of fine flowers and fruits. Its trees vary from pine to palm. Its cattle ranches are famous. Its waving wheat fields bespeak prosperity, and its mountains yield gold, silver and copper. Though the smallest republic in South America, Uruguay is larger than our New England states. But it has only 1,200,000 people—all prosperous, I presume, for I have not seen a beggar in this country. The climate is mild, the land is well watered, and it has many thriving little towns like we see in our own western states. Surely a people so favored must be prosperous and happy.

Montevideo, this charming capital city, is called the "Athens of South America." In fact, it seems to me that it could well be called the "Paris of Uruguay," for the shops have a Parisian air, and the women one sees in their homes or on the streets are not unlike their well-attired sisters, who so profusely display their charm of dress on the other side of the sea in the well known old city of the French.

Yesterday, in the afternoon, we visited the national house of representatives. The president of the republic was engaged in the formal opening of their congress. The cavalry were out in full uniform, and made a fine display. The gaily dressed were promenading in the sunshine, strolling in the parks and sitting beneath the green trees. The street in front of the capitol building was filled with mounted police. Every thing in and around the

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president's office and legislative halls betokened an important occasion.

Some one on the outside, noticing that we were foreigners and strangers, secured an officer, who made a way for us to enter the building. While we were standing in the lobby, watching the proceedings, a gentleman in full dress stepped up and kindly asked us to meet the president—to whom we were introduced as visiting friends from North America. The president politely extended his right hand to each of us, saying, in broken English: "I am pleased to meet you and very glad to have you visit our country. Our people shall be kind and I hope your stay will be pleasant!" I had the honor of introducing John W. Riddle, of St. Paul, Minn., ex-ambassador from the United States to Russia, who chanced to arrive soon after.

We were invited to partake of their refreshments, and were served with delicious food, offered champagne and presented with a choice bouquet from the decorated tables.

It was not on account of class, caste or position that we, their unexpected guests, were so royally treated; it was because we were citizens of the United States, the great republic they so much admire and pattern after. In fact, in every successful republic in the world, (except France, perhaps), the people have drawn their inspiration from the glory of our own great republic. This is but one example, of the many, that a citizen of the United States will receive while sojourning in the country of nearly ever nation in the world.

The president impressed me as being a genial gentleman and quite democratic in his manner. It seems, the opening of their congress is quite an event for the people of this fine capital city. The people are fond of amusement, and every little event that takes place they throng the streets and public places in gay attire. They support an immense theater, which covers two acres of ground. Patti, Bernhardt, and other noted world stars have appeared in it. Like all the Latin countries, the municipalities or the general government own the cathedrals, zoological gardens, universities and other institutions of a public nature, and the little republic of Uruguay is no exception to the rule.

This country, unlike most of the republics of South America, has not only followed the United States in their mode of government, but they have adopted our monetary system. Their currency is in dollars and cents, just like our own, and is of the same intrinsic value; evidently based on gold and in keeping with all the first-class nations of the world. In this respect they have a great advantage over the other republics of South America; especially, over their big neighbor, Brazil. In all their financial dealing with other nations, the money of their country commands a premium and never suffers a discount anywhere. Nations are like individuals; a good credit is a good asset, and a strong arm in the business world. Those who do not aim to establish a good credit are ignorant of its value and can never be seen in the house of prosperity. Not striv-

ing or caring to be even with your fellow man robs one of the pleasure of doing business.

About everything in agriculture or horticulture, that thrives in Ohio, can be successfully grown in this country. I am told, however, that much less attention is paid here to improving the variety and quality than in the United States. Corn is a valuable product, but wheat is the great staple and many are the ships that come over the sea to carry it to the markets of Europe. I know it is cold at home, just now, for it always is in this month of February, so far on the north side of the Equator. But here, the markets are filled with cherries, ripe melons and a variety of fresh vegetables, such as we will have in Ohio six months from now, and when it will be winter here.

As one sees, here in Montevideo, the little mules struggling with loads that look impossible, towering above and over them on clumsy high wheeled cars, he is reminded of the way they do things in Spain and Italy. The characteristics these people brought with them, to a great extent, are in evidence on all sides. The customs, ways and peculiarities of the Latin races, who largely predominated in colonizing South America, are so very different from the Teutons or the Anglo-Saxons, who contributed so largely to the settlements of North America.

These black-eyed and black-haired people, with their stern and staring manner, remind me of their mother-country. Yet it is not old Spain, as I saw it a few years ago. It is a young republic, more in

keeping with democratic ideas and western progress. No tax commission—absorbing most of the earnings of the people—obtains here, as it does in the ill-governed land of their fathers. What a comfort it must be to many who yet remain in the old homes on the worn-out lands of Spain, to know that their sons and daughters are happy and prosperous in their new homes across the sea. But what a sad retrospect for them to realize the declining years of their dear old country.

The people of Spain are reminiscent now; like an old man, that nation lives in the past. Of course, they must take pleasure in the fact that their children are happy and prosperous in the New World. They realize that the power and wealth of their country has been declining for many years, but they take comfort from the records of history and live in the glory of the past. Their museums and show places are rich with the trophies that came to them while at the zenith of their power. I was very much impressed, while we were traveling in the old lands of the Spanish, a few years ago, at the pleasure those people took in showing us Americans the memorials of conquest—secured by them in the days when Christopher Columbus opened the way for Ferdinand and Isabella to enrich their thrones by the discoveries he made for them in the New World.

It was then that Spain grew great and powerful, and was envied by all the other powers. She was able then to stretch her hand over every sea and plant her flag on many lands. For a long time,

their children thrived on their new possessions and the head of the old family grew strong and great. In time, however, the government grew weak; those in power, and their administrators, forgot that governments were for the people and that they—the rulers—were only instruments of the government to feed the machine. Taxes were increased beyond reason, to satisfy the avarice of the ruling class; dishonesty crept into high places; the better people were unable to stay corruption and the colonies became rebellious. That condition was fatal for Spain; one colony after another secured its independence, and now there is little left, but weakness and decreptitude.

The departed glory of the Spaniard, and the sad ending of that once great power, is a forcible reminder that, sooner or later, all governments where justice is unheeded—where "grafters" are allowed to fill the places of trust, and where competency is not a requisite for public service—will meet the same sad fate.

Let our people be careful how we boast of our great country. In the land we love so well, there is danger about us and too much evidence that history may repeat itself. The wise will profit by the experience of the unfortunate, but the blind will fall in the same open pit.

I enjoy that consideration that comes to us in foreign lands, by reason of our country. There is much in store for the American traveler, not only to learn the various ways of the world, but to re-

ceive the kindest treatment and hospitality from the people of many nations who admire and respect our country.

LETTER VI.

PUNTA ARENAS, PATAGONIA.

MOST SOUTHERLY TOWN IN THE WORLD.—A COLD, DREARY, DESOLATE COUNTRY.—INCIDENT DURING VISIT OF U. S. NAVY.—CELEBRATING WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Punta Arenas, Patagonia,
February 25th, 1910.

SIXTEEN years ago, I was in Hammerfest, Norway, the most northerly town on the globe; now we are in Punta Arenas (meaning Sandy Point), the most southerly town in the world. Between the two are many thousand miles. When I was in Hammerfest, it was summer in the northern hemisphere. Although that city lies on the shores of the Arctic ocean and 70 degrees north of the equator, it was then warm and pleasant there. Now it is summer time here, and this town lies 15 degrees nearer the equator, yet the weather is cold and disagreeable.

All along these straits, bays and sounds, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, stand mountains covered with snow. Our ship sailed for nearly 300 miles among the islands and through the winding straits of Magellan. A few native Yahgans still live in these desolate regions, but they are only a remnant of the giant Patagonians, who were the only inhabitants here, when the Portugese and the Span-

ish commenced taking possession of their country. They are not a real savage race, but their civilization is very crude. In many respects, they remind me of the North American Indian, whose tribes will not increase unless their country is wild. We visited the large island of Tierra Del Fuego, and some of the lesser ones. We saw their wigwams, their crude fishing outfits and their hunting grounds. They prepare the skins of the animals that are peculiar to this country and offer the furs for sale to the travelers who chance to pass through these straits. It is with great difficulty that they procure sufficient food to enable them to subsist.

Some of us, yesterday, put on our overcoats and our heavy winterwear, and went up a valley, on a little half-built railroad, in open freight cars, to see a coal bank which is worth here about as much as a gold mine. With very poor facilities, a poor quality of coal was being mined from under the base of a mountain. But, nevertheless, it commands a high price from the sea-going steamers in this part of the world. Strange as it may seem, this coal mine enters under the mountain in a stratum of sea shells about four feet thick. We had passed up a heavy grade of nine or ten miles, and it must have been 1000 feet above the sea where we saw the shells. Without a doubt there was a time when these shells were on the bottom of the sea. What force it was that raised this mountain up from the deep waters of the ocean, we can only conjecture; and when it was that the awful struggle with gravity took place we will never know. We have reason

THE MOST SOUTHERN TOWN IN THE WORLD.

to surmise that, for inconceivable time, nature has been at work smoothing out the wrinkles on the globe and leveling down the rough places on the surface of our mother earth.

A little river runs down the valley, and we could see, as we were returning to our ship, men standing knee deep in the water, shoveling from the bottom of the river ground mixed with gold, which they separate by washing out the dirt. It seems like very cold work. But as these placer grounds afford "pay gravel," men endure the hardship for the money they can make.

A citizen of the United States, who was here at the time our fleet was passing through these straits on its tour around the globe, related an incident that occurred while the Argentine marines were making themselves agreeable to the men of our navy. The Argentine government sent a high naval officer with a man-of-war, to assist our fleet through this narrow, winding way to the Pacific ocean.

Of course there was some wining and dining by the officers of both navies. One evening, after dinner on board the Argentine war ship, where some of our seamen were being kindly entertained, quite a heated discussion arose as to the merits or demerits of the navies of various countries. One of our seamen, overheated with too much South American champagne, so lost for the instant his good training and better judgment, as to strike one of the men of the entertaining ship.

Admiral Evans, who was confined to his room with rheumatism, was not present, but was inform-

ed the next morning of what took place at the banquet, and was sorely vexed at such an inexcusable breach of proper conduct. "I am mortified," said the Admiral; and a council of officers was called at once, when it was decided that nothing short of a complete apology could atone for such a humiliating and unpardonable act.

A few days later, the Argentine naval commander came on board the American flag-ship and asked to see Admiral Evans. He was told that the Admiral was so sick that he had not seen any one for a number of days, but that he should step into the Admiral's chamber, where he said: "Admiral, I am very sorry to see you sick, and sincerely hope you will soon be better. I came myself to tell you that I received your apology, also that I made a rigid investigation and could find no evidence that the occurrence to which your communication refers ever took place. I have come to say to you in person and return to you the written apology, and to assure you that absolutely nothing, on the part of your gallant American seamen, occurred to mar the pleasure of our banquet."

Such evidence of friendship and politeness, certainly must have stirred the soul of our great Admiral, whose sense of justice had been so gallantly robbed of all its humiliation. The incident closed in the way, "That all is well that ends well." The only one really guilty, if any, was Mr. Sparkling Champagne, and to court martial him would have been a fruitless task.

Nearly 100 Argentineans, from Buenos Aires,

boarded our large German ship at Montevideo and came with us down here, the south end of their continent, where they are seeking cooler weather, and seem to be having a joyous time. Most of them speak the Spanish language. Some speak the French, but most of the passengers are Americans, and of course the leading language is the English tongue, even on board the German ship.

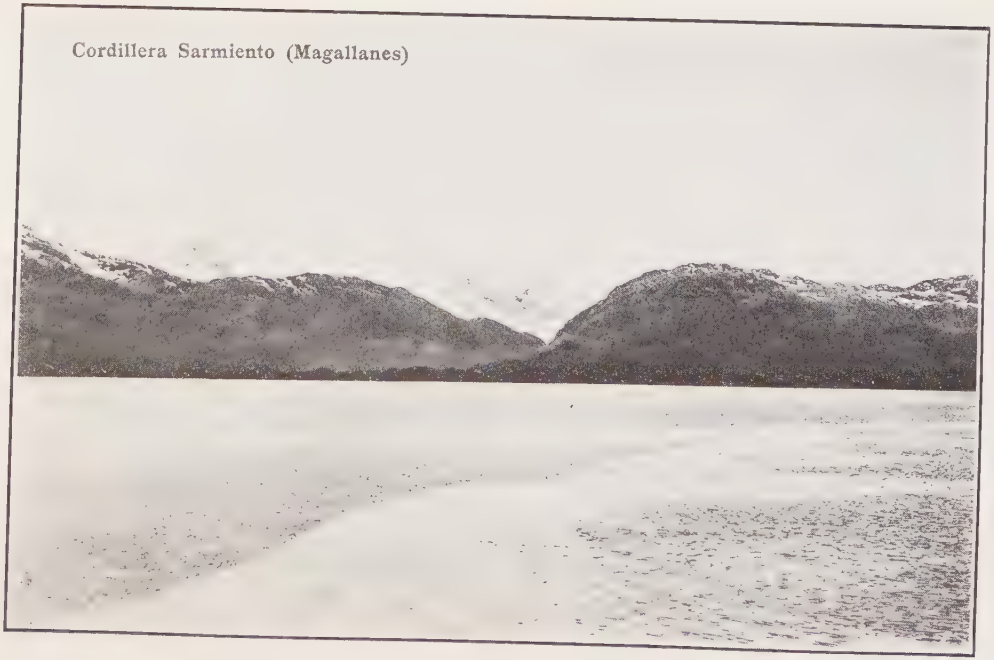
"Tomorrow," the captain said, "will be the 22nd of February. We will have a good dinner, decorate the dining saloon and have you North Americans celebrate the birthday of your great man, George Washington." To celebrate the birthday of him, who is acknowledged the father of a great country, by every first-class nation of the world, and that too on a foreign ship, where many friends of other nations were on board, was an opportunity long to be remembered.

Our German officers and stewards had their spacious and magnificent dining saloon profusely decorated. More than a thousand electric lamps added their light and beauty to the scene. Washington's bust occupied a conspicuous place and American flags were displayed in every conceivable nook and corner. Many bouquets and beautiful flowers adorned the tables, and all the waiters were in their holiday dress. It must have been a rare sight for the natives to see the great boat lying in the narrow strait, lighted to the top of the mast and from bow to stern.

After dinner, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. J. W. Himes, of Cohes, N. Y.,

speaking first, told the people from the other countries how the people of North America revere the name of George Washington; that his worth as a statesman, as a man, was even greater and grander than the victories he won at the head of the Colonial armies. His services at the formation of our constitutional government were of more real value to his countrymen than even the battles he fought in the struggle for independence. Others joined the celebration, and it soon became evident that there were quite an array of oratorical gentlemen on board.

The German people on board were enthusiastic in their friendly demonstrations. The captain spoke a little speech in the English, that he said was made in Germany. A fine looking South American gentleman, the editor of a large daily paper in Buenos Aires, made a very taking speech in the Spanish language. He said: "George Washington not only revolutionized the North American Colonies but he was the principal spirit in revolutionizing the whole civilized world. He modified monarchies, set the pace for free governments and made it possible for republics to come into existence and flourish all over the world. Many of the republics of South America have profited by the success of your country, our oldest brother, who blazed the way to freedom and individual liberty. We, of Argentine, will continue to revere the name of Washington and his compatriots for what they did for the rights of man. The history of the world, will never record brighter pages or more noble



MOUNT SARMIENTO—STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

deeds than those that were furnished by the North American revolution."

To hear our country lauded and our patriots praised, by every foreign friend who was with us in these wild and far away south lands, made me feel grateful to our noble ancestors who built for us a country that is admired and respected by every civilized nation in the world.

On the next afternoon, we had a very interesting lecture by a Catholic bishop, whose diocese extends over all of southern Patagonia and the adjacent islands that are lying around in the sea, where the Atlantic and Pacific join in one mighty ocean. The old Spanish bishop had labored among these people for more than thirty years, and had much to tell of the lives, customs and habits of these strange aborigines. A man must be truly good who will leave his friends and the comforts of a civilized home and spend the prime of his life in these desolate regions. I admire the man, for the sacrifice he has made of an unselfish life in the interest of humanity.

Our South American friends, of Buenos Aires, highly enjoyed the entertainment, which took place on board ship. I am glad they are with us, as they are representative people of that great city. The party is composed of well-dressed men and women, and pretty, dashing black-eyed girls, who sing, play and dance with grace and ease. One handsome young woman gave a delightful reading in French, while the great ship was plowing through the waves, and did it so well that even Madame

Bernhardt could not have done better. The life in a ship sailing on the high sea depends much on the sociability, character and disposition of the people on board. If they are exclusive and tinctured with caste, their cabins will be like prison cells. If they are lordly and dignified, they will sit alone and view the restless waters of the sea. And if they are sociable and pleasant, they will have a good time.

Like ourselves, these people are descendants of Europe, but mostly from Spain, and speak the Spanish language. Also like the people of North America, they have not retained all of their ancestral characteristics, but are typical of people in new countries who are progressive and free—not only free in a political sense, but free from that unholy birth-right caste—so dominating in the older countries of the world. It is true that the free and easy manners of the western people, of the newer lands, are not approved by the staid old countries of the east; but, nevertheless, the social function of the western people is not robbed of its popular pleasure, neither has it a tendency to keep the people down, but rather a wholesome influence to elevate the masses to a level and higher plain.

All over the surface of the earth, except in frozen regions of the poles, we may find members of the human family scattered everywhere. Many have had their lot cast in pleasant places; others, less fortunate, are natives of the dark and dismal parts of this mundane sphere. As the country, good or bad, makes the man accordingly, there is a long distance between the higher and lower degrees

NATIVES OF TIERRE DEL FUEGO—PATAGONIA.

of the human race. The wheels of evolution roll with more alacrity where the soil and climate are conducive to human development. Doubly blessed are they who are privileged to be dwellers in the rich and fertile states of North America. I wonder if our friends at home are able to appreciate the great blessings which they so fortunately inherited. Only by travel and contrast, and experience among many people far from home, will enable an American to fully realize the many advantages of his own great country.

We are now a little less than 5,000 miles south of the Equator. Although it is summer time here, the cold winds are blowing over the plains, and the hills are all covered with snow. A French ship, just returned from the icy fields in the regions of the South Pole, lies in the harbor here, badly crippled and partly covered with ice. The ship was fitted out by the French, a few years ago, and started on a journey to find the South Pole. The captain, with a few officers, came aboard our ship last evening, looking very care-worn and disappointed. The appearance of the officers and crew were not unlike their dilapidated craft that was lying in the quiet harbor near by. Our captain asked them to remain for dinner; after which, they told us that meal was the first that reminded them of civilization since their ship entered the ice-packs of the Antarctic ocean. They were expecting to make a few repairs at this point and then slowly make their way across the Atlantic to their home in France.

Tomorrow, our ship will change its course and sail northward. In seven days we expect to enter the harbor of Buenos Aires, the metropolis of South America, and the capital of Argentina. From there, some of us have arranged to cross the plains of Argentine and over the Andes to the Pacific coast.

LETTER VII.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE.

FINE COUNTRY FOR GRAZING AND WHEAT RAISING.—OVER THE ANDES.—FIND A FORMER MASSILLON CITIZEN.—VISIT VALPARAISO.

Santiago de Chile, March 10th, 1910.

THIS city is the capital of Chile, and is the largest place on the Pacific coast, except San Francisco, in North America.

It was on the morning of March the 4th that we, with a number of other passengers, of the S. S. "Bleucher," took a special train at Buenos Aires and proceeded to travel by rail over the plains of northern Argentine. I was glad to change, for a while, to land travel, but we did not have the dustless air to breathe that is so delightful on the sea. Rains are not infrequent on those level lands; but in late summer it is like August time in Ohio, and we encountered on part of the way, between the Atlantic ocean and the mountains, a very penetrating dust.

For nearly a thousand miles, our train speeded over a curveless railroad and as level as the sea. I viewed with great interest the countless numbers of sheep, cattle and horses that were grazing on the pastures. As far as one could see, on either side of the road, the lands were covered with live stock.

At places, ostriches in great numbers could also be seen on the green sward of an apparently endless

plain. Their long strides, juking heads and crooked necks made a queer sight among the animals. These giant, vain and ugly birds were strutting around as if they were the lords of all the fowl creation—seemingly proud of the fact that the feathers they shed are eagerly sought for in the markets of the world. As to their real value, only a fashionable lady can answer.

I saw large fields of corn (maize), but not such corn as we grow in the United States. It is planted thickly at the time the ground is plowed, after which it receives no further cultivation. It grows wild, so to speak, on those fertile lands. Of course, the small per cent that is cultivated, produce large ears which they husk and use as grain. Usually, before it is ripe, the stock is turned in to fatten on the green corn. Being closely planted and not cultivated the stalks are tender and the ears are small.

The people who own those lands are the few; they secured them in early days, and they are the millionaires of this fast-growing country now. Nearly all the meat that supplies the markets of western Europe is produced so cheaply in the Republic of Argentine that I know of no place that can compete. It is a great source of wealth for that country, and the people who are the owners of those vast plains have princely incomes.

That country is also a great wheat country; nowhere on earth does that grain thrive better than on the soil of Argentine. The harvest was over, the threshing was mostly done, and all we could see as we passed through was the stacks of straw and

stubble fields. Ships are being loaded now; some are already on the high seas carrying the new wheat to the hungry hordes of the old world. For hundreds of miles, the lands are dotted with stacks of hay; not a barn did I see. The weather is so mild, that even in winter time the stock is not in need of shelter.

I never will be able to realize the magnitude of those vast plains, or conceive the numberless domestic animals that are born, raised and murdered in South America—to appease the carnivorous appetites of us human beings, or to satiate that cannibal-like desire of human nature, for one animal to feed upon the flesh of another.

In the morning of the second day, the sun rose beautifully. The air was void of dust, and delightfully cool. The horses, seemingly wild, were scampering on the plain. The cattle were resting on the green sward and quietly chewing their cuds. As we approached nearer the mountain regions, more trees hove in sight attracting the birds and adorning the landscape. The enjoyment of that morning journey, amid those scenes of a pure rural life, I never can forget. It was about the middle of the forenoon, when we came in sight of Mendoza, a beautiful little city in the midst of miles and miles of vineyards, all ladened with the most delicious grapes. At luncheon, a great quantity of that fruit was on our dining-tables, fresh from the vines; and, I must say, that I never ate of more delicious grapes in my life. The truth of this assertion is attested by the fact that when our party had finished their luncheon, every grape had disappeared.

Mendoza lies near the foot hills of the giant Andes mountain range. It is the place where we leave our special train and take little narrow gauge cars on the mountain-climbing railroad.

It was about the middle of the day, when the two little engines proceeded to climb the eastern side of that terrible mountain range. For several hours our "iron horses" puffed along the way, as they proceeded upward by the side of a dashing mountain river, that flows downward, and roars through a winding way. We passed through tunnels, over high bridges, crossed dangerous chasms and along terraces which hang like shelves on the sides of the mountains. The trip is very interesting and our journey entertaining; but O! what a contrast; the day before we were gliding over the level plains, amid the green fields on fertile lands; the day after, our train was slowly passing between the rugged mountain peaks and over barren rocks.

Late in the day, our little train reached the end of its road, about three hours late of the schedule time. There we saw, near by, the top of Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the western hemisphere, nearly 24,000 feet above the level of the sea and white with that mantle of snow that never melts. All around us were many other peaks covered with snow, some had glaciers and large fields of ice hanging on their sides. Blasts of cold winds blew down through the pass, and we shivered as we stood in the sunshine, although we were warmly clad.

The summit of the pass was two thousand feet above us, and over it we must go ere the sun-light

IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS.

leaves us, for the road down on the Chilean side is very dangerous after dark. Some of us on wagons, drawn by four sure-footed horses, and others on mules, we made all possible haste to reach the top. Over a zigzag path, steep and risky, we hurried on and upward. Just as the rolling old earth was turning away from the sun, we reached the highest point on our way, the top of the pass, and the boundary line between Argentine and Chile, where stands the noted monument on which the figure of Christ proclaims peace to the two Republics forever. It was placed there by mutual consent to mark the boundary line over which their contention for a long time caused much trouble and war. It is very appropriate, indeed, that the Prince of Peace should represent the good feeling that now exists between these two kindred nations. The fact that Argentine and Chile are both Christian nations; the statue of Christ standing between them in the attitude of counseling peace and good will, keeps intact a sentiment of great worth to all the people concerned.

The chilly winds and approaching night, made us all feel that we should not tarry long at this historic place. Down another steep and dangerous zigzag way, the faithful horses went at a lively gait and soon brought us to the station of another narrow gauge railroad, on the Chilean side of the mountain range, where a train of four little cars had been waiting for several hours to convey our belated party to Los Andes, which town lies 9,000 feet lower at the base of the mountains. It was 10

o'clock at night, when our little train arrived there. We were hungry and tired, and very much in need of rest. Being three hours late our dinner was delayed at the Los Andes hotel until nearly 11 o'clock that night. No provision was made for us to remain for the night; but a special train was provided, on the wide-gauge state railroad, with fine large coaches, (built in the United States,) to convey our party here, where we arrived at three o'clock on Sunday morning, five hours later than the scheduled time. The Grand and other good hotels were prepared to receive the North American travelers, who were expected to arrive early in the evening, so none of our party had any trouble to secure excellent accommodations. After a strenuous day in the mountains, and most of the night in weary travel, I was glad to share in the comforts of this good hotel.

The mountains of South America are more lofty, but not so rocky as those in North America. Some of our party experienced much difficulty, as we were coming over the pass a few days ago, in getting sufficient oxygen, in the rarified air, to enable them to breath easily; in fact, two persons fainted and several were quite ill on account of the altitude. Any person with a weak heart should never attempt to cross there. Before another year passes, a tunnel will be completed through the mountain, 2,000 feet below that pass, which will enable travelers to cross the continent, from ocean to ocean, on a steam railway without changing cars.

A little incident occurred, while we were cross-

NATIVES OF ARGENTINA, SOUTH AMERICA.

ing the Andes, personal to myself, which surprised me greatly. As we were proceeding with the aid of horses and their native Indian drivers, high up among the mountain peaks, a stranger—looking very much like our noted scout, "Buffalo Bill"—stepped up to me and said, "Why, Johnson Sherrick; what are you doing here in this God-forsaken place?" With a keen eye he looked at me, waiting my reply. I was slow to speak. "Are you not Johnson Sherrick?" said he. "That is my name," said I; "but I really don't know you." "Can't you remember that young man McMillan that sold you folks powder in Canton years ago?" I could not remember him; but, nevertheless, I asked him how long he lived in South America and what he was doing here. He told me that he had charge of that caravan and was engaged in taking people over the mountains beyond the reach of railroads.

I do not know that his right name is McMillan, but I do know that he withheld from me all such information of his friends and relatives in the States of North America that might lead to the discovery of his whereabouts. Perhaps he, like many others, who have found a refuge in South America, feels that his presence at home is not congenial just now. And it may be that he prefers just such a life as he finds there among those lonely and rugged mountains.

I was pleased to learn that, in this beautiful city of Santiago de Chile, there resides a fellow countryman, who was born and reared as near our home as the city of Massillon, Ohio. Taking a

carriage, I drove through the city for miles ere I succeeded in finding his home, which is more like the home of a Spaniard than the dwelling of an American. I was admitted by his daughter, who took me through a hall into an open court, where I found, amid the flowers and shrubbery, a little fountain of water playing in the sunshine. The young girl could not speak in English, but pointed to a door that stood open on the court, through which I entered and found my American friend, Mr. John Shertzer, resting on his couch. When I told him that I lived in Canton, Ohio, he was very pleased. He said, "Only one person have I seen from my boyhood home, since I left there forty years ago." I did not talk long with him before I realized that his was an eventful life. "Tell me," said I, "why did you never return to Ohio? I have traveled in many countries myself, and I have yet to find one, which, in every respect, is as good for an enterprising white man to live in as the United States of North America."

"I will tell you," said he. "When I left Massillon, I was not quite sixteen. My father was sending me to a school in Pittsburgh to learn civil engineering. In my mind there was not the remotest thought that I was leaving home never to return. From Pittsburgh I was sent to New York, to take some practical lessons there. Before I was of age, I engaged with a contractor to go to South America as an assistant engineer, in building a very difficult railroad through the mountains of Peru; in which country I remained for several years. Af-

ter the railroad was completed, I was employed by the Peruvian government to survey the Nitrate Mines. This valuable product is found native in enormous quantities in the rainless districts on the borders of Chile, whence the world's supply is obtained. Its chief uses are as a fertilizer and for the production of nitric acid and saltpeter.

The Peruvians disputed the Chilian line and considered a part of those very valuable mines as lying in their country. The Peruvians were driven off the mines by the Chilians, and we, (myself and my assistant engineer,) were captured. We were afterwards released, and told that if we were ever found again trespassing on their mines for the Peruvians, we would be executed.

"Finally, they resorted to war to settle the disputed boundary line. My assistant and I enlisted as army engineers in the Peruvian army, and were again taken prisoners by Chile. We were brought here and tried for violating our parole, and sentenced to be executed. Otherwise we would have been considered only prisoners of war. While in the prison awaiting our doom, my assistant, who was an Englishman, committed suicide. Fortunately for me, a member of the Chilean Senate learned of my woeful predicament and at once came to see me. I had gained his friendship some years before, and worked with him while constructing the Peruvian railroad. Through his influence, my sentence was commuted to imprisonment for an indefinite time. After the war with Peru had long ceased, and I had spent three years of unjust prison

life, my friend again appeared in my behalf, and interceded to have me transferred to the placer gold mines on the straits of Magellan. And soon after, I was set free and came back to this city. And I have been here ever since. My engineering skill has been of great service to me here. I have learned to like these people. I married a Chilean girl, and have five children and one little grand-daughter. All my interests are here. I am a naturalized citizen and doing well. My parents are not living. There is nothing now that appeals to me to return to the land of my birth."

Mr. Shertzer inquired about many with whom he was acquainted when a boy: M. C. Barber, Addison Renner, and others who are living, and some who have gone to the "silent beyond." He, like every man, must have a flickering interest in the place of his birth; although he may never see it again, the pleasures of his boyhood days can never be erased from the scroll of his memory.

I am pleased that I found a man like Mr. Shertzer, who knows so much about this great city, Chile and its people, who can speak the Spanish language, and of course our own, so well. He spent nearly all the time, while we were here, in making it pleasant, not only for me, but for all our party. We learned much of interest and saw a great deal more than we would have seen, had we not met our friend of North American birth.

Yesterday, we went down to the sea and spent a day in and around the historic old city of Valparaiso, the port for Chile, and the largest city on the

Chilena en traje de Mapuche.

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL CHILIAN WOMEN.

Pacific coast in South America Its name means, "Vale of Paradise." It occupies a high commanding position in a semi-circle around one of the finest and best harbors of South America. The city was founded more than two and a half centuries ago, and in that time many eventful periods have marked its history. Captured several times and its people preyed upon in its early history, ransacked in 1600 by the Dutch pirates and robbed of all available loot. Fires and terrible earthquakes devastated the city several times—the last one only a few years ago, closely following the San Francisco calamity. It came suddenly, and the quake was awful. Many large buildings tumbled down and fire followed in its wake. The day was like the night, for a black, inpenetrable smoke covered the city and shut out the sky. All the inhabitants were terror stricken and many perished beneath the tumbled down walls and others lost their lives by burning to death in the rubbish. Like San Francisco, it is rapidly being rebuilt. It is astonishing how soon business will resume, the wounded city recover and the dead, buried and forgot.

The climate is delightful in Valparaiso, the thermometer never goes higher than 85 degrees or lower than 42. I will always remember with pleasure my visit to that busy port, so charmingly located on the rocky heights, overlooking a beautiful land-locked bay on the coast of the great Pacific ocean.

Tomorrow, we expect to leave this interesting capital city of Santiago de Chile. In some respects,

it reminds me of our own capital city of Washington. Both same distance from the ocean. Santiago, however, lies 1,700 feet above the sea. Washington has its Capitol Hill; Santiago has its Santa Lucia. Santiago has its Plaza de Armas, a most beautiful park, in center of city faced by the Cathedral and other fine buildings. The Alameda is likened to the Pennsylvania avenue of Washington. The streets are kept clean, and all else has an air of a well kept city. The houses are like those we see in France, Spain and Italy.

This part of Chile is like California, blessed with a fine climate for the growing of fruit. The sweetest grapes and the most delicious peaches are ripe and plentiful. The big, red, lucious cherry is on sale, and the market is filled with fine, sweet melons fresh from the vines.

While the cold winds of March are whizzing through the branches of the leafless trees at home, we are enjoying the rare days like of June time in Ohio. By the time we expect to be again in Ohio the winter will be coming here.

This country is much out of shape. Owing to its long and slender stretch between the mountains and the sea, therefore, it has been facetiously called the "Shoestring Republic." Its extent of coast on the Pacific is twice as long as that of the United States, and its width is only from 100 to 250 miles. One great valley, extending for 500 miles between two long mountains, is a very fertile and prosperous strentch of country. The mountains send many short picturesque rivers dashing to the sea.

The Transandine railroad, owned and operated by British capital, has been fostered and encouraged by both Argentine and Chile, between which it forms a link of great importance. As a factor of communication and trade between these two prosperous nations, it has an inconceivable value.

After a visit to Vina Del Mar, one of the most popular seaside resorts of South America, we will proceed eastward, and again cross the Andes, on our way to the Atlantic coast. We expect to meet our German ship in the harbor of Buenos Aires; and from there, after a short stay, proceed to Rio de Janeiro, the beautiful capital of Brazil.

I regret that our stay is not longer in this country. I have not only learned to respect these people, but I admire them. I am glad that Mr. John Shertzer, my American friend whom I found here, is so happy and prosperous in this, his adopted home. I came as a stranger within their gates and they took me in with pleasure. Their kind treatment made me feel at ease and their hospitality betokened the very highest grade of civilization. They have impressed me as an advanced nation and a superior people. I never expect to visit this country again; but I will, as long as my memory lasts, never cease to revere the kind treatment I received at the hands of the Chilean people.

LETTER VIII.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA, AND RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

VAST COUNTRY WITH CLIMATE LIKE THE UNITED STATES.—MAGNIFICENT CITIES.—CORCOVADO, THE GREAT SHOW PLACE OF BRAZIL.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, March 25th, 1910.

AFTER spending two weeks in and about Buenos Aires—the New York of Argentine, and the metropolis of South America, we came by sea to the charming land-locked harbor of Rio de Janeiro, this far-famed and beautiful capital of Brazil.

Although Buenos Aires is in the "new western world," it is not well known by our people. It is the second largest Latin city on the earth. In area and population it exceeds all the cities of Spain and Italy. Only one Latin city in the world is larger, and that is Paris—the proud city of the French. Buenos Aires, is to the republic of Argentina what New York, Chicago and Washington City, combined, are to the United States of North America.

Like Chicago, it receives the live stock from the pampas of South America, where the green pasture grows wild and the bovine rove at will. The largest markets of Europe are supplied with meat from the slaughter and packing-houses of Buenos Aires. In its shipping facilities, its commercial acti-

Buenos-Aires Avenida de Mayo

vity and its export trade, it is like New York. At the head of the superb Mayo Avenue, facing the Plaza, imposingly stands the palace, the capitol and other fine government buildings, forcibly reminding me of our own capital city.

Argentina occupies about the same relative position in the Southern hemisphere that our country does in the Northern, consequently there are interesting similiarities of climate and products of the soil. The northern boundary of Argentina is about as far south of the equator as the southern boundary of the United States is north of the equator. The climate, in the regions about Buenos Aires, is like that of California. The great plains of Southern Argentina are like the wheat-growing states of Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Buenos Aires is progressing and growing rapidly and has back of it a great country yet undeveloped. Its population is now 1,200,000 and ere long it, no doubt, will rank among the most important cities of the world. We tarried two weeks in and about the busy city, and very much enjoyed the people as well as their unrivaled climate. There are many places worthy of note scattered in every part of the city, all indicating the progress of its enterprising inhabitants.

Dr. Cook, of North Pole fame, and W. J. Bryan, a well-known politician at home, were both in Buenos Aires while we were there. Dr. Cook assumed the name of Dr. Craig, but one of our fellow-travelers recognized him and compelled him to admit his right name. He is too great a faker to es-

cape detection, even in this country which is so far from his home. His picture appeared in the daily papers, next day, with kindly comments. One of the reporters, caught in the act of snapping his kodak on the doctor, received a severe blow from Mrs. Cook's umbrella. Mrs. Cook evidently did not enjoy the kind of notoriety the doctor was receiving.

Our embassador held a reception for Col. Bryan, to which Mrs. Sherrick and I were invited, but we were out on a long automobile ride at the time and could not conveniently be present.

One evening, at the Jockey club, I met Hon. N. A. Calro, a member of the Argentine congress, who was exceedingly kind and courteous. He told us that his wife's father lived in North America, and that he was always pleased to see any one from the United States. We learned from him that the following Sunday their presidential election would take place. The election is held on Sunday to favor the working men, they say, who have their leisure on that day and plenty of time to cast their ballot. The vote is cast for electors—as in our country—and they elect the president for a term of four years.

Their constitution and form of government is closely modeled after ours, but the people do not take the interest in politics or state affairs that our people do. The leaders—in some cases bosses—slate the ticket, the voters cast the ballot as per program and everybody seems content. However, if the minority are not content, these Latin races are quick to resort to war and destruction. This is un-

Jardim Botanico Rio de Janeiro

like the Anglo-Saxon people who have long since learned that if majorities are not permitted to rule, republics can not live and good government is impossible. Very often, in the United States, great problems of government divide the voters; the heated discussions preceding elections sometimes provoke ill feelings, but when the contest has ended and the peaceful, silent ballot has proclaimed the decision, the graceful acquiescence of the minority is the salvation and the glory of our great Republic—the most remarkable government on the earth. Only once, in the history of our country, did the minority resort to arms to settle a momentous controversity, the results of which were so dreadful that civilized man stood abashed before that awful tribunal. None are here now, who were actively engaged in that fraternal strife, except those who have long passed the zenith of life. In saddened memory, of the few yet living, still lingers the enormity of that dreadful carnage.

On the 14th of March, we left Buenos Aires, continuing our journey northward by water. Five days later, at sunrise, our ship passed in from the sea, through a strong fortified gateway, to the beautiful bay of Rio Janeiro, and the largest land-locked harbor in the world. For nearly an hour, I stood on the deck, enjoying the sun's first rays in the fresh air of the early morning.

More than once have I seen the far-famed bay of Naples in Italy, and many others that are noted for their grandeur and their beauty, but never have I seen a more charming place than this. Around the

shores encircling the bay, stand mountains towering 2,000 feet or more above the water, covered with green trees and shrubbery up to their peaks of naked rock. Many green little islands are scattered over the bay, and their shaftlike peaks are standing, apparently as sentinels, guarding the way to the inner harbor.

On the crescent shore lies the magnificent city where 800,000 or more people live, thrive and do business. When we landed from the water, we passed into a park with asphalt streets, fine walks and beautiful drive-ways for carriages, coaches and automobiles, at the very threshold of the busy city, which is so much unlike the landing places of other ports where the docks usually are the most uninviting section of the city. Not only the impression the traveler gets while entering this city from the sea is grand, but every succeeding impression is grander still.

Surely this is the Paris of South America, and is to Brazil what the Paris of Europe is to the people of France. Most of the retail business is done on wide avenues, smooth, clean and lined with beautiful green trees, like the boulevards of Paris. Great stone blocks and fine business houses, uniform in their character, charming in their architectural beauty, and free from dirt and soot, make it the most delightful city that I have ever seen. As one follows the pedestrian way, over mosaic paved sidewalks, beneath the shading curb-stone trees, sees the automobiles speeding by and buzzing over perfect streets, especially the famous Avenida Cen-

Avenida do Mangu
Rio de Janeiro

tral, he will be entertained as he never was before. The great bay, the charming harbor, the beautiful city, all framed by the green hills and the grand mountains that surround them, make a glorious picture, especially for those who admire the beauties of nature.

From the bay, back to the foothills and up the mountain slopes, the city finds its way. On every nook, corner or terrace available for a house, someone has built a home. Over ancient highways, the work of centuries, now speed electric cars winding their way amid the foliage and rocks, up and down the mountain sides, serving the people who have their homes on the picturesque bluffs overlooking the beautiful city.

A few days ago, we had a very entertaining automobile ride in the country with a 50-horsepower French machine. For many miles, we were on roads high above the city among the wooded mountains. At places, the foliage is so dense that the shades of night seemed near; at other places, we could see down through the deep ravines to water and plain lying in the hazy summer sunshine far below. Up and down some very steep grades the machine nobly did its work.

There are sections of the road very narrow and dangerous, with a towering mountain on the one side and a yawning precipice on the other. It looked fearful. A break in the steering gear would have dashed the car over the brink to the rocks a thousand feet below. I must confess that I was much less at ease than if I had been speeding over the

level mud roads of Stark County in the mountainless state of Ohio. I learned, not long after, that an automobile, with three occupants, went over at one of these dangerous places and was dashed to the rocks far below. About half way down, the machine turned and one woman was caught in the branches of a tree, from whence she was rescued and her life saved; the others, less fortunate, perished in the wreck.

We had a glorious day in the mountains; in the morning it rained, but the bright sunshine in the afternoon made the day exceedingly pleasant. From one high point we had a grand view of the open country; in the distance appeared the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro; the winding river lay like a silver thread in the valley, and the hazy view of the landscape, spread out like a map far below us, made a grand panorama.

After resting awhile at a mountain inn, we came down to the level lands, and then for an hour, along a charming country road, we enjoyed the vine-covered houses of the peasant's homes. This road leads along by the base of the mountains, where tropical vegetation is luxuriant, where the wild flowers bespangle the shrubbery and vines entangle the trees. The clouds had passed and cleared the sky, the air was filled with odor of flowers, but we were near the end of that day's journey and had to hasten back to the city. After going a few miles, our automobile came to a fine boulevard, which half encircles the beautiful bay, leading into the city. Our, no doubt, tired chauffeur was anxious to get to

Enseada de Botafogo Rio de Janeiro
D 20

his home, so with renewed speed the machine seemed to fly along the water and over the grand way to the city.

The next day, quite early in the morning, we got on a cog-wheel, mountain-climbing electric car and ascended to the peak of Corcovado, the greatest show place in Brazil. The car was well loaded and made slow progress up the steep and winding road. The hideous chasms near the track were shut out from our view by the dense foliage that covers the ground. All the way along that steep and dangerous incline, there was nothing between us and eternity, but links of steel and a doubtful safety-brake; but, nevertheless, the ride was intensely interesting. There are two stations on the way, where passengers may alight and tarry awhile, located in choice places and provided with little inns. These are delightfully cool places to stop, enjoy the beautiful views and be refreshed.

After a few hours, another car came along and we proceeded onward and upward. In a little while, the trees and foliage disappeared; we had reached the open space and were nearing the mountain's top. Here we could look down on all sides and see the few fleecy clouds that were floating between us and the river valley. Slowly and carefully the car approached the end of the line, where we all dismounted and proceeded to climb a steep, winding stairway, cut out of the rock, and leading to the very top of the peak. A little iron pavilion crowns the highest point for a lookout. As there were no clouds below us at the time, we could see a glor-

ious panorama of water, plain and city far down. As I viewed the queer scenes so far below, I was reminded of looking down from a balloon basket when 3,000 feet high. Not long ago, I stood in a basket, hanging to a gas bag, 9,000 feet in the air; at that altitude, no scenes of any kind appeared below, for the earth was out of sight.

We came down from the mountain over the same incline, the motor of our car fighting gravity all the way. The day was well spent; we had a most interesting but strenuous time, all that day. In fact ever since we came—about a week ago—we have had a delightful time in and about this beautiful city.

It is now over four centuries since a Portuguese navigator entered on the waters of this bay; it was in January, 1502, (the warmest month of the year in Brazil). Believing that he had discovered the mouth of a great river, he named it Rio de Janeiro, meaning in our language, River of January.

This evening, we will sail again, northward and homeward, stopping for a short visit in Pernambuco, the oldest city in the "new world," and the last place we expect to land from the sea in South America. We are yet nearly 6,000 miles from home and have the blistering torrid zone to cross again ere we see the shores of North America.

The countries are so vast and the distances so far between the principal places that, in three months, I could observe and learn but a small proportion of what is worthy of note in these most interesting countries. This part of the world is

Corcovado Rio de Janeiro

greatly wanting in many of the natural products that we in North America are blessed with. As yet they have not developed iron ore, coal, oil or natural gas. A country that imports its coal for heat and power will not rival the U. S. A., even if we have to come here to purchase their coffee and rubber.

I am very fond of visiting in far away places and among strange people—to see and take note of how things are done in other parts of this world—and then come home and feel gladder than ever that I am a citizen of and live in the United States of America.

LETTER IX.

TRINIDAD AND JAMAICA.

PARROTS AND MONKEYS LAST PURCHASES IN BRAZIL.—TRINIDAD LAND OF WONDERS.—KINGSTON, UNFORTUNATE CITY.—LANDS THAT COLUMBUS FIRST SAW.

Kingston, Jamaica, April 9th, 1910.

ABOUT one-half a month ago, our ship raised anchor in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and, just before sunset, sailed down the bay, passed the fortified entrance, and, as the dark shades of night were falling on the waters, we were again riding the billows of the deep and restless sea. The swell of the ocean and the ills of the sea go together when the waves run high. That night the stars were out of sight, for the mists hung dark and low. The strong winds stirred the water, and the great waves thundered against the staunch boat. All mirth on board had vanished, nothing was heard but the roar of the wind and the lashing water. All, outside the confines of the ship, was shrouded in the darkness of night. Fear stole in upon the passengers, more or less, as they felt how helpless they were. There was no comfort on deck, so we repaired to our cabins and were rocked to sleep by the waves of a turbulent sea.

HINDOO BISHOP—WEST INDIES.

Next morning, the smiling sun cast his radiant beams over a quiet water; the pure air, stirred by a gentle breeze, was as perfect as nature ever made it. And it was pleasant again to be sailing on the sea. Our experience on the dark, rough water that night was compensated for by the beauty and glory of the following day.

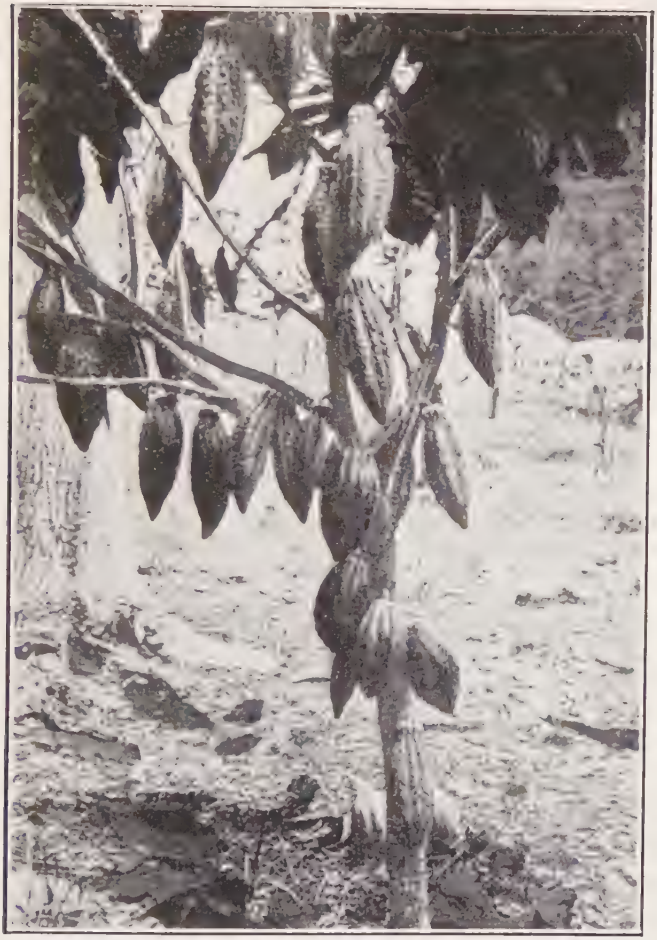
On the 28th of March, our boat anchored in the outer harbor of Recife, a city and seaport of Brazil, capital of the state of Pernambuco, and an old city of nearly 200,000 people. It lies at the mouth of two rivers which unite to form a lagoon inside the sea beach. Many bridges lead to islands and span the rivers that flow from the higher grounds down through the city on their way to the sea. The waters are generally very turbulent in and around that harbor. At times, the seamen find it impossible to transfer the passengers to lighter boats and reach the landing in safety. We were favored with a quiet and beautiful morning. Barring the torrid sun and the debilitating humidity of the atmosphere, we had a very interesting and pleasant day in that queer old town; not old as compared with the cities of the Orient; but, as it was settled more than a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock, we call it old in the new world.

Some of the larger buildings and the oldest, remind me of Holland, constructed, no doubt, during the Dutch occupation many years ago. Other buildings are of the Portuguese type, usually plain, low and strong, made of broken stone and mortar, plastered on the outside and colored. The climate, of

course, is hot in Pernambuco, but agreeably tempered by the trade winds.

The port of Recife is important, not only for Brazil but for all of South America, on account of its proximity to Europe and its convenience as a landing place for two Trans-Atlantic and one coastwise cable lines. Ships going around the east shoulder of the continent find it convenient to stop at that port, where they may communicate by wire to all the civilized parts of the world. It is only in recent years that the navigators of these endless seas are able to keep in touch with their home countries. In the endless fields of space, scientists have found an unseen force, which properly equipped will carry messages on the wings of lightning; or if scientifically harnessed, will furnish light and power for man. And now comes wireless telegraphy, a wonderful improvement for more safety on the water, and a great factor in securing help in case of accident on the sea. The men of genius who have smoothed the roads for the wheels of progress, deserve great praise; but those, who by their inventive skill, have brought forth the great life-saving devices, deserve the undying gratitude of all their fellow beings.

Realizing that our cruise had reached its last stopping place in South America, nearly every passenger and some of the crew went ashore that day. Most of them were bent on making a purchase of some kind in that unique city and taking it with them to their homes. When it was learned in the city that a ship load of foreigners from North Amer-



BEARING COCOA TREE. ISLAND OF JAMAICA—
WEST INDIES.

ica and Europe were anchored in their harbor, the vendors of parrots and monkeys came by the score. The traders in monkeys did not do well, but the parrot sellers had a harvest that day. When the time came for the boat to sail, the rear upper deck was full of singing birds and talking parrots. The birds seemed frightened at the strange people and new surroundings, and they would not sing. The parrots were unlearned in English and their Portuguese jargon was incomprehensible to all of us. The parrot thrives best in the regions of the equator, for they are purely a tropical bird. They vary in color, and also in size. We saw them in their fine, variegated dress, decorated all the way from a pea green to a brilliant red, and some of them are three times as large as any I ever saw in the United States. I fear many of these tropical birds, and also the monkeys on board, will not survive the change of climate; many have already died and we are not quite 20 degrees north of the equator, and will have to go 20 degrees further north ere we get to New York.

It took our ship seven days, after we left Pernambuco, to cross over the equator and sail 1,000 miles to the beautiful island of Trinidad, which lies about 600 miles north of the equator and was the next stopping place on our way home.

We took our final departure from the South American continent on the 29th of March, sailed into the Northern Hemisphere on the first day of April, 1910.

At the Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad Island, we had a delightful little stay. This charm-

ing city of 60,000 inhabitants occupies a semi-circular plain with a background of beautiful hills. The residential parts of the city and the suburbs are very attractive. On the outskirts of the city is a wide stretch of green. In a circle around this "level mead," are beautiful villas standing in brilliant gardens made gorgeous by the bright hues of tropical blossoms.

There are about 100,000 East Indians on the island who retain their Oriental costumes and quaint religious rites. They congregate in a suburb called Coolie town. There the women, with rings on their toes, squat on the ground before baskets of yams, bananas, pineapples and oranges, and in the blistering sunshine sit and wait for their patrons.

There are many islands in the West Indies, and Trinidad is the most southerly of them all. It lies close to the Spanish Main, being but a detached fragment of Venezuela. Columbus, noticing the "Three Sisters" (mountain peaks), named the island La Trinidad after the Holy Trinity.

The local historian said: "Trinidad is indeed a land of wonders. We have lakes of pitch, streams of tar, oysters growing on trees and crabs that climb and feed in fruit trees. We have fish that are clad in suits of armor and others that entertain us with the trumpet." Columbus spoke of the oysters that grew on Mango trees, near the water's edge, and were left high and dry by the receding tides.

The island is about 50 miles square and very fertile. More than 300,000 people dwell on that

TOURISTS, VISITING ASPHALT LAKE—TRINIDAD, WEST INDIES.

very valuable island. The English have controlled it for more than a hundred years; the merchants sell dry goods at London prices, no tariff wall surrounds that place and our American ladies were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. Much of their trade is from off the sea. The traveler who stops there to rest, will not only find Trinidad an interesting and beautiful island, but will find Port of Spain, its capital, a most excellent shopping place.

From Trinidad, it took our ship about three days to sail, nearly 500 miles over the Caribbean sea, to this unfortunate city of Kingston. I say unfortunate, for since the time of our revolution, 1776, it has been four times destroyed by fire and twice by terrible earthquakes; the one as recent as 1907, of which the rubbish of the wreck is not yet all cleared away. It is the chief port of Jamaica, the capital city of the island, and has a population of nearly 50,000, mostly negroes.

Jamaica lies 80 miles south of Cuba, is 144 miles long, 50 miles in extreme breadth, and has an area of more than 4,000 square miles. It is a possession of Great Britain and the largest island in the British West Indies with a population of nearly a million, of whom only about two per cent are white.

Two-thirds of the island is occupied by rich plateaus, a region of great beauty broken by innumerable hills and gentle sloping valleys, and covered with luxurious vegetation. The uplands usually terminate in steep slopes or bluffs, separated from the sea, in most cases, by a strip of level land. A moun-

tainous backbone runs through the island, forming a range of cloud-capped tops, whose passes vary in altitudes from three to four thousand feet. They culminate in Blue Mountain Peak, which extends skyward more than 7,300 feet.

Apparently, the West Indies are the summits of a submerged mountain chain. Geologists have said that the Caribbean sea was once a valley, but at the earth's convulsive age great upheavals took place; when seas were pushed up and the islands grew smaller. Had the wonderful power of nature forced the waters a few hundred feet higher, there would now be no occasion for building the Panama canal.

When Columbus got his idea that the earth was a globe, and that he could sail westward from Spain and reach old India, the learned men of Europe said it is a fool's notion; but, nevertheless, he discovered a few of these islands on his first voyage, and thinking they were the out-posts of well-known old India, he named them as islands of the West Indies. Although Columbus afterwards made several voyages to these new found islands and sailed along the coast of South America, he died without knowing that his voyage had opened up the way to two large continents, a New World, not know before, and that another ocean, larger than the one he had crossed, was lying still further on, over which he would have to sail ere he could reach Old India by sailing westward.

The West Indies proper, including all the islands in the different groups has as much land surface as two and one-half states like Ohio, support-

FINELY DRESSED COOLIE WOMAN OF THE WEST INDIES.

ing six and one-half millions of people. It was indeed fortunate for Spain that the Columbus expedidition was fitted out by their country. No expedition in the history of the world ever brought such great results as the one that discovered these rich and beautiful islands. Spain grew to affluence and power, and her exchequer was filled to overflowing with the treasures that came to her from the "New World." She then became a great nation to colonize, planting her flag, her language and her religion in the most charming places of the great new west, generally in the warmer sections of both the American Continents. On this, then virgin soil, their people thrived and their colonies grew to the manhood of state. I look around and about me; I see their religion, I hear their language, but their flag is not here now. I look just over the sea a little ways and I see Porto Rico (Rich Port); but the Stars and Stripes float there now, in the place of the Spanish flag. I look a little further to the north and I see the large, rich island of Cuba, (as large as Ohio) but there an independent flag has displaced the once proud emblem of Spain.

If Spain had been wise she could have profited by what the English learned, in the colonial business, at the time of the American Revolution. England changed her tactics then and she is now the greatest colonizing nation in the world; Spain did not and her colonies are gone.

We expect to sail tomorrow direct for New York, and be home on the 14th of April.

LETTER X.

HOME.

COMPARISON OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.—"MAN, IN THIS SECTION OF THE WORLD, IS DOUBLY BLESSED BY THE BOUNTIFUL GIFTS OF NATURE."

At Home in Canton, Ohio,
April 20th, 1910.

IT WAS midwinter here, when we left our home last January. In a week, we were in the land of flowers; in a month, we were in mid-summer on the other side of the Equator, on the great continent of South America.

It soon became evident to me that we were on a continent whose vastness and probabilities were little understood by our people at home. It seems to me now, as if nature was holding the wonderful resources of South America in reserve; that future generations may be supplied, after the mines are exhausted in the older parts of the globe. There are no more countries to be discovered on this globe, but there are many lands where hidden wealth lies undisturbed beneath the surface of the earth.

I am not disappointed, but I am agreeably surprised at what I saw and learned on this trip just ended. While the customs, methods and manners of the people of South America are clear in my

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

mind, and the many surprises and beautiful scenes that met us on the way are fresh in my memory, I will add a few more lines to that which I have already written by the wayside of that interesting journey.

South America impressed me as being very composite, displaying the charms of many other lands, and yet revealing grandeur peculiar to itself alone. Africa has its diamond mines; so has Brazil. Europe has its Mediterranean; South America has its Caribbean sea. Switzerland has its Alps; South America has its Andes, with peaks higher than Mt. Blanc. Paris has its Boulevards; Rio de Janeiro has its Avenida Central, pronounced the most beautiful street in the world. Paris has its famous Opera House; Buenos Aires has its magnificent Theatro Colon. The bay of Naples and the harbor of Sidney are rivaled by the bay and harbor of Rio de Janeiro. North America has its Mississippi and St. Lawrence; South America has its greater Amazon and its Rio de la Plata. Mexico has Aztec antiquities; Peru has those of the Incas, who were the reigning lords of the Quichuas, natives of that ancient country. Texas has its cattle, but not such herds as feed on the plains of Argentine or the great pasture lands of Brazil. That country has every climate, every vegetation, every natural and municipal beauty, and, it seems, that every product of the earth may be found or grown in South America.

About fifty million people live south of Panama. The inhabitants have been mainly drawn

from the Latin races. In fact the southern continent is otherwise known as "Latin America." It would have been more pleasant for Mrs. Sherrick and me, if we had been able to speak the French and Spanish language well. Of course, while we were in Brazil, the Portuguese tongue would have proved a great convenience. But, nevertheless, an experienced traveler, who speaks English, need not consider the language of any foreign country indispensable. There was a time when the language of the French was of more avail than any other. But now the English tongue has spread, in a more or less degree, to almost every nation in the world. It is rapidly approaching that stage where it is likely to become the universal language of the civilized world. One language is easier to learn, and would have a wider range of usefulness; more would be difficult to master, apt to mix and run into dialects, and then become a detriment to intelligent talking.

Owing to the enormous natural resources of that continent, it is only reasonable to assume that many South American families are wealthy. It would not be otherwise in a country like that. The vast forests of rubber trees, that fill the great valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries, is such a fabulous source of wealth that no one can approximate its prodigious value.

When I think of its vast plains, of its great coffee fields and its extensive forests of the most valuable timber, I do not wonder that a high tide of emigration is commencing to flow in the direction

of South America. In fact, if I were a young man, I should be tempted to learn the Spanish language and seek a fortune in that land of opportunity. Many nations do not yet seem to realize how great and important the south half of the "New World" is.

The prosperous, (and there are many) look largely to Paris for their fashions and luxuries, educate their children abroad, and are themselves frequent visitors to the capitals of Europe. These facts explain why the air and tone of South American cities are more European than American. There, like everywhere, the "human element" is interesting. Of late, the able men of South America have shown a spirit of enterprise hardly rivaled even in the United States. Their commerce is growing, their export trade is wonderful and they have not neglected the architectural charms of their great and growing cities.

They have spent millions improving their shipping facilities. The water ways of South America are conducive to foreign commerce, and the many navigable rivers, flowing through the rich and fertile valleys of the interior, afford unusual means of transportation, for the very valuable products of those virgin lands. These great rivers carry the wealth of the hills and the valleys down to the sea, where the great ocean vessels transport it to the markets of the world.

It is true, that our country has few navigable rivers, as compared with the countries of South America; but instead, we have the railways, a mod-

ern way of transportation, more numerous than in any other country on the globe. For the last half century, all the energy of the people of the United States, along the lines of transportation and internal commerce, has been spent in the construction of our vast system of railroads, until nearly every hamlet in our country can boast of, at least one steam road; but the highways, that pass the very door of the farmer, or the rural dweller, have been shamefully neglected, and that too, to the detriment of the entire country.

It seems to me, that the cities of South America are much better managed than ours. I can not say there is less "graft" in the municipal service, but evidently the people of the cities will not permit public corporations to impose on them. I noticed particularly, that the street-car tracks, on paved streets, were so well kept, that carriages, wagons and automobiles would cross and recross without a jar. Such conditions do not obtain in the fair cities of Ohio.

My home city of Canton, Ohio, is beautiful, so far as its private citizens can make it so; but the black clouds of smoke and soot that befog the city, the unsightly poles and the distorted public square, are features of the public corporations, that dominate our streets. From the tramway franchises, neither city or county have received any compensation; yet the corporations that enjoy these valuable privileges are loth to consider the people or their legal rights. They often find it cheaper to hire expensive lawyers and twist the courts, than to com-

ply with the requirements of their franchise. I do not know that the people of the Latin races, who are entrusted with public office, are more honest than the Anglo-Saxon, but I do know that the operating of public utilities in the cities of South America have better results than we get in Ohio.

But, nevertheless, if we consider every thing that is valuable to the great human family, we will know that man, in this section of the world, is doubly blessed by the bountiful gifts of nature. Human ordinances are not always fair, but they are the works of man and can be changed. Let our people be thankful that the laws of God are not changeable, and that the blessings nature has bestowed on the country that we enjoy will endure forever.

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